DIALOGUE

A JOURNAL OF MORMON THOUGHT

DIALOGUE: A Journal of Mormon Thought is an independent national quarterly established to express Mormon culture and examine the relevance of religion to secular life. It is edited by Latter-day Saints who wish to bring their faith into dialogue with human experience as a whole and to foster artistic and scholarly achievement based on their cultural heritage. The Journal encourages a variety of viewpoints; although every effort is made to insure accurate scholarship and responsible judgment, the views expressed are those of the individual authors and are not necessarily those of the Mormon Church or of the editors.

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Letters to the Editors

Dear Sirs:

This is to acknowledge with gratitude the receipt of your letter of December 6. The honor accorded me* I consider a great one indeed, the more so as I reflect on the many worthy writings to appear in *Dialogue* during the past year. I appreciate the intent of the *Dialogue* prizes, and assure you that the recognition accorded me at this time is encouraging and sustaining.

As I look back over the first six years of the publication of *Dialogue* I am astonished at the magnitude of the accomplishment. The ups and downs of the journal I know only in a general way, but I know full well the sacrificial dedication that is behind such an accomplishment. I pay tribute to all those with both the vision and the perseverance to pull it off. And I might add that *Dialogue* has meant a great deal to me personally, who am not a member of the LDS community. In part because of this journal I have developed a deep appreciation and compassion for that community, its traditions, hopes, and perplexities. May *Dialogue* continue, as it has begun, in the mode of sensitive service to fellows which is such a meaningful part of the Mormon Way.

Robert Flanders
Department of History
Southwest Missouri State College
Springfield, Missouri

*First prize for Social Literature in the Third Annual Dialogue Prizes Competition.

Dear Sir:

There are few stranger commentaries on the tragic idealism of many Mormons than these few lines from a letter of Whittaker Chambers, dated January 1956:

> About half the packages that reach this house remain unopened because, after a while, I got tired of finding that they almost always contained the *Book of Mormon*. So we have all taken just to filing them anywhere. "Another *Book of Mormon* for you," Esther will say. "Aren't you going to open it?"

(Recently published in *Odyssey of a Friend: the letters of Whittaker Chambers to William F. Buckley Jr.*, p. 118.) I can't help wondering how many other "great Americans" have been so deluged.

Carl E. Pletsch
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Sirs:

I've been away to Southeast Asia for a year and have gotten behind in my subscription. I desire to have this subscription begin with Vol. VI, No. 1. The way I hear it you folks are a little behind in getting the issues out, but never mind, give me what you've got beginning with Vol. VI. I hope this tardiness in publishing the issues does not indicate that *Dialogue* is in trouble and about to fold. *Dialogue* has been an important part of my life for these past 5 years. In fact many of the articles have been inspiring, testimony building and influencing. A few of the articles have been influential enough to change my pattern of living for the better. Of all the tools that I use to deepen my faith, *Dialogue* ranks fairly high; higher even than Sacrament Meeting. I eagerly consume each issue and savor each piece of meat that gives me strength. Did you ever wonder if your journal was having any effect on anyone, fulfilling a need? Well, it is. I suppose there are many like me who consider *Dialogue* a boon, an important aspect of their lives. So, thank you for your efforts — may your good work continue.

Steve Orton
Goldsboro, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

Your journal is far from some trash that's
expendable.
The joys we've received from the reading
stupendable.
Discussions of plight with financing
commendable
And our continuous subscription has not
been pretendable.
But your mailings of late are plain
undependable
Causing us to guess our subscriptions
expendable.

Numbers three and four of Vol. five came
on time.
And the contents of each was with taste and
sublime.
Your flyer on women expectations refine
And we knew that the quality would
continue its climb.
Our vigil for six (one and two) still takes
time
And we hope we weren't slighted by outright
design.

Alas all our neighbors have now been alerted
On women in church from the home fires
diverted.
But we in our ignorance overlooked and now
slighted
Cannot argue cause with no knowledge
provided.
The fashionable stands have for us been
diverted
And we're left to guess — were the ladies
perverted?

Look over your records and they'll assuredly
show
Our check you received, cashed and put in
the flow.
The gal in the mail room surely won't have
to go
Just because she missed us two issues in a
row.
So fix up the problem and send us some mo
Of that original Gospel to help make us
grow.

Richard and Janice Keeler
Logan, Utah

Dear Sirs:

As a Relief Society president, let me express my thanks and pleasure in your women's issue. It was used as a substitute when the social relations teacher became ill moments before a lesson and was resource material for a delightful skit honoring the first women's lib organized in 1842 by Joseph Smith.

Personally I appreciated seeing the Mormon woman as I seem to see her today — complex because of the variety of demands made on her in world wide communities, and various because of the many new converts with such different backgrounds. The gentle humor invited a spirit and perspective of acceptance for individuality, and some of my sisters needed to feel a certain self-respect and enthusiasm which had been lacking in their church contacts before but was found in the expressions of other devout Mormon women.

Afton B. Smith
Wilmette, Illinois

ON MOTHERHOOD AND APPLE PIE

My heart leaps up, for I'm a Hausfrau,
And though they rarely heed me,
My children don't need Elliott Landau
For me to know they need me.

It's true at times the cold and pinworm
Raise my feminist hackles,
And when I groan beneath a frizzed perm,
I curse at women's shackles.

But time has made me skeptical
Of Friedan's siren creed,
That calls me a receptacle
Condemned to slave and breed.

For editors may sweetly scorn
Attempts to poetize,
But I've yet to see the child be born
Who scoffs at apple pies.

Kathryn Robbins Ashworth
Madrid, Spain

Dear Sirs:

We appreciate very much the outstanding contribution which *Dialogue* has made to the Church in general and to our lives in particular. It's the only journal which I read cover to cover, and my wife was so captivated and excited about your recent woman's issue I may never see it again. She wants to know when more such issues will appear.

Dee F. Green
Asst. Prof. of Anthropology
Weber State College

Dear Sirs:

I opened and read your issue on women with a great sense of anticipation and excitement. As I read through it, however, my anticipation turned to disappointment and my excitement became muted to a few brief exclamations about certain good portions. I was disappointed I suspect because I was expecting so much more.

I am a single male, 25 years old, who is both deeply committed to the doctrinal affirmations of Mormonism and committed to women's liberation. I would like to raise the following problems and questions with the women who wrote and edited the issue in an attempt to carry on a hopefully fruitful dialogue about women in Mormonism.

One gets the idea from the introduction that you planned to explore the many facets of Mormon womanhood. The issue, however, does not do that. There are several hidden biases in the material which represent a continuing cultural attachment to the past, and which belie the attempt to come to terms with the multitude of styles possible for Mormon women.

Perhaps the most pervasive of these biases is the bias in favor of the pattern of a woman with a family and a career and against the unmarried career girl or the marriage with no children. This bias was acknowledged by Mrs. Bushman in her introduction but it also appeared in one form or another in four of the articles and all five of the "short sketches."

Let me suggest that Mormon women who pursue careers have not yet escaped from feelings of guilt, defensiveness and depression. This is tragic for it robs a person of creative energy and it dissipates talents and strength. Frustrated because they are not what the Mormon culture says that they should be, such women forget to be who they are. What your issue subconsciously does is reinforce your own "middle ground" operating model by projecting it as the model by which to handle the family-career tension. Such reinforcement may be good for you, but what of those who do not want that option and the negative valuation you have given to their hopes, desires and futures?

A second and perhaps more serious idea which pervades the articles in this issue is a sentiment best summarized by a statement in the Introduction:

> While doctrinally it is perfectly clear that wives should support their husbands, indeed are pledged to them as their husbands are pledged to the Lord, and that having children and lots of children is a good rather than a bad thing, we question whether these priorities preclude other varieties of behavior.

It is in times like these that Mrs. Bushman's passion for "an orthodox gospel framework" leads her astray. I am prepared to suggest that what Mrs. Bushman and the rest of the writers in this issue seem to think is "doctrinally perfectly clear" is really not that clear at all, and that while for some those priorities may be good, for others they may be tragic, and that to suggest that what one person finds in the gospel is in all cases what others should find there is spiritually saddening and theologically untrue.

The penchant for autobiography in this issue led to a lack of systematic analysis on the problem of women in Mormonism in general. Only after this is done can we begin to affirm each woman as something unique and precious. Until then we will continue to condemn those who are "outside the camp" to the marginal wasteland of unfulfilled and insecure lives. In the apparent absence of any systematic approach to this problem in the special women's issue, I here offer a possible approach to the matter.

One of our central doctrinal tenets is that of the eternal nature of the individual. Each of us has always existed as distinct, free beings capable of growth and development. What marks each of us as different is a particular set of talents, abilities and intellectual assets. Furthermore, we affirm that it is our task to actualize the full measure of our potential; to make use of all of our particular set of talents, for as we do we become closer to achieving the status of gods ourselves. Only as we fully become ourselves, growing and developing to the

fullest are we on the way to becoming the kind of beings we can be — gods.

What I am saying is that given the Mormon affirmations about man's eternity, individuality and freedom, it becomes possible to affirm the liberation of women and men from the stereotyping that too often destroys the power, creativity and I think real beauty of some women. Given the fundamental assumptions about individual abilities and talents it becomes entirely possible to say that for some women the raising of five children would be to hide their talents under a basket, to refuse to let their own light shine forth, and in the end to deprive themselves of the fullest measure of self-development.

We must not continue to shackle our brothers and sisters with cultural models which prevent them from being themselves in loving, trusting community with all of us. We must not seek to impose our culture on others. If we really mean what we say when we affirm with our deepest convictions that the life and resurrection of Jesus are for all men, we cannot allow the spirit of that witness to be imprisoned by social and cultural factors that prevent our true growth and development.

This type of stereotyping occurs in many ways, but let me address myself to the idea that "a woman's place is to support her husband." Isn't it just as true that a man's role is to support his wife? Too often this idea is used only to support a dependence-dominance marital relationship in either a blatant or subtle form; while such a set of roles may be good for some, for others it may be wrong. To say simply that a woman is pledged to her husband as he is to the Lord is to ignore the equally beautiful if often unarticulated idea that the man is pledged to the woman as they both are to the Lord.

It seems to me that the only explicit authority a man has that a woman does not is the authority to perform certain designated religious duties, e.g. sacrament, blessings, healings. I would strongly suggest that none of this necessarily applies to the day to day task of sharing a life together. Furthermore, I am prepared to suggest that in a temple marriage the woman joins the man to receive his priesthood power in running a marriage. I have seen the priesthood at work in many lives and will bear testimony to it as firmly as the next man, but I have also seen the power of the Spirit at work in the lives of many sensitive, articulate young women whose witness and strength is as great as any I know.

Let all of us, men and women alike, seek out in prayer and fasting the answers for our own lives; but let them be our answers and not those of the culture around us. Let us walk in fear and trembling; but let us be sure that we walk thusly before the Lord and not before social norms. If we love one another as He has loved us we will not seek to oppress, but to liberate, to draw from all their talents, not ours; and finally to trust each other because of our shared faith and not because of our shared culture.

Richard Sherlock
Cambridge, Mass.

CINQUAIN

women
obedient, believing
relieving, refraining, sustaining
safely sealed in
women

Lily Shults
Tempe, Arizona

Ms. Bushman and Ms. Ulrich respond:

How ironic that I should be called upon to defend traditional marriage, hearth and home when it was to escape the limitations of those institutions that I first became involved in the woman question. However, there is much to defend. What is mistakenly referred to as a "hidden bias," a prejudice in favor of marriage, children and career, is actually my platform, and I stand on it.

It is not good for man to be alone or for woman either. A couple choosing to remain childless cut themselves off from that great chain of linked beings stretching through eternal life. The career girls I know are less interested in justification than in being found by the right man.

The questioned woman-man-God relationship is explicitly stated in the temple ceremony and the Doctrine and Covenants. To toss these out because they are culturally shackling is to part with so much gospel teaching as to make the remainder meaningless. In the temple women promise to obey their husbands as their husbands obey the Lord. This relationship is a given, but

the statement is only the beginning of negotiation and rationalization.

The obedience clause is an administrative device to make married partners a single unit, and not license to command. We all know that priesthood authority is to be exercised only by patience and long suffering, and that a man's authority over a woman gives him the opportunity not to order her about but to protect and serve her. Husbands who browbeat their wives will soon have the wives they deserve and will be accompanied to heaven by eternal millstones, regretting their endurance to the end. In a good marriage a man will try to make his wife happy she signed on for the job. Indeed, to make any marriage *worth* preserving eternally requires endless sensitivity and support of both partners. But despite the labor, my observations suggest that a good L.D.S. marriage gives the best hope for a little peace and pleasure in this vale of tears.

The other view of a liberated marriage, free from stereotyping structures, uniting two equals free to develop the unique talents, abilities and intellectual assets with which each has been blessed is very attractive. But based on The Way Things Should Be rather than any scriptural suggestion or historical precedent, it is neither Mormon nor Christian. It is also short lived. When two individuals are bent on realizing their natural potential untrammelled, the relationship is likely to founder on who takes out the garbage.

Most Church members will fall into marriage of some kind, and rather than worrying about self-development, they would be well advised to prepare for a life of duty and sacrifice. Before they set themselves up as beacons to the world, they could work on diligence, self-control, and cheerfulness, lesser ambitions perhaps, but the sturdy foundation that make genuine accomplishment possible.

Exposure to women's lib radicalizes some women; others, like me, become more conservative. The reasons range from long years of socializing into my traditional role and fear of competing in the real world to glimpses of the ever after and a rather attractive family. I see the same life as the most important; the rest is frosting.

Claudia L. Bushman

I confess that I opened Richard Sherlock's letter with anticipation and excitement. He promised to perform a feat which several of our authors attempted and gave up — to reconcile Mormon doctrine and women's liberation. But, despite a few good portions which merit exclamation, his piece failed to come to terms with the problem. Though I am suspicious about the depth of his knowledge of Mormonism, I am willing to concede that given ten more pages he might define the difference between "culture" and "doctrine" and successfully assign Temple vows, scriptures, and Latter-day pronouncements on the primacy of marriage to the former, but what really concerns me is the depth of his commitment to women's lib. I cannot believe it is as thoroughgoing as he claims.

His comment on the priesthood reveals a clear though perhaps subconscious bias. He maintains that it gives a man very little more than a woman, just "the authority to perform certain designated religious duties." But if the ability to perform those very duties is the talent a particular woman is born with then a male priesthood denies her the right to fulfill her potential as a distinct free being. How can an intelligent and liberal Mormon male proclaim the right of a woman to be President yet deny her the right to be bishop?

The second rent in his position is less obvious, but to anyone sensitive to the subtleties of male chauvinism it is readily apparent. He says that for some women raising children "would be to hide their talent under a basket, and in the end deprive themselves of the fullest measure of self-development." The assumption is an old one, that *for women* marriage and children preclude the development of other talents. Its sexist orientation is obvious if the statement is reworded: "For some men raising children would be to hide their talents under a basket and refuse to let their own light shine forth." The true liberationist is looking for a world in which no one is penalized professionally by having children.

Maybe I misunderstand Mr. Sherlock's position here. Maybe what he is really de-

fending is the right of both men and women to remain single if they so choose. In this regard single men are certainly more discriminated against than women, who can always plead that no worthy male asked them. A single man is presumed to have the initiative. But this is another question entirely and one that (fortunately) nobody has asked me to respond to.

While I am unsatisfied with Mr. Sherlock's analysis, I am glad that he attempted it. He is quite right when he says that we did not succeed in exploring all the facets of Mormon womanhood. He is the second person to charge us with giving undue emphasis to our own "middle" position. The other critic felt, however, that it was the homemaker and the obedient, unsung church worker who had been slighted. We urge more readers to respond. At this point we would sooner be corrected than congratulated.

Laurel T. Ulrich

Dear Sirs:

Leland A. Fetzer in "Tolstoy and Mormonism," *Dialogue,* 6 (Spring, 1971), is in error in his identification of George Kennan as the father of George F. Kennan, the American diplomat, authority on Russia, and architect of the policy of containment. Actually, the elder Kennan was a cousin of the diplomat's grandfather. (George F. Kennan, *Memoirs, 1925-1950,* pp. 8-9.)

Thomas G. Alexander
Associate Professor of
History
Brigham Young University

Dear Sirs:

First let me say how much our family enjoys reading *Dialogue.* I hope the delay in receiving it is merely indicative of busy editors and not financial woes that foreshadow its demise.

Now I would like to comment briefly about the point of view expressed by Robert A. Rees in his review of *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine* (Winter 1970). While I appreciate his sympathy with the Berrigans and similar protestors and practitioners of civil disobedience, I also see another side of that coin — the deterioration of order and the development of anarchy. This might well introduce an authoritarianism undreamed of in this country.

The proper balance of freedom and authority is an elusive goal sought by man throughout the ages. No formula has been devised that can end the quest. If I believe it correct for me to disobey those laws which I believe to be unjust, how can I deny that same right to every other man? If a pornographer believes any form of censorship is unjust why should he obey those laws? If toplessness or bottomlessness is freedom of expression and protected by the the First Amendment why should the tavern operator obey laws against such expressions? If not paying taxes to support national defense is justifiable because of conscience why is it not equally justifiable to not pay taxes for support of welfare because of conscience?

Mr. Rees noted that Thoreau, Gandhi, King, and Joseph Smith would have understood the act of the Berrigans. That may be so, but we must also admit that Joseph Smith could not understand and sympathize with those who opened an unfriendly press in Nauvoo. He exercised force to remove it and without due process of law.

In his Farewell Address George Washington said, "The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government presupposes the duty or every individual to obey the established government." In the Declaration of Independence Jefferson wrote concerning governments established by the consent of the governed "that whenever a government becomes destructive of these ends it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it."

I wish there was an easy answer to the complex problem but unfortunately there is not. The fabric which binds this society together is fragile indeed, and if each of us becomes a devotee of civil disobedience to each law we find unjust, I fear for the survival of our system. Imperfect as it may be, it is a far cry from the fascistic system that could replace it when people despairing over chaos turn to an authoritarian savior.

A. M. Rich
Portland, Oregon

Mr. Rees responds:

It was precisely because I felt that too many of us have lost sight of the tension that exists between obedience to government (your Washington quotation) and obedience to conscience (your Jefferson quotation) that I emphasized what I saw as the moral courage of the Berrigan brothers.

(This tension is also evident in D&C 134:4-6.) You are right in calling this a complex problem; I was trying to show that complexity by underscoring the moral dilemma faced by those at Catonsville as well as by, among others, Joseph Smith and the polygamists. We need to remember that at times even prophets have chosen to disobey the law (as Omer Dean Nelson illustrates in another letter in this section). Obviously, this is not a license for civil disobedience. Anyone who makes such a decision should do so only after long and thoughtful consideration (and perhaps prayer), as did the Berrigans.

Dear Sirs:

I regret that the editors of *Dialogue* did not give me the space to reply *in tandem* to the comment by Robert Smith (Spring 1971) on my review essay on the New English Bible (Winter 1970), for I wanted to both thank Smith for his interest in my view of the NEB (my cavalier epistemology, he calls it) and reply to his criticisms in the same genial tone with which he makes them.

As concurring "lovers" of Bible literature, we really have no quarrel, except that Smith's love is dependent on the "accuracy" of the text (noble and impossible goal!) and mine on the way it *affects* a person (vague and full of hope as that position might be). That Smith wishes to argue the preferability of one modern version of the Bible over another (the beautiful Anchor series, for example) shows, however, that he really misses my point: *any* rewording or reworking of the Scriptures is an advantage if it sets one to doing *some thinking* about religious questions along with all of the *feeling* he may be doing. It is the shift from one version to another that is important, not the version shifted to, if it sets one free to *think* about his beliefs. All texts are beautifully corrupt and monstrously over-explicated and over-applied. They survive by how they affect us. The New English Bible could have a good effect (even on Rasmussen and Anderson, my co-reviewers, who like Smith himself vainly chase the wind of etymologies in search of signs to substantiate their faith) — especially on those who haven't given their beliefs a *thought* their whole lives long.

Karl Keller
La Mesa, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Somebody botched my poem "The Comforter" (Spring 1971) and the last two lines don't make sense. In *Dialogue* they read:

and everything in the night
the spark of an alien in inalienable delight.

They should instead read:

and everywhere everywhere in the night
the spark of an alien in inalienable delight.

A parody of Blake was intended, and the poem is wasted without it.

Karl Keller

To err is . . . — Ed.

Dear Sirs:

The 1971 Spring and Summer issues of *Dialogue* came today and I have been busily devouring the first. May I compliment Leland A. Fetzer on his thoroughly absorbing article of Tolstoy and Mormonism, also Arnold Green and Lawrence Goldrup for their article comparing Joseph Smith with Mohammed.

For the benefit of E. Jay Bell in the Letters section, I would like to say that just because a public statement is issued over the signatures of the First Presidency, it does not necessarily follow that such statement is true. Witness the fact that Joseph and Hyrum Smith on several occasions publicly denounced polygamy and denied being involved in it, while both were practicing polygamists. (*Times and Seasons*, 5:423, 5:474, *DHC*, 6:411) In regard to the alleged 1886 revelation of John Taylor, it may well be false and it may well be true. If true, certainly it would not be the first time a revelation was sat on, and it is a fact that many people believed it to be true, including John W. Taylor and Melvin J. Ballard, who evidently saw it because he said the revelation ". . . never had his [Taylor's] signature added to it but was written in the form of a revelation and undoubtedly was in his handwriting." There is even a photocopy of the revelation in John Taylor's handwriting, for those who may be interested.

Regarding the article "The Manifesto Was A Victory," it appears to me that the author is either naive and uninformed or is attempting to put forth a snow job, perhaps for the benefit of the college students mentioned in the opening paragraphs. Cer-

tainly his basic conclusion, that the church won the conflict, with the government making the concessions, is false. B.H. Roberts states: "And hence adjustments were made, demands upon the church conceded to, so that statehood was won, deliverance from oppression obtained . . ." (*CHC* 6:xxiii). During the 1880's the church was disincorporated, all polygamous Mormons disfranchised, over 1300 leaders sent to prison, all church property in excess of $50,000 escheated to Uncle Sam (this included the temples so that all work for the living and dead came to a halt), in short, the church came to a halt and something had to be done, with the Manifesto resulting. It would appear to me that we won the conflict just as the South won the Civil War.

Now, for some specific points. First, polygamy was not the main issue, politics was. Church and state were merged, with the church dominant. This was unpalatable to nonmembers in Utah. They had to destroy this "theocratic despotism" and the easiest way was to attack the church through polygamy. James R. Clark says, ". . . the real issue was not Mormon polygamy, but Mormon Priesthood and authority." (*Messages of the First Presidency,* III, preface) Senator Dubois of Idaho, a prominent anti-Mormon crusader, explained it this way: "Those of us who understood the situation

were not nearly as much opposed to polygamy as we were to the political domination of the church. We realized, however, that we could not make those who did not come actually in contact with it understand what this political domination meant. We made use of polygamy in consequence as our great weapon of offense and to gain recruits to our standard. There was a universal detestation of polygamy, and inasmuch as the Mormons openly defended it, we were given a very effective weapon with which to attack." (*Utah Historical Quarterly,* 21:291)

Now, as far as polygamy was concerned, the real issue was unlawful cohabitation, and not plural marriages, per se. It was easy to prove unlawful cohabitation but almost impossible to convict anyone of practicing plural marriage. This was because the latter could only be proven by access to church records and the church refused to produce any. Consequently, of the more than 1300 men who served jail terms, less than fifty were convicted of practicing plural marriage, the vast majority being there because of unlawful cohabitation. Since the main thrust of the government's effort had been concerned with unlawful cohabitation, with the passing of the Manifesto all polygamous wives became immediately disfranchised or disinherited from their husbands who were required by both church and state law to stay arm's length from them, to have sexual relations with them no more. (Of course, since this no doubt was considered cruel and unusual punishment, very few if any Mormon men obeyed the law, including the President of the Church.) Thomasson, on page 45, sticks in a quotation about President Smith which would have you believe the opposite, that sexual relations with plural wives was tolerated and accepted by the government. Now, it is true that Joseph F. Smith did have those children by his plural wives after the Manifesto, and this he freely and almost defiantly admitted in the Reed Smoot case, but it is also true that by doing so, he was breaking both church and government law. Here is his own testimony.

Mr. Tayler (prosecuting attorney). Is the cohabitation with one who is claimed to be a plural wife a violation of the law or rule of the church, as well as the law of the land?

Pres. Smith. That was the case, and is the case, even today.

Mr. Tayler. What was the case? What you are about to say?

Pres. Smith. That it is contrary to the rule of the church and contrary as well to the law of the land for a man to cohabit with his wives. (Vol. 1:129)

Apostle Francis M. Lyman was another witness in this case.

Mr. Tayler. It was wrong according to the church law as well?

Mr. Lyman. It was wrong according to the rule of the church.

Mr. Tayler. So you violated both laws?

Mr. Lyman. Yes, sir.

The Chairman. And intended to?

Mr. Lyman. I had thought of nothing else, Mr. Chairman.

The Chairman. And you are the next in succession to the Presidency?

Mr. Lyman. Yes, sir. (Vol. 1:428)

Both Joseph F. Smith and Heber J. Grant were fined in court for practicing unlawful cohabitation, a further indication it was against the law. Heber J. Grant was fined $200 in 1899 and Joseph F. Smith $300 in 1906.

Omer Dean Nelson
Tucson, Arizona

Mr. Thomasson responds:

Mr. Nelson's letter is a discouraging evidence that even where people are much read there can be little understanding. He seems unaware that my article was an effort at historical interpretation and that the "data" which he presents to "refute" my position are either alluded to in my text or are accounted for by the theories which I present. Indeed he seems to operate on the assumption that a historian can produce "truth" rather than one of many theoretical reconstructions of the past. He would do well to read his own words "just because a public statement is issued over the signatures of the First Presidency, it does not necessarily follow that such statement is true." Just three short paragraphs after making this assertion Nelson quotes one statement by President Smith to refute another. How, Mr. Nelson, do *you* know which of the two is really "true"? Are you sure that President Smith's testimony isn't a reflection of the fact that federal officials had reneged on *their* promises, rather than the reverse?

I will concede that my title was intentionally hyperbolic, but will insist that "Victory" is a proper term as contrasted to the almost universally held view that the Church suffered all the losses or made all the concessions in 1890. A more precise title would have been "The Manifesto was a Compromise," but while that is what most people think, they forget that a compromise involves *both* parties making concessions, gains and losses according to their priorities. My article simply attempted to remind the readers that according to its priorities, the Church as compared to the Government retained as much if not more than it lost, and when one discusses bargaining strategy and the logic of compromise such an outcome is a victory.

My article was an attempt to make four main points, along with a number of lesser ones. These were: 1) the Church made real gains because politicians in both parties were jockeying for advantage with the electorate (to be) of Utah. This is evidenced, among other ways, by President Cleveland's lenient first term appointees, the removal of the Unlawful Cohabitation Clause from the Utah Constitution (though not from Federal statutes), and, perhaps of most interest today, Harrison's granting of a partial amnesty in 1893 (gaining some converts to Republicanism) and Cleveland's granting full amnesty in 1894 (winning Democratic support in the soon to become State of Utah). National parties and successive administrations made a crass political game out of the concept of forgiveness, and, as is the case today, amnesty was the football which was kicked around according to how both parties thought it would win them votes.

2) As one L.D.S. political scientist was candid enough to admit, it is amazing if not embarrassing that several generations of Mormon scholars have missed the implications of President Woodruff having met with the Republican Party Convention Chairman just a week before the Manifesto was issued. I pointed that out because it is highly doubtful that the subject of their conversations was the price of tea in China. Nelson's statement that "polygamy was not the main issue, politics was" is the best evidence of his careless reading, for that is my very point, and those politics involved the Government making real concessions to the Church.

3) I was making a strict and virtually undisputable sociological statement, from a personally neutral perspective, regarding how *not* to go about changing a minority group's attitudes and behavior. The course chosen by the Government through most of the 19th century is, even today, predictably the least likely to produce the results sought after.

4) Finally, only after having written the article, I realized that the section titled "Americanization" has ironic (and I believe valid) implications for contemporary U.S. foreign policy.

Mr. Nelson may dislike my conclusions, or my intentions, but he fails to produce any data which contradict them, and he offers no alternative interpretation which does a better job of accounting for the data under examination, though that is the task of the historian and his critics.

Introductory Note

Due to an unavoidable delay in the "Mormonism in the Twentieth Century" issue, the editorial staff decided to proceed with the preparation of this literature issue. It is not a special issue in the usual sense, but rather represents an accumulation of poetry and fiction as well as articles and essays relating to literature which have been accepted for publication and which it seemed appropriate to publish together rather than intersperse through several issues.

As the preparation of this issue proceeded, it became apparent that a common unifying thread ran through many of the pieces. That thread is pointed out in Robert Rees's article " 'Truth is the Daughter of Time': Notes Toward an Imaginative Mormon History," which highlights the fundamental tension between history and literature as well as the common ground and goals these two disciplines share. That this tension is real is illustrated by Leland Fetzer's article on Bernard DeVoto and by the DeVoto letters edited and introduced by Wallace Stegner, as well as by Karl Keller's review-essay on Nobel laureate Haldor Laxness' novel on the Mormons, PARADISE RECLAIMED, *and Frederick G. Williams' review of Samuel Taylor's most recent historical novel,* NIGHTFALL AT NAUVOO.

A variation on this theme is provided by Maurine Whipple's story of the writing of THE GIANT JOSHUA, *a novel about Mormon Pioneers in Southern Utah. Ms. Whipple's comments reveal both the novelist's desire to accurately reflect the past and the problems the novelist faces when people begin to see themselves too clearly in the fictional mirror.* GIANT JOSHUA, *DeVoto's* YEAR OF DECISION: 1846, PARADISE RECLAIMED, *and* NIGHTFALL AT NAUVOO *are examples of works which attempt to make the past appear as "real" instead of as historically accurate. Such a recasting is dangerous, however, and personal biases and problems can significantly influence the outcome of such efforts, as is clearly the case with DeVoto's earliest essays on Utah and Mormonism. Although a fiction writer's credibility can at times be more tenuous than a historian's, his influence can be greater and the effect his impressions produce can be both far reaching and long lasting.*

If one were to characterize the novelist as one who expresses the human condition (past, present or future) in a highly personal and subjective manner

and the historian as one who tries to reconstruct the past objectively, at times almost in spite of himself, then the writer who attempts historical fiction must obviously tread the middle ground, relying on historical evidence to reconstruct the past and relying on his imagination to people it with characters who live and breathe. Of course, there is something of the novelist in every historian and vice versa, and the difference between whether a work is received as fact or fiction often hinges on the passions of both the author and his audience. The interplay between history and literature is certainly dynamic, as the various works discussed in this issue amply point out, and serves a constructive function in enlarging our understanding.

While other pieces in this issue do not specifically relate to this theme, items such as Thomas Cheney's "Red Hair In The Sacred Grove" and James Miller's "The Town Of My Youth" illustrate how much of a feeling for the past can be conveyed through imaginative literature. But literature is not always meant to be historical, sometimes it is just there — to be enjoyed.

In "Our Last Days" Marshall Craig shows how poetry can be used to illustrate historical truth. Through well-chosen examples of poetry from Homer to Yeats he demonstrates the fact that men have always considered that they were living in the last days and offers some advice as to how each of us can make our own "last days" more fruitful.

"Truth is the Daughter of Time": Notes Toward an Imaginative Mormon History

Robert A. Rees

> "Our understanding of any significant movement in human affairs can hardly be said even to approach completeness until the evidence from literature is in."
>
> —*Seymour L. Gross*

> ". . . Clio . . . has a dignity and integrity revealed all the more clearly by the passions of the arts."
>
> —*Robert A. Lively*

In a 1969 review-essay entitled "The New Mormon History," Moses Rischin spoke of the sophistication with which scholars both within and without the Mormon culture were beginning to examine the Mormon past. He added, "This seems only the beginning. A giant step from church history to religious and intellectual history seems in the offing. As Mormon continuities and discontinuities are reassessed from entirely new perspectives and with a potentially greater audience than ever before, other Americans and Mormons may better come to understand themselves."[1]

The interest of Mormon historians in the new perspectives Rischin speaks of was manifest at the 1969 meeting of the Mormon History Association. That meeting was dedicated to "New Approaches to Mormon History," and included papers on what historians could learn from social science, philosophy, and literature. This interest is a reflection of a wider concern by American historians who have turned to other disciplines in an attempt to find new windows into the past. As the eminent historian Lynn T. White, Jr. said recently, "I don't think of history as just a discipline to be found in the history department. We're all studying aspects of the same human phenomena — those of us in history, social psychology, anthropology, linguistics, economics, et cetera." Since, as White says, "the total study of man must be

[1] *The American West,* 6 (March 1969), 49.

In its original form this paper was read as part of a symposium on "New Approaches to Mormon History" at the annual meeting of the Mormon History Association in San Diego, California, in August 1969. I am indebted to Karl Keller for helpful suggestions in revising that paper for publication.

a synthesis,"[2] the most imaginative and provocative Mormon history will undoubtedly be written by those historians who turn to other disciplines for new insights. The following discussion provides some ideas as to how one discipline — literature — can help the historian in his difficult task of interpreting the past for the present.

History has always been more respectable among the Mormons than has literature. When Brigham Young complained about people reading novels ("falsehoods got up expressly to excite the minds of youth") he said that it was the historians and other teachers who could counter the evil. In this same 1872 Conference address he went on to say that if it were up to him he would completely do away with novel reading, which, from all he could tell, was rampant in every nook and cranny of Deseret: ". . . it is in my house, in the houses of my counselors, in the houses of these Apostles, these Seventies and High Priests, in the houses of the High Council in this city, and in the other cities, and in the houses of the Bishops."[3]

According to recent studies of the Mormons in nineteenth-century fiction by Leonard Arrington and Jon Haupt, Brigham had some justification for distrusting a fiction which viewed the Saints as "ignorant, loud, uncouth, and lazy," as "inveterate smokers, drunkards, and sexual perverts," and as "snakes or as ugly toad-like creatures [who were] the essence of evil" and "an excrescence on an organic body politic."[4]

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[2]As quoted by Mark Davidson, "The New History: Can It Free Us From the Past?" *The UCLA Monthly* (Published by the UCLA Alumni Association), 2 (November 1971), 3. An example of the use of other disciplines by historians is John Demos' attempt to interpret the Salem witch trials by using anthropology and psychology: "Underlying Themes in The Witchcraft of New England," *American Historical Review,* 75 (1970), 1311-1326.

[3]"The Order of Enoch," 42nd semi-annual conference, 9 October 1872. *Journal of Discourses,* XV, 222, 224.

[4]"The Missouri and Illinois Mormons in Ante-Bellum Fiction," *Dialogue,* 5 (Spring 1970), 47, 48. Two other recent studies are worthy of note: Arrington and Haupt, "Intolerable Zion: The Image of Mormonism in Nineteenth Century American Literature," *Western Humanities Review,* 22 (Summer 1968), 243-260; and Neal Lambert, "Saints, Sinners and Scribes: A Look at the Mormons in Fiction," *Utah Historical Quarterly,* 36 (Winter 1968), 63-76.

Historians interested in examples of how literature can serve history should examine such works as the following: Nelson Blake, *Novelists' America: Fiction as History* (Syracuse: Syracuse University Press, 1969); A. T. Dickinson, Jr., *American Historical Fiction* (New York: The Scarecrow Press, 1958) — lists and briefly annotates novels published in the U.S. between 1917 and 1956 which deal with some aspect of American history. The index lists a number of novels relating to Mormonism; Roy W. Meyer, *The Middle West Farm Novel in the Twentieth Century* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1965) — see especially Chapter Three, "The Pioneering Venture: The Farm Novelist as Historian"; Ernest Leisy, *The American Historical Novel* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1950); Robert A. Lively, *Fiction Fights the Civil War: An Unfinished Chapter in the Literary History of the American People* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1957); Nicholas J. Karolides, *The Pioneer in the American Novel: 1900-1950* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1967); Thomas Elliott Berry, *The Newspaper in the American Novel: 1900-1969* (Metuchen, New Jersey: The Scarecrow Press, 1970).

Social Scientists have also been turning to literature as a source of insight: David Brion Davis, *Homicide in American Fiction: 1798-1860, A Study in Social Values* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1957) — "essentially this is a historical analysis of certain ideas associated with homicide"; Gordon O. Taylor, *The Passages of Thought: Psychological Representation in the American Novel: 1870-1900* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1969); Nick Arron Ford, *The Contemporary Negro Novel: A Study in Race Relations* (College Park, Maryland: McGrath, 1968).

While a distrust of literature in an isolated frontier society is understandable, it clearly is not so in a sophisticated twentieth-century society. And yet there is still a good deal of evidence that we reject the vision of the creative writer, especially when that vision is directed at an examination of our life and culture. Nowhere is this distrust more apparent than in our view of history. With several recent exceptions, one looks in vain for evidence that Mormon historians have been even slightly aware of *belles lettres.* And because this is so, we do not have as full an understanding and apprehension of our history as we should have.

While literature and history are distinctly different disciplines, they are more compatible than they are often made out to be. To begin with, they use common sources, such as diaries, autobiographies, journals, letters, and essays, which have both literary and historical value. Both historians and creative writers engage in historical research. The historian tries to get as much information as possible and to insure the accuracy and reliability of that information. His concern is with separating fact from fiction. The novelist often uses fact to make fiction. He may use historical fact either as a framework for his imagination or to give his story verisimilitude. With the advent of realism and naturalism in fiction we have some novels that have been as carefully researched as volumes of history. Although Stephen Crane never participated in the Civil War, his novel, *The Red Badge of Courage,* could be read as a semi-historical account of the battle of Chancellorsville. In fact, so true to history was his account that some Civil War veterans were certain they had known Crane in the war.

In speaking of his novel about the IWW martyr Joe Hill, Wallace Stegner says, "I took every bit as much pains as I would have taken if I had intended to write a history, and I think that when I started to write I knew as much IWW history as anybody in the world and could judge its passions and its ambiguities almost as impartially. . . . A pretty historical book, in its way. Nevertheless, I took pains in a foreword to label it 'an act of the imagination,' which is what I wanted it to be."[5]

Both the historian and the creative writer use imagination to construct the narrative with which they bind their materials. Since he is working with incomplete, fragmented, and often contradictory materials, the historian must rely on his imagination in his reconstruction of the past. As Nelson Blake says, "Without imagination the historian could not see any patterns of meaning in past occurrences."[6] But too much imagination in a historian is dangerous, a point that Mormon novelist Vardis Fisher makes about Mormon historian Fawn Brodie's biography of Joseph Smith.[7]

The way in which literature and history complement one another is perhaps best summarized by Wallace Stegner in his essay "On the writing of History": *"Calliope* and *Clio* are not identical twins, but they *are* sisters.

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[5]*The Sound of Mountain Water* (Garden City, New York: Doubleday, 1969), p. 207.

[6]*Novelists' America: Fiction as History, 1910-1940* (Syracuse: Syracuse University Press, 1969), p. 261.

[7]Fisher observes, "Her Book is almost more a history of the early church than a biography of Joseph, and almost more a novel than a biography, because she rarely hesitates to give the context of a mind or to explain motives which at best can only be surmised. It is this reviewer's notion that she will turn novelist in her next book, and that she should." *New York Times Book Review,* 25 November 1945.

History, a fable agreed on, is not a science but a branch of literature, an artifact made by artificers and sometimes by artists. Like fiction, it has only persons, places, and events to work with, and like fiction it may present them either in summary or in dramatic scene. Conversely, fiction, even fantastic fiction, reflects so much of the society that produces it that it may have an almost historical value as record."[8]

If there are similarities between history and literature, there are also important differences. The creative writer, for example, is never interested in the facts in and of themselves. They are merely means to an artistic end. Shakespeare based his history plays on such works as Plutarch's *Lives* and Holingshead's *Chronicles,* and yet had no qualms about departing from these sources or inventing his own historical situations when it suited his dramatic purpose. Sometimes the artist tries to make imagined fact appear as historical fact. As Thomas Wolfe says of the hero of his novel *You Can't Go Home Again:* "He knew that there was scarcely a detail in George's book that was precisely true to fact, that there was hardly a page in which everything had not been transmuted and transformed by the combining powers of George's imagination; yet readers got from it such an instant sense of reality that many of them were willing to swear that the thing described had been not only 'drawn from life,' but was the actual and recorded fact itself."[9]

At other times novelists seem almost irreverent of history. When told that his novel *The Fixer* presented an exaggerated picture of the treatment of Jewish inmates in Russian prisons, Bernard Malamud replied, "That's all right, I was disinventing history to give it a quality it didn't have."[10]

All of this simply emphasizes the fact that literature and history are two different ways of viewing reality. Each is not only valid, but necessary, for together they constitute a more complete vision than either does separately. Even though, as La Rochefoucauld says, "History never embraces more than a small part of reality," that part is considerable. Our faith in life comes to some extent from the fact that we can reconstruct the past through historical evidence. The factual record of man's triumphs and failures is one of our greatest legacies. But art attempts something different; it uproots itself from the "real" world. As Wallace Stevens says, "The genuine artist is never 'true to life.' He sees what is real, but not as we are normally aware of it. We do not go storming through life like actors in a play. Art is never real life. The poet sees with a poignancy and penetration that is altogether unique. What matters is that the poet must be true to his art and not 'true to life,' whether his art is simple or complex, violent or subdued."[11]

Because the literary artist has a different angle of vision from the historian, literature is one of the objects the historian must consider studying. It is, in the words of Ernst Cassirer, "one of the *disjecta membra,* the scat-

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[8]*The Sound of Mountain Water,* p. 205.

[9]New York: Dell, 1960, p. 330.

[10]"One Man Stands for Six Million," *Saturday Review,* 49 (10 September 1966), 39.

[11]"On Poetic Truth," *Opus Posthumous,* ed. Samuel French Morse (New York: Knopf, 1966), pp. 237-38.

tered limbs of the past" which he must "attempt to fuse together . . . and to synthesize . . . and mold . . . into new shape."[12]

The historian can also learn from the literary critic how to interpret works of literature as well as literary aspects of historical documents. An ability to perceive imagery, symbolism, metaphorical language, and irony would make the historian a more skillful interpreter of his materials. As Seymour L. Gross says, "Literary criticism can bring to the surface what otherwise might lie buried in the culture's subconscious."[13] The revealing studies of the imagery in the Federalist Papers are only one example as to how the historian can use the tools of the literary critic.

Since, as Cassirer points out, "It is the richness and variety, the depth and intensity, of his personal experience which is the distinctive mark of the great historian,"[14] that historian who adds to his life the dimension of literature and the poetic imagination will be a more valuable historian.

The Mormon historian seeking insight into what it was like to live under the United Order might read not only Carol Lynn Pearson's *The Order Is Love,* but Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Blithedale Romance,* a fictional account of the Brook Farm experiment. He might understand some of the problems concerned with living in Nauvoo by reading Samuel Taylor's *Nightfall at Nauvoo* as well as Mark Twain's *Life on the Mississippi* and Herman Melville's *Confidence Man.* (In fact, some of Taylor's characters would fit nicely into Melville's tale.) He might understand more about life in a small Mormon town through the stories of Virginia Sorenson or the poetry of David Wright as well as through such chronicles of American life as Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio* and Edgar Lee Master's *Spoon River Anthology.*

No Mormon historian can afford to neglect those few writers of talent who have emerged in this century to write about things Mormon: Bernard DeVoto, Virginia Sorenson, Vardis Fisher, Maurine Whipple, Samuel Taylor, and Wallace Stegner, to name only the best known. These writers who have turned their imaginations on the Mormon past generally have not been well received by Mormons, even though their writing has, for the most part, been positive. Each of these writers of fiction as well as a growing number of young poets, dramatists, novelists, and short-story writers, could teach the historian to apprehend (and perhaps even more fully *comprehend*) an era.

An example of what I am talking about can perhaps best be seen by comparing the treatment of an historical incident (the tarring and feathering of Joseph Smith in Hiram, Ohio, in 1831) by a historian and a novelist. The first example is from B. H. Roberts' *Comprehensive History of the Church* and the second from Vardis Fisher's historical novel, *The Children of God.*

B. H. ROBERTS

> On the night of the 24th of March, after long watching over one of his babes, the Prophet at the solicitations of his wife lay sleeping

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[12] *An Essay on Man: An Introduction to a Philosophy of Human Culture* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1944), p. 177.

[13] "Stereotype to Archetype: The Negro in American Literary Criticism," in *Images of the Negro in American Literature,* ed. Seymour L. Gross and John Edward Hardy (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1966), p. 1.

[14] *An Essay on Man,* p. 187.

on a trundle bed to get a little sleep. The next thing he was conscious of was the screams of his wife, and found himself in the hands of a dozen ruffians and being carried out of the house. Naturally he did not submit quietly, but resisted with all his might. He was overpowered, however, and beaten and choked into insensibility. Recovering from this first attack, he was carried past the orchard towards the meadow.

On the way he saw Elder Rigdon stretched out upon the ground, and apparently dead. He expected the same fate for himself, but expressed the hope to his captors that they would not kill him. There seemed to be some uncertainty among the mob on this point. A consultation[3] was held, after which the Prophet was again assaulted, his clothing torn from him, his body scratched and beaten, and covered with tar and feathers. In the brutal process one man tried to force the tar paddle into his mouth; another a phial, supposed to contain aqua-fortis, but broke it in his teeth. All this was attended with horrible oaths and imprecations such as might be expected from fiends incarnate engaged in such a lawless, brutal proceeding.

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[3]The consultation had was in respect of a horrible mutilation upon the Prophet's person. (See *Autobiography of Luke Johnson, Millenial Star,* vol. xxvi). [Roberts' footnote.][15]

VARDIS FISHER

He was soon awakened by violent screams. He sprang up, full of sleep and weariness, and ran to another room where Emma, like a ghost in her nightgown, was shrinking against a wall and staring at several men.

"Joseph, they're going to murder us! O my God!"

In the next moment the mob surged forward out of darkness and Joseph found himself in a desperate struggle. One man had both hands in his hair, another seized his drawers and pulled them off, and a third tried to choke him. With all his strength he broke free and struck a blow that knocked one of the men down.

"God damn you!" a man howled. "Stop that or we'll kill you!"

* * * * * * *

With two men on either side, clutching his arms, Joseph was led away over the cold earth. They took him to a small meadow. One said:

"Hey, put some drawers on him or he'll take cold!"

"Sure, we don't want him to get sick. God wouldn't like his little prophet to get the sneezes."

"Let the bastard get cold. He'll be dead in a jiffy anyhow."

A man came up out of darkness and peered at Joseph. "Well," he said impatiently, "we going to kill him or ain't we? Let's get it over with."

Most of the men had gathered in council a few yards away and were talking earnestly. Wondering if he could make a dash for freedom Joseph moved a little; and at once a dozen hands tightened on his flesh. One of the men smote him in his groin and cried: "Don't try none of your catty-cornered tricks or I'll make a steer out of you!"

"That's an idea I like," said the man who came up to look. "Why don't we cut him?"

A third man now edged through, and stared at Joseph who,

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[15]*Comprehensive History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints* (Salt Lake City: Deseret News Press, 1930), Vol. I, pp. 280-81.

stark naked, was shivering from the cold. "Why don't you call on God?" the man asked. He squared off; and before Joseph could guess his intent or dodge, the man struck him a vicious blow on his nose. Blood ran across Joseph's upper lip and made a red line of his mouth and trickled to his chin.

"If you'll let me go," he said, his teeth chattering, "I'll leave Ohio."

"Oh, will you! You lousy bastard, you'll leave in a coffin."

"Hey!" roared a man to those in council. "Make up your minds!"

Another now came up out of darkness with a rope. He rubbed the rope across the blood on Joseph's mouth. "Well, why don't we hang him? What's all the waiting for?"

"Mebbe we're going to castrate him. They ain't decided yet."

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"Hey, ain't we going to hang the son-of-a-bitch?"

"No," said Simonds. "Just hold him fast. We're going to soak him with tar."

"But he'll wash the tar off and preach louder than ever!"

"Shut your head. Just hold him, I tell you."

"Let's fill his belly with tar."

"And his eyes and his ears."

"No, let's castrate the bastard or hang him!"

"Make him bleed all over," said a man, quietly observing, "and then fill the wounds with tar."

And while Joseph fought to keep the ladle out of his mouth and eyes, flinging his head from side to side, hands were busy over his naked flesh gouging small wounds and pouring tar into them. He groaned from the agony and beat his head on the frozen ground. Simonds called for more tar; and when it came, men poured it over Joseph from his head to his feet, and then rolled him over and poured it over his hair and down his back and legs. While the tar was being poured, a man with a ladle smeared it and thrust into armpits and between thighs.

"Fill his hair good," said Simonds.

Two men lifted Joseph's head a little, and a third brought a bucket down over it like a bonnet, and tar flooded him in a black tide.

"Bring the feathers."

Men sprang forward, bringing with them great bags of feathers. These were poured in a pile on the earth; whereupon, men grasped Joseph by his head and his feet and lifted him and laid him on the pile; and while they worked, other men seized handfuls and thrust them against his face and ears and hair.

Joseph was so nearly unconscious that when the men left him he did not hear them go; and for an hour he lay [t]here like a dead man. When he stirred he could feel only dark pain or a vast heaviness as if he were imprisoned in liquid earth.[16]

The differences between the two accounts are obvious. What Roberts relegates to a euphemistic footnote, Fisher dramatizes into life. In Roberts' account we have to guess what the "horrible mutilation" is; in Fisher's we are made to feel the terror which Joseph must have felt from fear of impending castration. We come away from the novelist's account believing that that is indeed how it might have happened.

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[16]*Children of God: An American Epic* (New York: Grosset and Dunlap, 1939), pp. 94-98.

In the Autumn 1969 issue of *Dialogue* I spoke of what I saw as the beginnings of a genuine Mormon literature. The poetry, fiction, and drama that have been published since then, as well as that contained in this issue, further confirm that belief. A New Mormon Literature is emerging at the same time that we have the beginnings of a New Mormon History. Historians and writers, working together, can help establish a climate of historical and creative writing that will open our past in new and exciting ways. The new Mormon historian in uncovering and interpreting more and more historical data (though most remarkably in the new ways of approaching his material) can provide the literary artist with the raw materials out of which plays, poems, stories and novels will be written. And the literary artist, by resurrecting the past through the imagination, can provide the historian with a view that will help him to penetrate the myths and misconceptions which prevent us from seeing our past and therefore from seeing ourselves.

The possibilities of this cooperative effort are perhaps best articulated by Wallace Stegner in his essay on "History, Myth, and the Western Writer": "I hope we will find ways of bringing some of the historic self-reliance and some of the heroic virtues back into our world, which in its way is more dangerous than Comanche country ever was. . . . In the old days, in blizzardy weather, we used to tie a string of lariats from house to barn so as to make it from shelter to responsibility and back again. With personal, family, and cultural chores to do, I think we had better rig up such a line between past and present."[17] Historians and literary artists should, in joining hands, rig up such lines, which can lead us to a greater understanding of the past and, consequently, of one another and of ourselves.

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[17] *The Sound of Mountain Water*, p. 201.

Bernard DeVoto and the Mormon Tradition

Leland A. Fetzer

"The mountains, the mountains, the mountains, were in everything he thought and felt." — *Tolstoy* (THE COSSACKS)

The career of Bernard DeVoto, the foremost writer and one of the greatest intellectual forces whom Utah has produced in this country, was conspicuously marked by achievements and honors. He wrote five novels, three books devoted to the history of the West, a classic study of Mark Twain, a stimulating study on the relationship between history and literature, another on the interdependence between psychology and literature, three volumes of essays which may serve as a chronicle of the issues dominating American life for twenty-five years (1930-1955), hundreds of reviews and articles on an astonishing range of topics, a monthly column for more than twenty years in America's most widely read serious journal (*Harper's*), and introductions to many books by other authors. He was an editor of both the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* and *Saturday Review of Literature,* and a redoubtable partisan for civil rights and conservation. He received the Pulitzer Prize and the Bancroft Prize for *Across the Wide Missouri* in 1948 and the National Book Award for *The Course of Empire* in 1952. He was awarded an honorary Doctor of Literature from Middlebury College (1937), Kenyon College (1942), the University of Colorado (1948), and Northeastern University (1948). In short, he was a remarkably creative writer and a major figure in the intellectual life of America from about 1930 to his death in 1955.

Much of his creative energy was expended in writing about what he knew best: the Mormon tradition. He wrote the first serious novel dedicated to aspects of Mormonism (*Chariot of Fire*), the most poignant tribute ever written to a Utah Pioneer ("The Life of Jonathan Dyer"), the standard reference biographies of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young (in the *Dictionary of American Biography*), one of the first and most striking attempts to summarize the history of Mormonism ("The Centennial of Mormonism," 1936), the most popular and moving account ever written of the Mormon exodus (in *The Year of Decision; 1846*), two novels which explore as no one has ever done the experience of growing up in a town below western mountains (*The Crooked Mile* and, in part, *Mountain Time*) and another which attempts to embody in fiction a theory of the settling of the West (*The House of Sun-Goes-Down*). This long inventory makes it clear that DeVoto had a great attachment to his native state and its people and that this provided a major stimulus for much of his creative work. He was indubitably a Utah writer shaped by the Utah experience.

But DeVoto has never found the recognition he deserves among the people of Utah nor from its scholars. DeVoto's papers now rest in the Stanford University library, 800 miles from his native state in a region for which he felt no affection and indeed which he did not even consider to be part of the West.[1] No university in Utah ever granted him an honorary degree. Publications associated with the state which might have been expected to demonstrate an interest in him have been, with a few exceptions, silent. Since its inception in 1928, so far as I have been able to ascertain, the *Utah Historical Quarterly* has devoted one brief article to DeVoto, and that was a eulogy after his death in 1955,[2] and the *Western Humanities Review* has published only one article on DeVoto, a brief review of his novel *Mountain Time*.[3] As far as I know the only other piece of research and writing on DeVoto to come out of Utah is a University of Utah Master's thesis by Raymond Gene Briscoe.[4]

Why has DeVoto failed to receive the recognition which he so richly deserves in his native state? Why have there been so few studies made by those who should feel a special attraction to this outstanding Utah writer? Why has the individual who served as the major interpreter of Utah and its history for the greater audience in the United States and abroad in the first half of our century been so ignored on this home ground? I would like to suggest two reasons for this unhappy state of affairs. First, there is a wide-spread misapprehension about

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[1]It is ironic that DeVoto's personal papers, if we can assume that they traveled by rail from his home in Cambridge to Palo Alto, must have crossed the piece of ground that he loved more than any place on earth — his grandfather's farm in the mouth of Weber Canyon. I leave one question for future historians: did the train stop in Ogden?

I would like to acknowledge the contribution of the San Diego State College Foundation towards the expenses connected with the writing of this paper. I would also like to thank the staff of the Stanford University Archives for their courtesy and cooperation. My gratitude is extended also to Wallace Stegner who found time from his biography of "Benny" to talk with me at length. I would like to dedicate this essay to Professor Francis J. Whitfield, Professor of Slavic Languages and Literatures at the University of California, Berkeley.

[2]Darrell J. Greenwell, "Bernard A. DeVoto, Recollection and Appreciation," *Utah Historical Quarterly,* 24 (January, 1956), 81-84.

[3]T. C. Bauerlein, "Mountain Time" (Review), *Utah Humanities Review,* 2 (January, 1948), 85-86. It should be pointed out in all fairness that according to Wallace Stegner DeVoto was invited by Brewster Ghiselin to participate in a Writers' Conference in Utah, but declined.

[4]*Bernard DeVoto: Historian of the West* (1966). Other works on DeVoto in order of importance are Catherine Drinker Bowen, Edith R. Mirrielees, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., and Wallace Stegner, *Four Portraits and One Subject: Bernard DeVoto* (Boston: Houghton-Mifflin, 1963), which includes the standard bibliography of DeVoto's work; Robert Edson Lee, "The Work of Bernard DeVoto, Introduction and Annotated Check List" (Ph.D. dissertation, State University of Iowa, 1957), with an invaluable annotated bibliography; Orlan Sawey, *Bernard DeVoto* (New York: Twayne Publishers, 1969); John Melvin Gill, "Bernard DeVoto and Literary Anticriticism" (Ph. D. dissertation, New York University, 1964). In 1938 at the time when DeVoto's interest was shifting decisively from fiction to history, Garrett Mattingly, DeVoto's friend and a Harvard historian, wrote a brief volume entitled *Bernard DeVoto: A Preliminary Appraisal* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1938), which still retains its value, particularly for its interpretation of DeVoto's early novels and short stories, now much ignored. At the present time Wallace Stegner is writing the definitive biography of DeVoto, drawing upon his long friendship with DeVoto and the DeVoto Papers at Stanford University.

This paper is concerned essentially with DeVoto's published opinions about Utah and the Mormons; consequently, little attention is devoted either to the facts of DeVoto's life or to his extensive private correspondence in which he sometimes expressed himself more vehemently than in his published writings. We must await Wallace Stegner's biography for a full treatment of DeVoto's private life.

DeVoto's early years in Utah, his family, and particularly his religious affiliation. Second, there is a general misconception about DeVoto's published opinions on his native state and Mormonism which fails to take into account the variety and evolution of his expressions and, in spite of occasional private outbursts, what I believe to be his fundamental sympathy with the Mormon tradition. This misconception shows DeVoto to be a life-long defamer of his native state and its dominant church.

In this essay I would like to examine these misunderstandings in the hope of clearing away some of the confusion, the dimly felt prejudices, and the unexpressed distaste which otherwise informed Mormon readers and scholars have for DeVoto and his works. He was a major figure in our times and a keen interpreter of Mormonism and its place in the West and he deserves more than the essential silence he has received.

* * *

DeVoto was not, as many have supposed, a Mormon. The child of a Mormon mother and a Catholic father, both of whom were born in Utah, he was raised as a Catholic and received a Catholic elementary education. Although DeVoto openly acknowledged his Catholicism, it seems to have been essentially unimportant in his writing and largely irrelevant to his world view.

Had DeVoto possessed a Catholic orientation, his writings would have been profoundly different. He would have written on Mormonism from a clearly defined point of view, interpreting Utah and Mormonism if not from the point of view of Catholic dogma in the narrow sense, at least as an outsider looking in. This would have made his work more accessible, less ambiguous, and infinitely less interesting, because one of the great appeals of DeVoto's writings on Mormonism is the inner struggle between his status outside of the Mormon Church and the great emotional attachment which he felt towards Mormonism as an institution with a remarkable historical tradition and admirable principles of social coherence.

It is also remarkable that although DeVoto was deeply concerned with the search for the roots of his existence — and this interest explains his great love for both the western landscape[5] and the western past reflected in his many historical studies — he was concerned only with his American and in particular his Utah tradition. Although three of his grandparents were born in Europe, he appears to have been indifferent to any foreign tradition.[6] For him it all began when his grandfather, Samuel Dye, broke the virgin soil on his farm at Uintah. DeVoto knew and loved his grandfather who appears thinly disguised in one of his novels (*The Crooked Mile*), and DeVoto wrote a touching tribute to him. He was deeply impressed by his grandfather's feat in carving out a home and productive acres where none had been before:

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[5]See, for example, his almost mystic preoccupation with terrain and onomastics in *Beyond the Wide Missouri* and the striking role played by the mountains above the city in his Ogden novels.

[6]With the exception of a few brief trips across the Canadian line adjacent to New England, DeVoto never left the United States. Oddly enough, he wrote extensively about the Mexican War (*The Year of Decision: 1846*) and Canada (*The Course of Empire*), but in spite of his insistence on accuracy of detail he never troubled himself to visit either of these areas. In my opinion a broader understanding of European and world affairs might have been useful in restraining some of his exuberant rhetoric on western expansion.

> The earth was poisoned, and Jonathan made it sweet. It was a dead land and he gave it life. Permanently. Forever. Following the God of the Mormons, he came from Hertford to the Great American Desert and made it fertile. That is achievement.[7]

There is no question that the hours which DeVoto spent with his grandfather and the reading of his diary (now in the DeVoto Papers at Stanford), were of extraordinary importance in determining his identification with the Mormon tradition. For the rest of his life DeVoto was to seek his own origins neither very far away in space from his grandfather's farm nor very distant in time from the year of his grandfather's arrival in Utah.

DeVoto published three accounts of a happy childhood in the 1930s when he first turned seriously to the study of Western history.[8] In them he described his childhood and early adolescence and the formative years in which he found his own place in a divided world:

> Ogden, as the railroad center of the State, had an actual majority of Gentiles and so had achieved a working compromise, a forced equilibrium, long before the rest of Mormonry. The violence of neighbors at one another's throats, calling upon God, morality, and the national sovereignty for vindication, had subsided, and very little strife found its way to children. Mormon and Gentile, we grew up together with little awareness that our fathers fought in hostile armies. The child of a Catholic father and a Mormon mother, I myself was evidence of the adjustment.[9]

DeVoto asserts that he enjoyed an intellectually stimulating childhood — this is the whole point of his essay "A Sagebrush Bookshelf" — and that he was welcomed in both his mother's and his father's churches without apparent strains or antagonism:

> The Irish priests of my own communion never preached against the heretics. Protestant ministers were less amiable, but it was only an occasional Gantry in the evangelical sects who bellowed excerpts from the filthy and preposterous anti-Mormon literature of the earlier age. We even mingled in Sunday School without shock. A Mormon meeting house was the place of worship nearest my home, and I was sometimes sent there for instruction until I was about seven, when Rome idly exercised its claim.[10]

Anyone who reads these passages must be struck by the idyllic life DeVoto describes of tolerant acceptance, of a child who moved back and forth between

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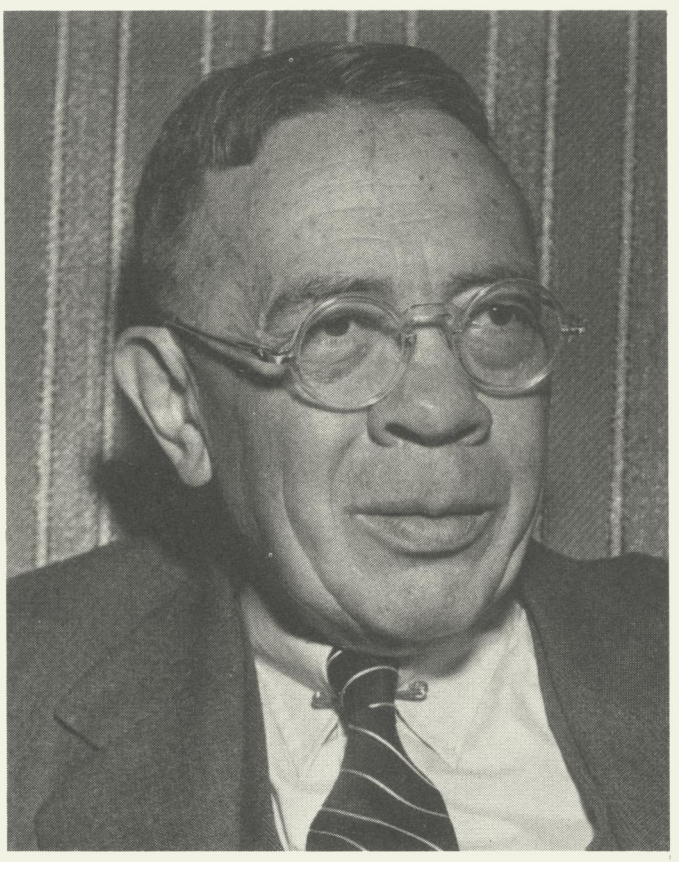
[7]"The Life of Jonathan Dyer" in *Forays and Rebuttals* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1936) pp. 3-24. First published in *Harper's,* 167 (September, 1933), 491-501, under the title "Jonathan Dyer, Frontiersman." This essay was also reprinted in *Rocky Mountain Reader* (New York: Dutton, 1946), 60-76.

I am not the only admirer of this sketch. Garrett Mattingly in his study of DeVoto wrote: "But the jewel of the collection [the collection of essays with the title of *Forays and Rebuttals*] is "The Life of Jonathan Dyer" [DeVoto's pseudonym for Samuel Dye], the simple biography of one frontiersman who gave his blood and sweat to America. There is no better statement in concrete terms anywhere of the meaning of the far Western frontier. It is a little classic. No one who read it can have forgotten it." (p. 51)

[8]These are "Fossil Remnants of the Frontier: Notes on a Utah Boyhood," *Harper's,* 170 (April, 1935), 590-600, reprinted in *Forays and Rebuttals,* 23-45; "My Dear Edmund Wilson," *Saturday Review of Literature,* 15 (February 13, 1937), 8, 20; expanded and reprinted as "Autobiography: or As Some Call It, Literary Criticism" in *Minority Report* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1940), pp. 163-189; and "A Sagebrush Bookshelf," *Harpers,* 175 (October, 1937), 488-496.

[9]Fossil Remnants," in *Forays and Rebuttals,* p. 31.

[10]*Ibid.*



a Mormon chapel and a Catholic church without hindrance or knowledge that there might be anything contradictory in his behavior. This was the world of a child raised as a Catholic who never denied his religion, but who also felt an undeniable emotional attachment to his mother's tradition. But significantly enough these autobiographical writings do not continue his life story into the stormy years of late adolescence and early manhood which were to lead to his decision to abandon Utah and the West to take up a career in teaching and writing.

When he made that decision he was employed on a ranch in the Raft River Valley; the opportunity to leave came in the form of an invitation to teach Freshman English at Northwestern University. Between the years of childhood and the time when he found himself working on a hay rig he had undergone a tumultuous year at the University of Utah, transferred to Harvard, served in the Army as a marksmanship officer after volunteering in 1917 when the United States entered World War I, returned to complete his B.A. at Harvard, and made the fateful decision to return to his home town. In retrospect it seems obvious that sooner or later this enormously ambitious Harvard Phi Beta Kappa would eject himself violently, explosively, from this town of 30,000 and its environs. Two years were required for the accumulation of sufficient pressure to trigger the cataclysm. There is much that remains unknown about those years of adolescence and early manhood, but one thing is clear: when DeVoto left

Utah he was in a period of violent reaction against his childhood and would resort to almost any means in order to carve out a place for himself in literature, even if it meant subordinating reason to the cause of sensationalism. In the next few years among his other writings[11] he was to write three essays expressing his aversion to the Mormon tradition in which he used sarcasm, exaggeration, derision, and incongruous juxtaposition for dazzling rhetorical effects. They were brilliant and maddening essays; they were also eminently unfair, and DeVoto came to regret them deeply.

In the first of these, "God—Litterateur," which appeared in an obscure little magazine called *The Guardian,* DeVoto turned for the first and last time to the writings of the Mormon Church, specifically to the *Doctrine and Covenants.* He resorted to sarcasm in criticizing the literary style of the *Doctrine and Covenants,* which he satirically took to be the literary style of the Creator:

> The contributions of God to American literature have never been adequately surveyed. Altogether the bulk of His writings during the past three centuries on this continent must be enormous. And in Utah at least, [as] the critic who approaches this field will discover, God has long been and continues to be the favorite author.[12]

Next he jeers at those passages which deal with commercial transactions such as land ownership and the construction of hotels and other buildings, denouncing what seemed to him to be one of the most negative aspects of contemporary Mormonism — its close involvement in economic affairs.

In the second of these vitriolic articles, "Ogden: The Underwriters of Salvation," DeVoto wrote about his home town, emphasizing as was his inclination its historical origins, including the emigration of the Mormons to Utah and their colonization of the state. As in the case with "God — Litterateur" DeVoto's attitude towards Mormonism was sharply critical and sarcastic, although there are grudging concessions to the role of the Mormons in creating a society in the desert. The scurrilous tone and verbal pyrotechnics of the essay may be judged from this, its last paragraph:

> Wherefore some day all cities will bend their heads in its direction while the skies open to sudden thunder and St. Brigham and St. Joseph Smith Jun., sharing between them Helen of Troy and all dead, aphrodisiac ladies, come down to chain the devil and populate the earth with Mormon robots.[13]

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[11]If space permitted, this would be the appropriate place to discuss DeVoto's novel of 1924, *Chariot of Fire.* This novel is a variation on William Dean Howells' *Leatherwood God,* which was also devoted to frontier revivalism. DeVoto introduced a number of elements in his novel from Mormonism, such as a Mormon-like hierarchic system and the enmity between a frontier sect and its neighbors leading to the martyrdom of its prophet and its exodus to the western desert; but in other respects the story differs from the actual course of events in Mormon history. The entire question of the novel's genesis, its relationship to Howell's novel on one hand and the facts of Mormon history and frontier revivalism on the other, is a complex one which cannot be treated here. Mention should also be made of DeVoto's review of M. R. Werner's *Brigham Young,* which appeared in the *Saturday Review of Literature,* 1 (June 27, 1925), 853, under the title "The Odyssey of Mormonism." This review is consistent with, if more moderate than, the three Mormon essays of this period.

[12]1 (March, 1925), 188-197; 189.

[13]This is an essay in the anthology *The Taming of the Frontier,* edited by Duncan Aikman (New York: Minton, Balch, and Co., 1925); (ten pieces by different authors dealing with the passing of the frontier in ten western cities and towns), p. 60. Within the collection DeVoto's essay is remarkable for its power, virtuosity and virulence.

Had DeVoto written only these two obscure articles on Mormonism, which are remarkable for their burlesque but which differ little in content from many anti-Mormon writings, he would never have received the reputation as the most damning critic of Mormonism. They would have been forgotten by all but the specialist and DeVoto's reputation among the Mormons would have been significantly different than it is today. But H. L. Mencken, the famous American iconoclast, was attracted to DeVoto's undeniable writing talent and accepted for his *American Mercury* DeVoto's article entitled "Utah"[14] which was widely read all over the United States, including Utah. To one who approaches the article by the way of "God — Litterateur" and "Ogden" it appears relatively restrained, but to the ordinary inhabitant of the state it must have burst like a bombshell.[15] It purports to be a brief survey of the state's history and a description of contemporary life in Deseret. Unlike his procedure in earlier articles DeVoto does not single out the Mormon Church or its tradition for criticism, as much as he denies the existence of anything worthwhile in the state. The impression that the article conveys is one of utter unrelieved Philistinism reigning in a state which is the product of an ignominous past. No exceptions.

> The Mormons were staid peasants whose only distinguishing characteristics were their servility to their leaders and their belief in a low-comedy God. They had flocked to the Church from localities where civilization had never penetrated. Then, with an infallible instinct, they had recruited their numbers from the slums of English factory cities and from the bankrupt crofter-districts of Scandinavia. The Gentiles were less fanatical than the Mormons and less ignorant, but they were also less robust. They represented the unfit of the frontier, those who had fallen by the wayside along the trail to glory. . . .
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> Such was the old Utah, a frontier State. . . . A state peopled by frontiersmen — ruddy, illiterate herb-minded folk. A State where the very process of survival demanded a rigorous suppression of individuality, impracticability, scepticism, and all the other qualities of intelligence.
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> * * * *
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> Those who have no interest in social or intellectual or artistic life may live there [in Utah] as well as anywhere else in this best of all possible Republics. The difference is merely this: should they ever, for a moment, want to enter or observe such life or feel the need of anything that springs from it, they would be at a dead stop. Civilized life does not exist in Utah. It never has existed there. It never will exist there.[16]

Almost twenty years after this episode DeVoto wrote a letter about these early articles to a friend in Ogden which so impressed the friend that with DeVoto's permission he had it published in *The Rocky Mountain Review* under

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[14]*American Mercury,* 7 (March, 1926), 317-323. One explanation for the excesses of DeVoto's early Utah articles was his eagerness to break into literature to satisfy his high personal ambition. Under these circumstances it is understandable that he may have emphasized the scandalous at the expense of his good judgment.

[15]Wallace Stegner describes one such violent reaction to the article in his essay on DeVoto in *Four Portraits,* pp. 81-82.

[16]"Utah," pp. 319, 321, 322.

the meaningful title "Revaluation."[17] This letter is a remarkable document in many ways. It is first of all a superb example of DeVoto's vigorous and expressive epistolary style; it supports the contention that some of DeVoto's most durable writing may well be in his personal letters. It is also remarkable for its humility, honesty and candor.

> Many years have passed since I would have attempted any justification what of my early two articles on Utah. [DeVoto omitted reference to "God-Litterateur" probably because of its limited publicity]. They were ignorant, brash, prejudiced, malicious, and, what is worst of all, irresponsible. They were absolutely in the *Mercury* mood of illegitimate and dishonest attack. They represented the only occasions in my career when I yielded to that mood. I have spent practically all my literary life attacking other manifestations of that mood, and I have always regarded my yielding to it on those occasions as an offense which can be neither justified nor palliated.
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> There was, and doubtless remains, much in the life and culture of Utah that could be legitimately criticized. Some of the things I said in those articles made points which would have been legitimate criticism if I had said them fairly and objectively — and if the entire mood and atmosphere of the articles had not been atrociously offensive. It was, and doubtless remains, thoroughly possible to oppose some of the tendencies and manifestations of civilization in Utah on reasonable, empirical grounds. But that consideration is irrelevant, since my criticism and opposition were embodied in a lot of prejudice, irresponsible humor, and a general yanking out of shirt-tails and setting them on fire.[18]

Then DeVoto asks, "Why did I write them, and write them as I did?" In answer he identifies his youth and his intoxication with the privilege of publication. But more than that, he says, "In some degree they were acts of self-vindication, in some degree acts of revenge."[19]

They were the fruits of his indignation at his home town which refused him the recognition to which he believed his talents entitled him. But regardless of his motives, which are understandable if not defensible, and regardless of the revaluation which he declared and perhaps was pleading for, during the remainder of his life DeVoto had to contend with the widespread conviction that he was blindly critical of Utah and its Mormon tradition. And in spite of his statements to the contrary, I believe he was deeply wounded by this critical attitude.

The misunderstanding is all the more regrettable because DeVoto by no means abandoned his interest in Mormonism and in fact wrote extensively on the subject during the next twenty-five years. In addition, his writings in those years display a significantly different attitude towards the subject: while still critical of some aspects of the Church and its tradition, DeVoto is more scrupulous in his judgments, more concerned to provide evidence for his assertions, and far less prone to succumb to the rhetorical devices which characterized his earlier writings. He shifted his interest from the negative aspects of the Church, for the most part, and began to single out for praise those aspects of the Mormon

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[17] 10 (Autumn, 1945), 7-11. This article was reprinted in the *Improvement Era,* 49 (March, 1946), 154, 164. The *Era* editors deleted about one-fifth of its contents and bowdlerized it slightly. The result was to blunt some of the sting of the original and to remove some of its color as well, but its major points for the most part were left unimpaired.

[18] "Revaluation," p. 7.

[19] "Revaluation," p. 8.

tradition which he considered of positive value. His writing increasingly emphasized the Mormon contribution to the settling of the West.

When did this change of attitude occur? There is some evidence that in the late 1920s DeVoto was reconsidering his attitude towards Mormonism, perhaps because of the outcry over his "Utah" article. But I prefer to think that such a change was inevitable, even if there had not been such a furor, because a man of DeVoto's intelligence, wide reading, historical preoccupation, and social awareness could not fail to comprehend that his early writings on Mormonism were superficial and unscholarly; the Mormon heritage (and DeVoto, thanks to his childhood experiences, was keenly aware of this) was too important an aspect of the frontier to be dismissed by glib phrases, no matter how amusing they might be. It appears, too, that his more serious attitude towards the Mormon tradition was part of his increased interest in history which was to bear fruit as *Mark Twain's America* (1932) and his historical trilogy on western America which he was to begin in a few years.[20]

If we accept the theory that DeVoto's work on Mormonism can be divided into an early negative period (which immediately achieved infamy at least in his native state) and a later more mature and objective period, then the essay "The Centennial of Mormonism" which he published in 1930[21] occupies a middle ground. In it DeVoto does the following: (1) He relates the major historical facts of the founding of Mormonism in 1830 in a mock serious manner worthy of his earlier writings, but he ends with the question: "Why has Mormonism survived when hundreds of other sects from the same period have perished?" (2) He complains about the lack of sound historical studies on the origins of Mormonism and introduces his own theory that the founder of the church was patently paranoid and then supports the conjecture that he plagiarized the *Book of Mormon* from Solomon Spaulding's *Manuscript Found.* (3) He asserts that the fortuitous martyrdom of Joseph Smith saved the Church from dissolution and provided the stimulus for the essential emigration to a place of refuge. (4) He describes the character and contribution of Brigham Young, whom he describes as the greatest religious leader the nation has produced. (5) He surveys the present prosperous state of Mormonism and what appears to DeVoto to be its unhealthy involvement in business enterprises in the West.

That the article is an improvement on the "Utah" article can be seen even from this brief summary. DeVoto has abandoned his blanket condemnation of

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[20]Robert Edson Lee discusses the change in DeVoto's attitude towards Utah on pages 116-117 of his thesis cited above. As part of the preparation for his writing Lee visited Utah and there talked with Levi Edgar Young about DeVoto's attitude to Mormonism. The passage is worth quoting for the additional light which it might shed on our problem: "Note, however, that the earliest Mormon writings of DeVoto are the most unfair, that in his middle years DeVoto was more nearly judicial, and that in his last decade he approached apology [Footnote reference to DeVoto's article "Revaluation" discussed above]. Credit for the decline of DeVoto's maliciousness must belong to Levi Edgar Young, President of the First Council of Seventy, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In the Thirties President Young, then a Mormon missionary studying at Harvard [sic], introduced himself to DeVoto, rebuked him more his attitudes to [sic] the Mormons, and attempted to reform him. Any arguments he may have won must have been won by the example of his personality, his kindness, patience, and tolerance. Although DeVoto's books in the Mormon Archives at Salt Lake City are kept in a section with thousands of books by 'the people who don't like us,' DeVoto has at least one honorable Mormon friend [Footnote reference to Lee's interview with Levi Edgar Young]."

[21]*American Mercury,* 19 (January, 1930), 1-13.

the Mormon tradition and its accomplishment, but more often than not his manner is plainly sarcastic. For example, these sentences appear on the first page of the essay: "For the scene of this Restoration Jehovah selected a mangy Fayette . . ."; "The house of one Peter Whitmer, in Fayette, was the setting selected by Omnipotence . . ."; "Jehovah, though not present in the flesh, inspired the evening's agenda. . . ." Throughout, the article is marred by such concessions to satire for its own sake, and in general there is a subjectivity which makes it difficult to take seriously. It is neither history nor a personal essay, but history interpreted by a man of strong convictions with a weakness for pungent phrases.

But approximately five years later DeVoto revised and reissued the essay. The changes are remarkable; it was now much longer, it was pruned of many of its excesses (for example, the four sentences quoted above are either deleted or modified, so that Fayette is not "mangy," but "obscure"), and controversial issues are now examined from a number of vantage points. There is less dogmatism and a much greater receptiveness to variant theories. Assertions made baldly in the early version are now buttressed with supporting information, and distracting diversions are eliminated. The result is an essay which is much more effective and far more deserving of attention than any of the works which DeVoto had written on Mormonism up to the time, and it clearly marks the beginning of a new period in DeVoto's attitude towards Mormonism, an attitude which was radically different from his early period and foreshadowed by his "Centennial of Mormonism" essay of 1930.

It is rewarding to examine in greater detail the two versions of "The Centennial of Mormonism." The later version is approximately three times longer and contains eight sections (rather than the five of the early version), as follows: (1) Utilizing the same technique of reported speech as in the early version, he recounts the early history of the Church, but removes the jarring incongruities which he introduced for humorous effects in the early version. Once more he asks seriously: "How is it that Mormonism survived and flourishes in our day?" (2) He surveys the studies of Mormonism, deplores their paucity, and appeals for more serious studies:

> Apart from the doctrinal aspect, everything is rudimentary, infrequent, and mostly wrong. The story of the Mormons is one of the most fascinating in all American history, it touches nineteenth-century American life at innumerable points, it is as absorbing as anything in the history of the trans-Mississippi frontier and certainly the most varied, and it is a treasure-house of the historian of ideas, institutions and social energies.[22]

(3) He believes that the reasons for the survival of Mormonism are (a) the peaceful interlude provided by the move to Utah; (b) a succession of powerful leaders; (c) a series of historical accidents; (d) the inclusiveness of Mormon doctrines; (e) the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph. (4) He discusses the role of Joseph Smith in the history of the Church and formally renounces his support for the theory that Joseph Smith plagiarized Solomon Spaulding's *Manuscript Found* and concludes that there was a "rhythm of alternation" in Joseph Smith's behavior between insanity and lucidity. (5) He devotes a lengthy passage to

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[22] "The Centennial of Mormonism" in *Forays and Rebuttals*, p. 82.

Brigham Young whom he describes as Mormonism's great man. (6) He sketches the post-Young period of Mormon history and concludes that it is marked by the emergence of a hereditary ruling class but one which also accepted individuals who excel. (7) He theorizes that one major element in the success of Mormonism is its combination of faith and economic endeavor. (8) He concludes that Mormonism is the most successful of the numerous nineteenth century Utopian movements and the only one to survive to our day, with a few minor exceptions.

This brief survey does not begin to do justice to the seventy pages of the essay, but it does briefly summarize DeVoto's basic positions on Mormonism, and indicates both his misgivings and his enthusiasms. It is a document which bears the imprint of a mind which sought to establish the place of Mormonism in the larger setting of the United States during its entire one-hundred-year history, as I think no one had ever done before. Some of DeVoto's insights are striking in their clarity and argumentation as, for example, his analysis of the situation of Mormonism in the Mississippi Valley and what he considered to be its inevitable collision with its non-Mormon neighbors. He touches upon the appeal of Mormonism and some of his most cogent passages are those in which he analyzes the success of Mormonism both in the United States and abroad. He perceptively estimates the role of polygamy in the Church and finds it to be less significant than nearly all previous students had considered it to be. He deals with the problem of how the leadership of the Church came to choose Utah as the new home of Mormonism, and pays ample tribute to Brigham Young's acumen, good judgment, and administrative skills.

The essay is not, however, without bias and unique emotional coloration which reflect its author's point of view. Some of these inclinations are, I believe, minor and indispensible to DeVoto's personal style, while some are much more extensive and subject to debate. Of these, the most important by far is DeVoto's attitude toward Joseph Smith and Brigham Young.

DeVoto has no sympathy for Joseph Smith as a man; he is suspicious of his contribution to the establishment of the Church, and he concludes that in his final years he was in fact an actual danger to the Church which he had founded. By contrast, DeVoto grew increasingly enthusiastic about the contribution made by Brigham Young to the history of Mormonism and he rarely missed the opportunity to express his admiration for Brigham and his contempt for Joseph.[23] Such a preference is completely consistent with DeVoto's often stated aversion to theory and abstraction, which he voiced energetically in his essay "Autobiography: Or, As Some Call It, Literary Criticism," and which forms one of the *leitmotifs* of his campaign against Van Wyck Brook's critical methods during the 1930s and 1940s. There is also ample evidence that he was strongly attracted to active public figures. DeVoto admired the accomplishments of Mormonism, both in the settling of the West and the organizing of an effective society under

[23]There seems to be a tendency for writers on Mormonism to identify with one of its two great leaders, and consequently to denigrate the other. Is it perhaps because they represent two human archetypes which necessarily stand in opposition to each other? Is one the dreamer, the visionary, the instinctive seeker after truth and enlightenment, while the other is the organizer, the man of this world, the materialist, and the realist? Must the student of Mormonism inevitably feel himself drawn to one of these poles? This certainly appears to be so in DeVoto's case. DeVoto's preference for Brigham Young is evident also in the biographies of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young which he wrote for the *Dictionary of American Biography* (1935).

harsh conditions; he felt no attraction whatsoever to Mormon doctrines or its founder.[24]

"The Centennial of Mormonism" of 1936 stated DeVoto's fundamental attitude towards Mormonism, an attitude which was complex and rich with emotional overtones. While it contained elements of both revulsion and attraction, it was fundamentally sympathetic with the Mormon experience and its dominant strain was affirmative and positive. To the end of his life DeVoto was to retain this attitude in his printed opinions. It is apparent, for example, in the lyric passages which he wrote in 1938 after a visit to Palmyra, New York.

> . . . Here was a story which I had known all my life, which I knew better than any other in American history. It held as much as any novelist could ask of farce and tragedy, melodrama, aspiration, violence, ecstasy — the strongest passions of mankind at white heat; the Kingdom of God and mob cruelty and martyrdom; bigotry and superstition and delusion; mystical exaltation and the purity of faith; ambition and its overthrow, persecution and social revolt — and all bound up, even more completely and comprehensively than Oneida [which he had just visited], with the sweep of a full century of American life.[25]

And he concludes that the story of Mormonism is so overwhelming that no novel could begin to do justice to it.

DeVoto's infatuation with the Mormon tradition which illuminates this passage is also apparent in the major work on which he was engaged at the time, *The Year of Decision: 1846,* the first and what I believe to be the best of his historical trilogy devoted to the West. In this book he traces the complexity of events in that fateful year which were crucial in America's transition to a continental nation: the Mexican War, the conquest of California, and the beginnings of the great westward migration to Oregon, to California, and to Utah. Therefore it is appropriate that a considerable portion of the book is devoted to the ruin and evacuation of Nauvoo, the sad, slow march through Iowa to the Missouri, with a postscript from 1847 concerning the move of the One Hundred and Forty Three from Winter Quarters to the Valley of Great Salt Lake. It is a magnificent story and DeVoto does it full justice, quoting amply from diaries and evoking the sufferings, the miseries, the deaths of men, women and children in makeshift shelters in blizzards and incessant rains. He also devotes considerable space to the Mormon Battalion in the book, noting its role in opening the southern trail to California, but markedly subordinating it to the stirring events in Iowa and to the west.

The one-sixth of the volume (approximately seventy-five pages) which is dedicated to Mormonism recounts the events of 1846 and 1847 with only a few pages devoted to the origins of the Church. Consequently DeVoto had full rein to express his admiration for Brigham Young who dominated those years, while neglecting, as the situation allowed, the earlier contribution of Joseph Smith.

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[24]Another aspect of "The Centennial of Mormonism" of 1936 which needs investigation is the question of the influence of the ideas of Vilfredo Pareto (1848-1923) on DeVoto's thinking. For a discussion of this issue see Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.'s essay on DeVoto in *Four Portraits,* in particular pages 49-51. Devoto was sufficiently enthusiastic about Pareto to write four articles about him (see items C 178, C 179, C 180, C 183, and C 185 in the *Four Portraits* bibilography, p. 152). Pareto's contribution to "The Centennial of Mormonism" appears to be the idea that the development of Mormonism in the form it took was inevitable.

[25]"The Easy Chair: Vacation," *Harper's,* 177 (October, 1938), 559.

His preference for Brigham Young is, if possible, even more marked than in "The Centennial of Mormonism" (1936). To Brigham he devotes a lengthy and moving tribute. He is "the foremost American colonizer," with a "genius of leadership of foresight, of command of administration, of effective will." "He was a great man, great in whatever was needful for Israel." To Joseph he pays little attention, scorning him as "crazed"[26] and stating repeatedly that the dissolution of the Church would have been inevitable had it not been for his death.

Although DeVoto writes with conviction and sympathy about the Mormon migration, he at times interrupts the prevailing tone of his account with outbursts of petulance and poor taste. Such, for example, are his references to the "smugness" of the Mormons and his sneers at the origins of their Church, their "hair-trigger martyr complex," and, finally, to "holy union suits,"[27] a term, first employed in his 1925 "Ogden" essay, which would surely offend the sensibilities of most Mormons. While it was at least consistent with the one of the "Ogden" essay, in *The Year of Decision: 1846* it sounds a dissonant note which could only detract from the serious purpose of his history. But drawing a balance, I believe it is fair to say that in *The Year of Decision* DeVoto's admiration for the accomplishments of the Mormon settlement of Utah is unquestionable, and aside from its occasional lapses, this account is one of the most eloquent tributes ever written to the Mormon pioneers. DeVoto himself believed this to be so. In his "Revaluation" he said:

> There can be no questions whatever that that book [*The Year of Decision*] contains the most sympathetic treatment of the Mormons ever published by a Gentile. Any dispassionate mind need only compare it with, say, Linn or Werner. It is packed full of the most flagrant and even fulsome praise of the Mormons, condemnation of their oppressors, admiration of their achievements, sympathy with their suffering, patient exposition of their point of view.[28]

While DeVoto is overstating his case, there is no question of his emotional, if not intellectual, sympathy in this book with his mother's and grandfather's tradition. There is more evidence for DeVoto's attachment to his home place in a remarkable, illuminating, and entirely unexpected lyric outburst in this book, which perhaps more than anything else he ever wrote expresses his yearning for the lost years of his Wasatch childhood. He is speaking of the land which the Mormons had chosen for their new home:

> It has its hideousness, it has its beauty, nor are they separated in the depths of any mind that has known them. A hard, resistant folk had found a hard, resistant land, and they would grow to fit one another. Remember the yield of a hard country is a love deeper than a fat and easy land inspires, that throughout the arid West the Americans have found a secret treasure. . . . There is one who remembers it below the Atlantic fall line, to whom east is always the direction where you will see the Wasatch ridge and west the house of the sky where the sun sinks into the lake. The cottonwood leaves flutter always beyond the margins of awareness. The streams come out of the mountains to a plain that was greener when one was young than when Orson Pratt found it. March starts the snows withdrawing up the peaks that have not changed much, sagebrush is a perfume

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[26] *The Year of Decision: 1846* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1943), pp. 443-454; 79.

[27] *The Year of Decision,* pp. 82, 324, 325.

[28] "Revaluation," pp. 9-10.

and a stench, and at midnight there is a lighter line along the ridge where the sky begins. A stern and desolate country, a high bare country, a country brimming with a beauty not to be found elsewhere.[29]

Is it any wonder that Robert Edson Lee can say that "he writes at times like a Westerner in eastern capitivity?"[30]

In the last ten years of his life DeVoto was to write other, briefer statements about his home state and its Church.[31] Of these the most interesting is a passage which occurs in his *Harper's* "Easy Chair" column in 1955. The statement was occasioned by the prominent roles which two Utah Mormons had achieved in American affairs in the 1950s, Senator Arthur Watkins, who had emerged as the leading Congressional opponent of Joseph McCarthy, and Ezra Taft Benson, appointed Secretary of Agriculture by President Eisenhower. This led DeVoto to comment on the place of Mormonism in American life, and as usual he chose to approach the topic from the historical point of view, surveying briefly, sympathetically, and warmly the development of the Mormon tradition:

> . . . The Mormons are a vigorous, industrious, kindly people, who against great odds, have succeeded in building the most stable society in the West. Everyone who knows them likes and respects them. We have lately seen, under a powerful spotlight, an example of the qualities that Mormon leadership at its best can display. Senator Watkins is typical of that leadership, just, judicious, honorable, courageous, not to be deterred from doing his duty . . .
>
> If the Mormons have a compulsion to tell everyone at great length they have been persecuted, it is explained by the fact that for three-quarters of a century they were shamefully persecuted. They were robbed of their property, a lot of them were murdered, a lot more of them died of the hardships that followed. After they got to Utah the federal government afflicted them with some of the scurviest officials that have ever been appointed to pay political debts. In the late 1880's it set out to break up their political organizations by attacking their religious organization, jailing such of them as it suspected of polygamy, subjecting others to a test oath, and confiscating the Church property . . .
>
> For an ugly period lynch law was federal policy. And all this time a lot of lecturers, writers, and people who called themselves religious reformers made a fat living by lying about the Mormons — libeling them with every conceivable kind of false accusation.[32]

This passage was DeVoto's last public statement on Mormonism. We may well ask how sincere it was, since DeVoto at the time was involved in the McCarthy controversy and it is obvious that he is drawing a parallel between the Mormons in the nineteenth century and the victims of the McCarthy purges —

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[29]*The Year of Decision,* pp. 466-467; DeVoto's ellipses. "A plain that was greener when one was young than when Orson Pratt found it" was, of course, the land made verdant by the labors of DeVoto's grandfather, Samuel Dye.

[30]"The Work of Bernard DeVoto," p. 121.

[31]See, for example, his review of Fawn McKay Brodie's *No Man Knows My History,* "The Case of the Prophet, Joseph Smith," *New York Herald Tribune Weekly Book Review,* 22 (December 16, 1945),1, in which he insisted on his own theory that Joseph Smith was "A paranoid personality in process of becoming a paranoiac," but added, "—and this wholly without prejudice to his personal magnetism or his religious teaching." He also wrote fond and nostalgic articles for mass circulation magazines about Utah, such as the significantly titled posthumous sketch devoted to Ogden, "A Good Place to Grow In," *Lincoln-Mercury Times,* 7 (March-April, 1956), 1-3.

[32]"Current Comic Strips," *Harper's,* 210 (May, 1955), 8-9, 12-15.

both, he makes clear, suffered from unscrupulous demogagery. But even with this reservation, I believe that DeVoto is declaring that the war is over and he is signalling his desire for a reconciliation. Some of DeVoto's private expressions, such as his letter to a Mr. Kostbar of December 26, 1951,[33] might cause some to question how deeply felt this desire was, if it indeed existed. We do not know if DeVoto intended to write again on the Mormon tradition, for within a few months of the time he wrote these lines he was dead as the result of an unexpected heart attack.

* * * *

It is apparent that DeVoto's attitude towards Mormonism was very complex and cannot be neatly summarized. It is my contention that there is a substratum of good will and deep affection for the Mormon tradition in all but his earliest published writings. He was profoundly impressed by the accomplishments of Mormonism which he had seen personally in the good works of his grandfather. He was aware of the enormous contribution that the Mormon communal method of settlement had made to the colonization of the West. He knew that the Mormons had peacefully brought a productive life to the desert where nothing had been before, in sharp contrast to much of the West where violence and blood-letting were the rule. But he was never a believer in Mormon dogma any more than he was profoundly inclined to any system of belief. He was sceptical, rational, positivist, and suspicious of any undemonstrable truth; this is obvious in everything he wrote whether fiction, personal essay, history, or literary criticsm, and it is strikingly so in his writings on Mormonism where he rarely failed to express his aversion to the origins and doctrines of the Church. He also succumbed in his writings to the temptation to employ colorful phrases, which, although they are insignificant in the presentation of his ideas, are unfair and irritating to the reader. He was aware of this and regretted it. In his "Revaluation" when speaking of his two early pieces on Utah he wrote:

> Why did I write them and write as I did? Well, for one thing I was a young buck, intoxicated with the newly achieved privilege of publication, full of wild and yeasty irreverence, and obviously gifted at burlesque and extravaganza. (That last, I may say parenthetically, is an embarrassing, occasionally dangerous gift. It has recurrently thrown me throughout my career and even now sometimes prods me into writing passages which react against the serious intention of my work. We have been told that a sense of humor is fatal to a career in politics. It is a handicap to any career in literature and an extremely serious handicap to a career in social criticism.

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[33]This letter is a good example of the complexity of DeVoto's attitude toward the Mormons, for it partakes very much of the spirit of his earliest negative statements. It would be interesting to know the context in which it was written, for it was obviously dashed off in a white heat. The letter begins with DeVoto discounting the culture of the Mormons much as he had done in the *Mercury* essay. He then evaluates the scholarship on Mormonism, and in doing so betrays a surprising lack of critical objectivity. He next talks about his early writings and the letter to Thurston. He goes on at length about the use of alcohol and tobacco among the Saints and launches into a tirade on the missionary program. His concluding statement is perhaps indicative of his deep-felt ambiguity about the Mormons:

> The Mormons are an admirable people, kindly, open-hearted, hospitable, bigoted, in terror of things that happened a hundred years ago, with a tremendous inferiority complex, and they have made a hell of a lot of money, and they have performed one of the prodigies of American sociology. But their doctrines are simply preposterous. Anybody who can believe any of them can believe any nonsense that human idiocy could invent.

It has joined with a habit of using concrete words to keep my stature in contemporary letters considerably smaller than it probably would have been if I had expressed myself solemnly and abstractly. In beautiful letters, the light touch is dangerous.)[34]

But making allowance for his lapses of judgment and the excesses of his early defiance, I remain deeply convinced that DeVoto made an irreplaceable contribution to the study of the Mormon tradition. He understood the power of its appeal, he knew the importance of its place in Western history, he wrote powerfully of its significance in the lives of the settlers of Utah. His study of "The Life of Jonathan Dyer," his deeply moving account of the Mormon flight from Nauvoo in the *Year of Decision,* his exposition of the place of Mormonism on the frontier — all have enduring significance. Moreover, he was a poet who better than anyone else who has yet appeared in Utah wrote poignantly and evocatively of his home country, capturing in his books the sweetness of its air and the color of its mountains. I, for one, would forgive him much for that.

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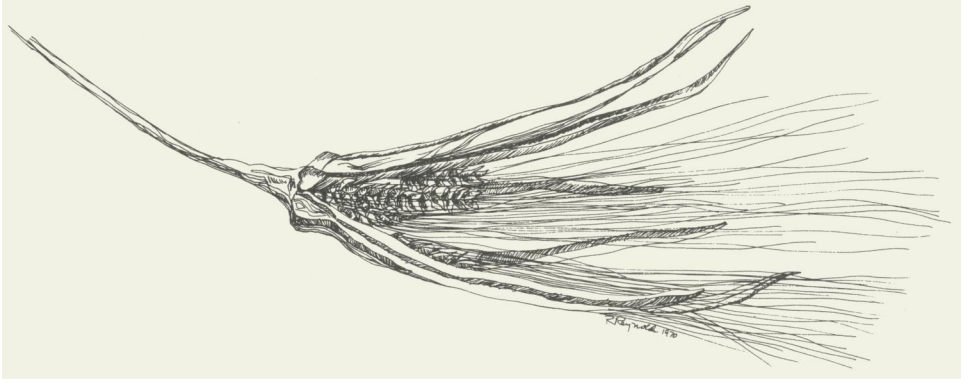
[34]"Revaluation," p. 8. The passage in parentheses is omitted from the version in the *Improvement Era.*



Bernard DeVoto and the Mormons: Three Letters

Edited and Introduced by Wallace Stegner

As Mr. Fetzer's article in this issue of *Dialogue* makes clear, Bernard DeVoto grew up a Catholic, not a Mormon. What is more, he grew up in a house dominated by his father, and his father had been a part of the struggle for control of Ogden between Mormon and Gentile forces around the turn of the century. That is to say, his father was a Mormon-eater and a friend of Mormon-eaters. His mother, often described as an apostate, was nothing so official; she was a jack-Mormon. Bernard himself, growing up insecure, gifted, romantic, and literary, always felt himself an outsider; and partly because of his dubious religious background, partly because of his personal traits of brashness, youthful boastfulness, and a tendency to profanity, he was not welcome in the homes of some good Ogden Saints whose daughters and sons were his contemporaries. When he returned to Ogden after finishing at Harvard in 1920, a broken love affair, a nervous breakdown, and the absence of the intellectual excitement that had made Harvard a sort of Heaven all combined with the literary fashion of the time to make him revolt from his small-town provincial home. When he came to write about it, he blasted it — first in the novel *The Crooked Mile,* then in the essays which, as Mr. Fetzer points out, so infuriated Utahns in 1925 and 1926.

Those essays, DeVoto admits in his letter to Jarvis Thurston, were written in the Mencken mood. From that jeering mood DeVoto quickly recovered, to become one of the stoutest defenders of the native American traditions against the literary internationalists and modernists and Marxists and other critics. Mr. Fetzer is absolutely right in suggesting that any Mormon or resident of Utah who retains in his mind that taint of those early youthful and bumptious essays should read "The Life of Jonathan Dyer," one of the most touching tributes to Mormon pioneers ever written.

The correspondence in the DeVoto archive at Stanford University is full of DeVoto's feelings about Utah, and his feelings were always complex and mixed. Even at the height of his disgust with the civilization of his home state, he was lyrical about its mountains and deserts, in love with its girls and its fruit and its weather, fascinated by its history. So his "revaluation" in the letter to Thurston is less a revaluation than a clearing away of personal grievance and literary fashion, to reveal his real love for the place.

He was never a believer; to the end of his life he refused to take Mormon doctrines seriously. But he learned to take the Mormon people and Mormon history and Mormon virtues seriously, and to respect them, and it troubled him all his life that he was hated in his home state. When the University of Colorado

gave him an honorary degree in 1948, he was touched because it was the first recognition he had received from his native region. No such recognition ever came to him from Utah; while he apparently outgrew his youthful vituperations, Utah never forgave him.

Though many letters in his files contain passages referring to his relations with Utah and the Mormons, the letter to Jarvis Thurston remains the fullest and most explicit statement of his attitudes both early and later. The early attitude hardly outlasted the articles that expressed it: the letter to Robert Elliott of the Salt Lake *Telegram* in 1930 is already well on the way to the position expressed in the Thurston letter of 1943, reprinted here in its original form. And if DeVoto's repudiation of Mormon religious doctrines in the Kostbar letter of 1951 referred to by Fetzer is still so strong it would be offensive to any Mormon, it should be noted that he would never have *published* any such opinion by then, and that his 1946 letter to Apostle Widtsoe is respectful, friendly, and grateful for a kind word from the place he fled from as a young man but never ceased to think of as home.

I

November 4, 1930

Robert C. Elliott, Esq.
Salt Lake Telegram
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Mr. Elliott:

I must ask you to regard this letter as purely a private communication and must insist on your not publishing any part of it. Later I will write an extended answer to your questions, which you may publish in the *Telegram* or put to any other use that pleases you. Here, however, I desire to speak personally and so cannot allow you to print what I have to say.

You say, "Tell us explicitly how it may be done." — that is, how Utah can be made to produce fine literature. This seems to me a naive request. There are no recipes for the production of good literature, and no community can add a cubit to its literary stature by taking thought. Any formula or prescription that I, or any one else, might give you would be utter nonsense. There is no specific for art. I can, however, mention a few characteristics of life in Utah which seem to me to inhibit the growth of literature there, and which in my opinion must be obviated before writers or artists of any kind can flourish there.

Let me begin with my own experience and your remarks about me. The first, foremost, and indispensable condition for art is a society intelligent enough, or educated enough, or sophisticated enough, to permit the free play of intelligence. This requires that ideas of any kind, however offensive to anyone, be discussed purely as ideas. It means intelligent interest in ideas as ideas. It means sincere insistence on the right of your most violent opponent to express himself on any subject even if it be violent denunciation of your ideas. It means a society eagerly interested in the interplay and mutual interaction of ideas. And

what is more immediate to my theme, it means the assumption that an idea is no less sincere for being contrary to what oneself believes. Specifically it means that when I express ideas about Utah which differ from those which you hold, you are displaying an offensive form of the obscurantism which prevents the growth of literature, when you assume that they are not honest and sincere opinions but dictated by what you speak of as mercenary in one place and as immediate cash value in another.

Parenthetically I may say that your allegation is by far the decentest that has been made against me in Utah. I do not object to your particular form of assumption about me, since it is only impersonally insulting, but my collection of letters from Utah, now numbering over six hundred (hardly a fifth of them signed), contains a much more obnoxious obscurantism. I have been called a thief, a coward, a moral leper, a homosexualist, a defaulter, an adulterer, a sensualist, and every other opprobrious and obscene term that the resentment of Utah could devise. The natural impulse of uneducated and Philistine people is to denounce as some form of immoralist any person whose ideas differ from their own. Until some change in this habit of mind occurs, no artistic progress is possible in Utah.

Let me answer your allegation before I go on. I do not remember how much I received for my first article on Utah in the *Mercury,* but it could not have been more than $125.00. The second, I happen to remember, paid me $180.00. Is it your honest opinion that a man whose fee from such magazines as the *Saturday Evening Post* is considerably in excess of ten times this price will write for such magazines as the *Mercury* unless he has something to say and believes in it? Prices apart, why assume, in any event, that the motive is mercenary? Why not do yourself the credit of assuming that your opponent is as sincere as you? More than that, why scrutinize the motive at all? An idea is true or false, or partly true and partly false. What has the motive behind its expression to do with its truth? The way to oppose an idea is to scrutinize and analyze it for truth, not to attack the moral character and veracity, or the mercenary motive of the man who utters it. If the idea is true, it makes no difference what sort of a man utters it or what his motives are. If it is false, your job as antagonist is to point out its falsity. If it is a mixture of truth and falsehood, your job is to determine the amount of each. True or false it must be opposed by ideas not by insulting accusations about its author.

The first step toward the naturalization of polite letters in Utah must necessarily be an increase in the ability of Utahns to stand criticism. They must learn that the man who honestly points out what seem to him defects in their civilization is not necessarily a murderer or an adulterer. They must learn to deal with ideas as ideas, not as a means of personal defamation. They must learn the necessity of upholding the right of anyone to say what he pleases. Freedom of thought and speech is the first essential of the intellectual life, and until it becomes possible in Utah any attempts to improve the status of literature must necessarily fail.

Another essential is the stringent development of self-criticism. This is especially necessary in the production of literature, even more than in the allied arts. There is a very definite provincialism in the West, by no means confined to Utah but characteristic of it. Let any native tenth rater however stupid and inept, write anything, however tawdry, and the West will pronounce it a master-

piece merely because a Westerner did it. This is a trait of undeveloped or unsophisticated societies, and a perfect suffocation of art. When Utah is able to forget the question of a writer's birthplace and to concentrate on the worth of what he writes, literature will look up in Utah. If a Utahn produces first rate art, let us accept him as an artist, a cosmopolitan. Let us not praise him as a home-town boy. If a Utahn produces something silly and worthless, let us call it silly and worthless and not excuse him as a home-town boy who must be encouraged. The best way to encourage good art is to denounce bad art. And of all places for denunciation to begin, the best place is home.

Again, ability in criticism must develop before there can be progress in literature. Utah must raise its standards and increase its knowledge. In my own case three novels, each one of them the product of the most intense work I am capable of (two of them, incidentally, about Utah — a fact which you seem unaware of) fell into the void with hardly a sound from Utah, whereas every trivial and commonplace yarn I published in the *Saturday Evening Post* is received with yells of delight from my former companions in the state. That is one aspect of what I mean. I find another aspect in your editorial. You link such ephemeral and fourth-rate people as Riley and Nicholson with first-rate artists like Tarkington and Cather. You join such a pretentious sentimentalists as Ruth Stuart with a fine artist like Cable. You throw the ephemeral Page into a serious discussion which includes names like Robert Frost. You join O'Neill and Marc Connelly in one sentence, which is equivalent to joining Shakespeare and Ella Wheeler Wilcox. And you call a tenth-rate bit of fiction by Vardis Fisher a classic. This is a woeful lack of discrimination. It springs from enthusiasm about the literature of the West and things near your heart, but enthusiasm and optimism are no substitutes for critical judgment, and a *sine qua non* for the development of literature is a critical standard that will distinguish the ephemeral from the permanent, the trivial from the significant.

I may even say, again purely for your ears, that the opinion of Edgar Lee Masters is hardly important. Precisely as Utah must give up believing that all adverse criticisms of it are the work of devils, so must it give up the idea that all flattering criticisms are the work of angels or of geniuses.

With the other side of your polemic I am heartily and wholly in accord. In Utah and in the Western experience generally there is latent and almost untouched treasury for the artist. I will say more about this when I write a public answer to your editorial and letter. I have, of course, published far more on that side of the ledger than on the other — a fact of which you and my other Utah antagonists seem completely ignorant. So far as I have a public personality, it consists almost wholly in arguing in behalf of American themes and in particular of Western themes. I remember to have received from Utah not one word of recognition of what I have written in celebration of the West, and in what you print about me there is no hint of it. Yet my reputation in the East is almost wholly that of an enthusiastic upholder of Western civilization. It seems to me demonstrated that the West does not read me except when I grow violent about the West, and then it decides that I probably beat my wife, or in your case, that I make untold sums from such cautious and canny people as Alfred Knopf and Henry Mencken.

If after reading this letter your desire still holds, I will write an article of three or four thousand words on the subject you propose and give it to the

Telegram with my compliments. I cannot do so until some time after the middle of December. I have at last snatched a couple of months free from my manifold activities and must devote them to finishing my life of Mark Twain. Sometime between December 15 and January 15, however, I will write such an article, if you still want me to. It must necessarily be impersonal since I do not care to discuss my private experiences in print. Let me know if, after this frank reply, you care to have me do it.

Sincerely yours,
Bernard DeVoto

II

May 14th, 1943

Dear Mr. Thurston:

I have long intended to thank you for your understanding and uniformly generous reviews of my stuff and defense of me generally in Ogden. I am once more in debt to you now for an excellent and unquestionably over-kind review of my new book. But what finally pricks me out of amiable intention into action is not that review but a clipping which I take to be from Frank Francis' column in which he quotes you. I gather that Frank had said something about me in his column previously but, if he did, my clipping bureau missed it. Well, you bring up the old question of those two early articles of mine and I'm in a mood to make a statement about them. I make it to you, to show you how I feel and think about them today, for your private information. If at any time you care to quote any part, or all, of what I say, you have my full permission to do so. But I am not interested in your doing so: I am making an explanation to a man whom I recognize as a supporter of mine in my home town.

Many years have passed since I would have attempted any justification whatever of those two articles. They were ignorant, brash, prejudiced, malicious, and, what is worst of all, irresponsible. They were absolutely in the *Mercury* mood of illegitimate and dishonest attack. They represented the only occasions in my career when I yielded to that mood. I have spent practically all my literary life attacking other manifestations of that mood, and I have always regarded my yielding to it on those occasions as an offense which can be neither justified nor palliated.

There was, and doubtless remains, much in the life and culture of Utah which could be legitimately criticized. Some of the things I said in those articles made points which would have been legitimate criticism if I had said them fairly and objectively — and if the entire mood and atmosphere of the articles had not been atrociously offensive. It was, and doubtless remains, thoroughly possible to oppose some of the tendencies and manifestations of civilization in Utah on reasonable, empirical grounds. But the consideration is irrelevant, since my criticism and opposition were embodied in a lot of prejudice, irresponsible humor, and a general yanking out of shirttails and setting them on fire.

I cannot now remember whether I realized as much when I was writing. Certainly I realized it soon afterward. I believe that everything I have written

about Utah and the Mormon Church ever since has been fair-minded and objective. I go farther than that: I think that everything I have written about them since those articles has been informed by a basic sympathy. But again, that does not matter . . . except that very little I have since written about them has been taken into account by the people who go on denouncing me.

Why did I write them, and write them as I did? Well, for one thing I was a young buck, intoxicated with the newly achieved privilege of publication, full of wild and yeasty irreverence, and obviously gifted at burlesque and extravaganza. (That last, I may say parenthetically, is an embarrassing, occasionally dangerous gift. It has recurrently thrown me throughout my career and even now sometimes prods me into writing passages which react against the serious intention of my work. We have been told that a sense of humor is fatal to a career in politics. It is a handicap to any career in literature and an extremely serious handicap to a career in social criticism. It has joined with a habit of using concrete words to keep my stature in contemporary letters considerably smaller than it probably would have been if I had expressed myself solemnly and abstractily. In beautiful letters, the light touch is dangerous.) For another thing, I was, if a cocky young fool, also an over-sensitive young fool — and I had, or thought I had, been widely snooted and derided in Utah for presuming to desire a career as a writer. Ogden, Utah generally, is a far more sophisticated, far more cultivated society now than it was when I was growing up there. In my adolescence I was certainly the only person in the State, male or female, who aspired to such a career. The fact that such an ambition is now fairly common there and is treated as a matter of course is a sign, not that I was wrong and the attitude toward me right, but that the local culture has progressed in thirty-odd years. At any rate, I was widely treated as a fool on the one hand, for it must be foolish of me to suppose that I could ever be a writer, and as a kind of pansy on the other hand, for obviously only the epicene would aspire to a career so obviously trivial and even sissy as that of a writer. I was, I repeat, widely snooted and derided on just those grounds. Now unquestionably I exaggerated this, but unquestionably also it existed. The attitude was not, at that time, confined to Utah: it was characteristic of provincial America everywhere although I think it was more evident in Utah than in most places, for Utah was nearer than most places to the pioneer society in which literary activity has always been considered foolish and sissy. I resented it violently — much more than I should have resented it if I had been older, wiser, more cultivated myself, or more sophisticated. So I reacted against it when I came to write those articles. In some degree they were acts of self-vindication, in some degree acts of revenge.

Later on, I deeply regretted having written them. I do not regret them now. I conceive that the damage they did to Utah was nil — was wholly non-existent. (In all those years of the *Mercury's* slam-bang, indiscriminate derision of American life, was any attack on any community written that is now remembered in the community attacked, save only mine? I doubt it. An antiquarian, a historian of that period, I am familiar with most of those attacks and as I go about the country I inquire about them. I never find anyone except antiquarians and historians who remembers them. And most of those people do not remember them at first hand but have encountered them in research.) They did Utah no harm and they did me much good. For one thing they succeeded in rousing a historian's conscience in me, so that I have never again written anything with-

out knowing what I was talking about. But, what is much more important, they have enabled me to understand that period, the youth and young manhood of my own generation, as I should never have been able to understand it if I had not both written and repented them. They were absolutely and altogether of my literary generation. The revolt against the home town and the dishonest attack on it are type-specimens, absolute stigmata, of the period. My own career in letters has been in absolute opposition to the main literary current of my time. From my second novel on to my present book and the one now in manuscript, I have set myself to oppose the ideas, concepts, theories, sentiments, and superstitutions of the official literature of the United States between the two wars. If I have any significance as a writer, it derives entirely from that fact. And that fact in turn rests, intellectually, on two realizations; my realization of what I had done in writing those articles and my realization of what Van Wyck Brooks had done in evolving and elaborating his system of thinking about American culture. I could not have understood my literary generation, and certainly could not have taken a stand in opposition to it, without either experience.

So much for my part. Let me add what I believe to be true about the reception of those articles in Utah and their subsequent reputation there.

We cannot imagine those articles being written today: the world has changed too much. *Mutatis mutandis,* granting the idioms and sentiments of this later time, if the equivalent of those articles were to be published today, they would, I think, cause considerably less stir and offense in Utah. The State has grown more sophisticated, it has come to understand more what intellectual and literary discussions are, it has become at least a little more tolerant. More people are accustomed to the play and interchange and expression of ideas. Ideas are more likely to be received as ideas, not epithets, not insults, no imputations of dishonor. The booster state of mind, which in the West of the 1920's was the equivalent of the vigilante state of mind of earlier days, has lapsed considerably. If I or someone else were to say the same things today, in today's idioms, there would be a lot less fuss.

And yet it is true, I think, that Utah, and especially the Mormon culture, is extremely sensitive and intolerant to criticism and even to difference of opinion in which there is no criticism whatever. That is probably true of the West in general, as distinguished from other sections, even the South, but it is more true of Utah and the Mormons than the rest of the West. I have been, not surprised, but exceedingly interested to see the old patterns repeated in the comments I get, in correspondence mostly, about my current book.* There can be no question whatever that that book contains the most sympathetic treatment of the Mormons ever published by a Gentile. Any dispassionate mind need only compare it with, say, Linn or Werner. It is packed full of the most flagrant and even fulsome praise of the Mormons, condemnation of their oppressors, admiration of their achievements, sympathy with their suffering, patient exposition of their point of view. Yet I receive a steady stream of vilification on the old, familiar grounds (you're a liar, you're a mobocrat, you're a homosexual, you're a publicity seeker, you're a cheap sensationalist, you're a defiler of the prophet and an author of filthy pornography, etc.), the Deseret Book Company holds up its order until it determines whether the book is sanitary or should be burnt by the public hangman (and how it finally made up its mind I haven't

**The Year of Decision: 1846*

bothered to investigate), and somebody to me unknown sends my publisher a copy of a radio script which discusses the book purely in terms of those two old articles, as if there were nothing else in it. Except for you, nobody in the State reviews the book. Except for three or four people, and they are friends of mine mostly, everyone who writes to me damns me for having blasphemed the religion of which, it is repeatedly pointed out, my mother was a communicant.

Now in the first place I think it is true, as you say in Frank Francis's column, that most of these people who are so sore at me have not read the articles. They know my name as that of a son of a bitch who once wrote a lot of damned lies about Utah, and then relieves them of any obligation to know either what those damned lies were or what the present book is. But in the second place, it is lugubriously true that the orthodox Mormon mind cannot tolerate any objective treatment of Mormon history whatever. All treatment of the Mormons must completely accept the Mormon doctrinal, metaphysical, and supernatural assumptions. If it does not accept them, then it *ipso facto* prejudiced, unjust, and libelous. All Mormon actions have always been pure and sanitary; all criticism of them has always been evil and mendacious. Who is not for them is against them. That is why the fact that I have presented the Mormons to the readers of American history more sympathetically and with a more careful exposition of their relationships to their time than anyone has done before me goes without recognition in the abuse heaped on me. It is enough that I do not accept the Mormon assumptions. This is what I have sometimes called the Mormon inferiority complex. Something of the sort is, of course, a part of all religious orthodoxy. Yet it is perfectly possible for any writer to handle any other religion in America objectively and to be answered objectively in turn. It is not possible of the Mormons, and that is further evidence of their cultural lag.

All this makes no difference to me. I have no desire for Mormon praise and no need of Mormon approval. Neither do I desire the people of my home town to pay me any respect whatever. It certainly matters nothing to them that I have become a writer and, as one, have frequently written about the West. I should rather have them friendly toward me than otherwise, but I have become so thoroughly a part of a different society that I am fundamentally indifferent. I dislike it when I get a letter of fulsome praise from some Ogdenite who has seen my name in the papers and is impressed by the publicity without giving a damn for the work and, most likely, without having read it. To the same degree, I dislike it when I get a letter full of equally ignorant abuse. I should like to know that there are a few people in Utah who like me, without reference to my work, and a few who like my work, without reference to me. And I should like those who dislike my work to dislike it with reference to the work itself, not with reference to idiocies I committed long ago, which they may know, besides, only by hearsay.

When one is young and idiotic there may be some ambition to be known as a final authority, an important writer, a man of distinction and publicity or even fame. It doesn't last: one matures. One comes to understand that what counts is the honesty and thoroughness of the work. I should find it hard to state exactly what my ambition as a mature man is. It would run something like this: to do good work, to do work in which I may take some satisfaction and my friends some pleasure, at the utmost, as Frost once said of Robinson, to put something on the record that will not easily be dislodged.

All this doubtless sounds vague and inconclusive. Some weeks ago I came down with a streptococcus infection, the most serious illness I can remember having had, and my mind has lacked teeth ever since. I began with some notion of expressing my thanks to you and my feeling that you read me with much more understanding and sympathy than most writers get from most readers, and that in a very warming way you are a friend of mine.

Sincerely yours,
Bernard DeVoto

III

January 8, 1946

Apostle John A. Widtsoe
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints
The Council of the Twelve
47 E. South Temple Street
Salt Lake City, Utah

My dear Apostle Widtsoe:

I have not seen the *Rocky Mountain Review* and your letter alarms me just a trifle. I know what you are talking about for it is a letter that I wrote to Jarvis Thurston a couple of years ago. The editor of the *Review* asked me if he could run it as an article. I told him no and said he could run it as it was, a letter. What alarms me is your word "essay" which indicates he has not followed my specification. I dreadfully dislike being put in a position of taking myself and my work too seriously as must appear if the letter form is not observed. I am not, I believe, priggish and if anybody is going to talk about what I write I should prefer to have someone else do it.

I should not have let the *Review* publish it even as a letter except that I did welcome the chance to make a public statement that I realize I wrote like a bumptious fool when the article on Utah came out — something like a century and a half ago. This is not to say that I haven't written as various kinds of a fool since then but I haven't been that particular kind.

I am very grateful indeed for your letter. I hope there are some others in Utah who are willing to grant that I feel a deep sympathy and respect for the Mormon Church although I am a non-believer.

Sincerely yours,
Bernard DeVoto

The Witty and Witless Saints of a Nobel Prize Winner

Karl Keller

When it was published in English in 1962, Nobel Prize-winner Halldor Laxness' novel about the Mormons, *Paradise Reclaimed,* went virtually unnoticed in the Mormon community and, as far as I can tell, is still largely unknown.[1] The history and ideology of the Church have been the subject of only a few works of fiction of quality in the hands of outside observers — Mark Twain's *Roughing It* (1872), William Dean Howells' *The Leatherwood God* (1916), Wallace Stegner's *The Big Rock Candy Mountain* (1943). Laxness' novel is the most recent and one of the more interesting. By and large the works about the Church are in the tradition of frontier literature, but Laxness' novel is concerned with larger matters: the innocence of man's idealism and the disparity between dreams and realities.

Paradise Reclaimed is in a number of ways perhaps a light-weight novel (Laxness himself modestly refers to it as a "longwinded, tedious book" and yet "not entirely devoid of meaning"),[2] but it is of considerable interest for its artful and ironic use of nineteenth-century Mormon materials for twentieth-century fiction. Of its composite, Laxness writes:

> I travelled to Utah three times because of this book: first time in 1927, second time thirty years later, in 1957; finally in 1961, staying in Utah for several weeks, staying at the Newhouse Hotel in Salt Lake City and travelling about with Mormon friends to many places; after which I went to Lugano, Switzerland, where I stayed until the next summer (1962), making a final printable copy of this book that had taken me 35 years to write. The book has appeared in many languages, among which are all the big languages of the western world, such as English, French, Spanish, and German.[3]

Sometimes gently satiric and sometimes ironically owlish in its humor, the novel is the story of the misadventures of a thickheaded but warmhearted convert to the Church in Iceland in the 1850s, Steinar Steinsson from Hlidar in Steinahlidar. As his name suggests, he identifies himself closely with

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[1] *Paradise Reclaimed,* translated by Magnus Magnusson (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co., 1962). First published under the title *Paradisarheimt* (Reykjavik: Helgafell, 1960). Other works of interest by Halldor Laxness are *Salka Valka* (1936), *World Light* (1940), *Independent People* (1946), *The Happy Warriors* (1958), *The Atom Station* (1961), *The Fish Can Sing* (1967). Laxness was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature in 1955.

[2] In a letter to this writer, 13 July 1971.

[3] *Ibid.*

his fatherland, its sagas and heroes, its blessed poverty and continuing belief in a miraculous universe. It is appropriate that the novel begins and ends with Steinar trying to keep the stone walls of his forefathers in place. Through the characterization of Steinar there is a juxtaposition of the Golden Age of Viking heroes and modern man with his struggles and foolishness. Steinar too is heroic in his spiritual journey from Iceland to Utah — and just as insubstantial.

In a decidedly non-heroic age and a hardship-ridden place, dreaming of a real earthly paradise is all one has. Such a dream, Laxness is saying, is what the Mormons and the Icelanders had in common in the nineteenth century. In the novel, America and the communal life among the Mormons become a symbol of Steinar's dreams of a better, even a heroic, life. But the dream is as foolish as it is stimulating. The paradise Steinar finds is less than otherworldly. Better stick to the earth than follow one's dreams too far!

In a land like Iceland, Laxness writes fondly, where joy had been banned by Danish kings for centuries and where men "cannot even achieve the minimum of human virtue because of their poverty," Mormonism came as a rescue and refuge to innocents like Steinar Steinsson. Their simplicity and simple-mindedness are the result of a land without entertainments, love, money, light indoors, or understanding of the human heart. The Icelanders "understood God, many could understand sheep (more or less); none the heart," Laxness writes, and so were sometimes attracted to Utopian ideas "with their unreliable heads and even more undiscriminating hearts." In the hard Icelandic life a man like Steinar is "overwhelmed with the news that Zion was to be found on earth, with vacancies available."

> After a while, Steinar revealed his curiosity to see this country that the King of Hosts had indicated as part of the true doctrine. If all the needs of soul and body were provided in that country, then Steinar thought it obvious that Joseph Smith propounded a truer doctrine than the Danish kings, and he wanted his children to benefit therefrom. Hence it followed that he, old Steinar of Hlidar, on behalf of himself and his family, should become a disciple of this revelation. . . .[4]

Steinar moves from dream to dream — that he has a wonderhorse, that he can please the Danish king by making a special little casket, that he can find paradise in America, that life in a Mormon community will bring him the kind of happiness that perhaps only substantiality of purpose and power of mind can bring. His impracticality in such matters is seen in his inability to commit himself with a yes or no, his easy infatuation with whims and indifference to matters of his family's survival, and the naive adoration he inspires in others. Like many others in the nineteenth century, Steinar simply has a hankering after the Ideal — a spring of pure mineral water in Copenhagen, the company of royalty, making bricks that will last a millennium, the Mormon paradise in America.

The man who makes it possible for him to realize something of his idealism is a Mormon missionary, Bishop Didrak. Steinar is drawn to him because "his whole appearance bore witness to some exceptional experience."

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[4]*Paradise Reclaimed*, 245, 92, 132, 125.

On one occasion, Steinar refuses to lend his horsewhip when others want to beat Didrik, and on another, he frees him when bound and gagged outside a Lutheran church on the sabbath. "You must be a fearless sort of a man," Steinar says to him. "It's just as well, if you have to put up with injustice."[5]

Didrik's preaching across Iceland gains enough souls to form a small Mormon community at Land Isles and to convince enough Icelanders to emigrate and form a small community at Spanish Fork in the Utah Territory. For Steinar and other Icelanders, Didrik characterizes Mormonism in terms of sacrifice and devotion:

> Only the man who sacrifices everything can be a Mormon. . . . No one will bring the Promised Land to you. You must trek across the wilderness yourself. You must renounce homeland, family, and possessions. That is how to be a Mormon. And if you have nothing but the flowers that people in Iceland call weeds, you must take your leave of them. You lead your young and rose-cheeked sweetheart out into the wilderness. That is how to be a Mormon. She carries your baby in her arms and hugs it close. You walk and walk, day after day, night after night, for weeks and for months, with your belongings on a handcart. Do you want to be a Mormon? One day she sinks to the ground from hunger and thirst, and dies. You take from her arms your baby daughter who has never learned to smile; and she looks at you with questioning eyes in the middle of this wilderness. A Mormon. But a child cannot get warm against a man's ribs. Few can replace a father, none a mother, my friend. Now you trudge alone across the wilderness for miles and miles with your daughter in your arms; until one night you realise that the biting frost has nipped the life from these tiny limbs. That is how to be a Mormon. You dig a grave with your hands and bury her in the sand, and put up a cross of two straws that blow away at once. That is how to be a Mormon. . . .[6]

If they are willing to endure such privations, Didrik offers the people of Iceland a promised land among the Mormons. His logic: because the Mormons prosper, their doctrine is therefore true. To Didrik it is an indisputable fact that the new paradise exists and that it is functional. For Steinar and a few others in Iceland that is enough.

For the portraits of both Steinar and Bishop Didrik in his novel, Laxness used as his sources two nineteenth-century Mormon journals in Icelandic. Of his interest in these writings Laxness writes:

> *Paradise Reclaimed* is based on two books written in Icelandic by Mormon authors. One of them, which I read as a schoolboy, is an autobiographical sort of document composed by the Icelandic farmer Erik(ur) Ólafsson, a Mormon convert who lived in Utah for a number of years in the late nineteenth century and whose progeny I met in Provo, Utah (they had given up Mormonism though). Erik Ólafsson himself went to Iceland as a missionary, but lost his faith on the way and invented a new religion for himself and his family. The other book was a pious treatise, partly translated from the English, put into Icelandic by a Mormon missionary bishop who went to Iceland several times on missionary expeditions and was mistreated

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[5] *Ibid.*, 27, 46.

[6] *Ibid.*, 49.

> by Lutheran rabble there. Some of his adventures as a Mormon missionary in Iceland are retained in my novel as well as, partly, his name (Bishop Didrik; his real name in Icelandic was Thordur Didriksson). He was a fine man and a great character, and I became acquainted with some of his descendants in Utah and even saw the fifth generation from him there. One of my best friends here in Iceland is Mrs. Kristín, the daughter of Gudmund Didricksson, who was a younger brother of Bishop Thord(ur) Didrik(sson). These are wonderful people; whether they live in Utah or in Iceland does not matter.[7]

To both Steinar and Didrik in the novel, as with their real-life counterparts, Laxness attributes ideals that both trap and ennoble them. They are made as lovably innocent as their counterparts and as narrowly wise.

After becoming acquainted with Mormonism in Iceland only in passing, Steinar leaves for Copenhagen. He has given his best pony to the king and has spent an entire winter on a second gift that he takes to him, an intricate casket accompanied by a poem. He visits the king but gets only pictures of the royal family in return. All of his chasing after his dreams turns out the same, but he is satisfied. He survives by a happy innocence. The irony of such naive idealism is that it is so easily satisfied.

As the story progresses, Steinar is about to return home to his family at Hlidar when Didrik talks him into going to America to become a Mormon. He leaves, hopeful of the Utopian pleasures ahead of him. For him it is a fairly easy transition from Danish mineral water to cold Rocky Mountain water, from wooden caskets to the design of the Salt Lake Tabernacle, and from Icelandic sagas to Mormon scriptures. "When you eventually reach journey's end in Salt Lake Valley," Didrik instructs him, "do nothing except ask for the main road to Spanish Fork, and say you are from Iceland. Everyone will kiss you in welcome." Heartily welcomed in the new paradise by Didrik's wives and others, Steinar is not bothered by the fact that Utah is a place "where freedom grew, but no grass." To Steinar it becomes the place where "man had achieved prosperity through having correct thoughts."[8]

The disparity between Steinar's dream and the realities of the world is emphasized by Laxness in the shift of scene from mist-shrouded Iceland to the desert flats of Utah. After Steinar deserts his family for America to play with his dream of an earthly paradise, his livestock and farm are ruined back in Iceland, his family becomes desperately destitute, his daughter is made pregnant by the local lecher. In Zion, Steinar (now baptized Stone P. Stanford) works very hard as a bricklayer, symbolic of his eagerness to help lay a foundation for the Mormon Utopia, but it is all less than heaven to him.

In the scope of the novel, Laxness allows his characters a full range of views of the Mormon Paradise. To the frozen-hearted Icelanders, the Mormon Zion is "that arsehole of a place on the other side of the moon. . . . Compared with [Mormonism], it's a blessing to be able to see your loved ones to the graveyard." Others who have joined the Church but are not entirely satisfied are more social: "Other things being equal, I prefer to

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[7]Letter, July 13, 1971.

[8]*Paradise Reclaimed,* 128, 241, 158.

follow the folly of man, for that has brought him farther than his wisdom." But those who share Steinar's enthusiasm see it as the place where Brigham Young has led people to "a greater bliss in this world and the next than most other leaders have ever achieved."[9]

The Mormons are satirized on only a few points in the novel: excessive enthusiasm over mundane and material matters (immigrants go to Utah on the promise of "Good Times") and an occasional lack of charity (a woman is an outcast for associating outside the Church), but no greater and no worse than in other communities. By and large the portrait is a sympathetic one. Everything in Utah testifies to "the cosmic wisdom" of the Church, and polygamy is described in terms of its sympathy for homeless, helpless women. Of his care in writing sympathetically about the Church, Laxness comments:

> Imperative to me when writing *Paradise Reclaimed* was never to give anybody a reason to think that I wanted to imply that the Mormon idea was in any way inferior to other comparable sets of thought known to me, for instance, Lutheranism, Catholicism, Islam, or Marxism. If I had become a cropper on that point I would have considered my book a failure. Under no circumstances would I admit that Mormonism, anymore than any other similar doctrine, was only of value to the naive and innocent. I submitted my book to two good friends, one a Mormon, Federal Judge Sherman Christensen of Utah, the other an agnostic, the eminent Nordic medievalist and philologist, Professor Jón Helgason of the University of Copenhagen, asking their opinion on whether the book was biased and opinionated in regard to Mormons or not. Judge Christensen wrote to me that he could not see that my novel was in any way inimical to Mormons or Mormonism, and Professor Helgason told me that it was beyond his capacities to find out whether the author was a man who declined Mormonism altogether or a regular Mormon believer.[10]

Laxness is reverent and respectful, even amid his reservations. The novel, as Virginia Sorensen has noted, is neither for nor against Mormons but for mankind in his age-old quest for an elusive paradise.[11]

Where Laxness has his greatest fun writing about America and Utah as a Promised Land is in watching the Mormons regard their material possessions as a sign of God's favor. ("What is the extension of the Golden Book itself if it is not a sewing machine?") The Mormons of the novel feel they have "achieved prosperity through having correct thoughts." They therefore live by a somewhat self-righteous Puritan Ethic: "The man who has the best doctrine is the one who can prove that he has the most to eat." The claim to truth and revelation in daily affairs and mundane matters is viewed whimsically by Laxness:

> Salt Lake City is a place, of course, where the highest truth is a little complicated in parts, as is only to be expected; but the more simple facts are more obvious than in other cities. It is quite impossible to get lost in it. One can see the whole city lying in its

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[9] *Ibid.*, 185, 188, 147, 139.

[10] Letter, 13 July 1971.

[11] *New York Times Book Review*, 18 Nov. 1962, p. 67.

> basin under the Wasatch Mountains. It is laid out according to the fundamental principles of logic and the first diagrams in the geometry book. One always knows where one is in that city; and one also knows at once in what direction and how far away other places in the city are. It is a city where the cardinal points have been revealed to people through God's inscrutable power and grace. For a man newly-arrived from a country where the nation had grown bent at the knees from riding too much along narrow tracks — was it any wonder that he was impressed by the fact that God had prescribed in public writ that the streets there should be as wide as the home-fields in Steinahlidar?
>
> Was it likely that the streets of Zion in Heaven were any wider than these streets in Zion on earth?[12]

It is a paradise that has built into it the human virtues of hope, endurance, and good will, but also the human frailties of otherworldly innocence, self-satisfaction, and expectations of the world that are too high. As a result, it is evidence of man's virtues but at the same time a little elusive.

Steinar finds that out eventually. The Mormon Utopia begins to disintegrate when polygamy is persecuted by the Feds. Bishop Didrik has to go into hiding. The one sewing machine in Utopia ("a token of the victory of the All-Wisdom here in Spanish Fork") is sold. Houses and fields deteriorate. Steinar's friend, Pastor Runolf, goes back to Lutheranism. And Steinar himself goes back to Iceland as a missionary for the Church, but when received there with "amiable indifference" and converting no one ("Not a living soul in the town went out of his way to hear about the good country where peace reigned and truth lived"), he goes back to his old farm. Like his real-life counterpart, Erik Ólafsson, Steinar plans to stay in Iceland, "laying stone against stone in these ancient walls, until the sun went down on Hlidar in Steinahlidar."[13] At the end, Steinar poses the eternal question of the returning immigrant — whether as much of the Ideal that man can know might not be found at home just as much, or as little, as elsewhere.

In Spanish Fork, Utah, where the people of this novel are claimed on a granite monument to have been the first Icelandic settlers in America since Leif Ericson, Halldór Laxness' novel has not been received well. "Some of Utah's descendants," writes Virginia Sorensen, "have already read the story of Steinar, . . . and they are not particularly pleased that Mr. Laxness chose to write of the more earthy and 'common' of their ancestors."[14] Laxness himself has been aware of the novel's reception in Spanish Fork:

> It is lamentable if the local people of Spanish Fork, not accustomed to reading serious fiction, and least of all fiction about their own local surroundings, were feeling unhappy about my book; and that my book perhaps only contributed to provoking in them an inferiority complex as they probably did not find my portraiture as shiny as the color prints on their walls. Only, I am sorry to say, this is the general psychology and fixed rule with local people when they find their home represented in fiction complete with proper names

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[12] *Paradise Reclaimed*, 158, 164, 143.

[13] *Ibid.*, 241, 252, 249, 254.

[14] *New York Times Book Review*, 67.

of persons and places and so forth. We all want to be treated as saints and heroes combined. I have had that experience so often that I can talk of it as a common rule. My last novel was a microcosmic church history of the world in which I was using a very small valley parish in Iceland as a pretext and paradigm. The farmers in this little valley complained that I was smearing and scandalizing them and selling them down the river.[15]

In spite of its reception, the novel remains one of the best fictional explorations of the Mormon experience, universalized, to be sure, as a comment on the Utopian in all of us.

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[15]Letter, 13 July 1971.

Maurine Whipple's Story of The Giant Joshua

as told to Maryruth Bracy and Linda Lambert

When Ernest Hemingway's FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS *was on the national best-seller lists in 1941, so was Maurine Whipple's* THE GIANT JOSHUA, *a 637-page novel about the settling of the Utah Dixie Mission in the 1860s. The novel, which won the Houghton-Mifflin prize in creative writing, received mixed reviews, but essentially was well received, except in Utah. In a cover story in the* SATURDAY REVIEW *for January 4, 1941, Ray B. West, Jr. said, "The book as a whole . . . makes excellent readings, and it catches one side of the Mormon story neglected in Vardis Fisher's 'Children of God' . . . , and that is the tenderness and sympathy which existed among a people dogged by persecution and hardships, forced to battle an inclement nature for every morsel of food they ate, and to struggle for every moment of genuine happiness. In this interview-story, Ms. Whipple recounts some of her experiences before, during and after the writing of* THE GIANT JOSHUA.

I had a girlfriend and ever since I knew her when she was in the eighth grade, she always said, "I'm going to be a writer. I'm going to be a steady contributor to *Cosmopolitan* when I'm thirty years old." I never said that because I didn't think I was good enough. I wasn't one of those people who say, "I'm going to be a writer."

I was interested in writing, but I never dreamed that anyone from St. George, Utah could ever write anything that anyone would want to read. I just didn't think that anyone in the whole world would want to publish anything written in St. George, so I thought maybe I could do something with teaching or playwriting or drama. I said to myself, well, good heavens, only smart people wrote books. I never could pronounce words. I was always saying things like *pitchurescu* [picturesque] and things like that.

The last year I taught school was up in Idaho in a primitive community. I got appendicitis and to recuperate I went into the county seat and got a room in a hotel and stayed there a couple of weeks. I amused myself, as I always have done, by writing something. When I started writing, I never knew what it was going to turn out to be. I still don't. It's not a very disciplined way of doing it. You know, there are two kinds of writing. There's the art and there's the craft. The people are lucky who learn the craft but I never had a chance to do that. All I know I was born knowing and it's more or less an art that you're born with. Anyway, this turned out to be a short novel of about 30,000 words called "Beaver Dam Wash."

At a writers conference in Boulder, Colorado, the critic John Peale Bishop singled me out from other writers of first novels. Bishop and I — and I'll never

forget it — we sat on the back steps of the fraternity house where he was staying that summer until four o'clock in the morning talking. He told me that out of all the first novels he'd ever read, mine was the only one that was funny. And it was unforced humor. I hadn't tried to be funny. He also said there was no breast-beating in it. Most autobiographical novels, first novels, are just full of how tough the world's been and you beat your breast and cry aloud to the stars and all that. Most beginning writers are pretty melodramatic. Well, this wasn't about *me* at all. It had nothing of me in it except the country, and he couldn't get over that. He told me that I had this innate gift and that it was the only humor he had ever seen that was absolutely unforced. I didn't even know it was funny. He also told me that I could be one of the greatest women writers of my time, *if* I had a little help. He told me that I would have to have something like a decent environment and some encouragement. I had to have people In other words, I couldn't be beaten down all the time. He said that if I could have peace of mind, food, and a place to live . . . , but of course, I've never had any of that. That's been the trouble.

Ford Maddox Ford was at the conference and was impressed to ask "first refusal rights" on "Beaver Dam Wash" and took the manuscript to Houghton-Mifflin in Boston. Ferris Greenslet, the man that *Giant Joshua* was dedicated to, became my editor there. He was the vice-president of Houghton-Mifflin. I was told he was the best editor in the United States at that time. And I guess he'd be one of the best in the world.

An editor can mean a lot to you. You see, you can't see the forest for the trees. Even when you put your stuff in the ice box and let it cool and go back a month or two later, you still can't see everything you should see, the way an outsider can. That's why an editor is worth his weight in gold. It isn't everybody who can read the first two or three chapters of a work or even the first draft and see the potential; in other words, see what can be created as a whole from a very small part. It takes a very special kind of imaginative empathy to do it. Greenslet was an old man then; his younger days had been spent with writers like Gertrude Atherton and Willa Cather. Well, you see, those were the days when women writers were rare in this country and when writing as an art had a place and a woman writer was looked up to.

Greenslet thought I was so young that it wouldn't matter if I made a lot of money or not. I never, never, never could make him understand that the West was not still full of wild Indians. He wouldn't come as far as Chicago; he always said there was nothing to see. But Greenslet wrote to me and said he'd give me a contract on this beginning book, this little book. "But it's got to be made a little bit longer," he said. I'd have to write another chapter. I'd have to drum it up, pad it, and I didn't want to do that. He said, "It's better to launch a young writer on a longer book — it's better for your career." So I wrote back and told him I'd had this idea for *The Giant Joshua* as long as I could remember. He asked me if I could write a synopsis of it, so I did. I've still got it. It's the synopsis of the three generations. What I was interested in was the evolution of the Mormon idea, and I'd had that in mind, including the plot, ever since I was in grade school. So I sent it to him. He said, "Will you write us a chapter?"

Some of the old people were alive then — Uncle Charlie Seegmiller was 95, Aunt Jane Blake was 90 something — and I just went and talked to them.

I got so immersed in that era — reading everything and wandering the hills and sitting upon the red hills and visualizing everything — that it was almost as if I had lived through it myself.

Anyway, I wrote the first chapter almost the way it exists today. In fact, I remember I started the first sentence by saying something about Clory moving on the black lava rock and finding it still warm although it was the first of December. I sent this back to him and he wired back. He said, "There's such a tremendous difference between what you've done in 'Beaver Dam Wash' and what you've done in this that we'd rather start with *The Giant Joshua.*" He said "Beaver Dam Wash" was infantile compared to this other.

I never knew that Houghton-Mifflin had a literary fellowship. They offer a sum of money — it's $2,500 now, it was $1,500 then — to an unknown writer on an unknown book. They gamble it, and they give you a percentage of the royalties. I sent in character studies plus a complete synopsis.

I went up to the butcher at Mathis Market and I begged butcher paper. I cut it in sheets. Finally, I used to go up to the newsstand and get mill ends. In front of my desk, I had each character. Like Abijah. I'd have what he looked like when the book started, everything about him. If he had ingrown toenails, I put it down. I put down what he must have been thinking about, what he was like in his youth, where he came from, did he have any brothers and sisters, what made him tick. And then, as the story went on, I would put how he changed, why he turned into what he was.

So I sent in the part of my book and he wrote back and said that he was positive I was fellowship material and wanted me to quit my job. Everybody who'd ever known me had a fit. My father just told me I was wasting my

time writing when I could make good money. He was a carpenter, he had a family, and he didn't have much to live on — nobody did in St. George. It was always a poor town. And everybody thought I was crazy because I'd had to work so hard to get through school and at last I had a chance to have a little money, to live a little, and I was throwing it all away for a pipe dream. They could not understand that writing was something that I loved doing.

My folks never have accepted the fact that my writing amounted to anything. My father died a year ago and he'd been mad all his life. He said, "You could teach school." When I came home from New York, by father said, "Well, it's a vulgar book." You remember those books in the old days, when the saints were always saints and the villains were always villains. Writing today isn't in the romantic vein at all. It's realistic writing; it's a lot better. In those days they made everything up.

I went through an awful lot just for a chance to apply for the fellowship. I used to teach tap-dancing after school was out and I'd do my research in the morning and then I'd work at night and lots of times I'd work all night long. I discovered that the best stuff came to me when I was so exhausted I could no longer think logically and I'd go to bed. And right when I was dozing off, then the words would start coming. I never analyzed it, but I know now that it's the subconscious that writes for you. I didn't know what it was; I just knew that the real creative stuff that I didn't have to dig for, that I knew was right, came to me when I was half-asleep, when my conscious mind no longer functioned.

Anyway, by spring I think I weighed less than a hundred pounds. I didn't have enough to eat. I worked in a cold room all night long, wrapped up in blankets with a hot pad draped on me. My hands would get stiff with cold and I couldn't push the pencil. I wrote longhand because it's easier for me to think like that. To save me time they arranged for me to send each chapter back to Greenslet. Every time I'd write a chapter I'd get an immediate response from Greenslet. He'd say, "Here's the way I test writing ability and sentence structure. I stick a pen in the middle of a page and if a sentence bleeds, then it isn't good rhetoric. But if it holds together, if it doesn't bleed where I stick my pen, then it's all right no matter how long it is." And he had another way of saying don't be too flowery: "The more the marble wastes, the more the statue grows." I learned a great deal from him. Well, after each chapter, he'd say, "This is better than the one before." Finally in February they began to grade. He said, "Give up your job, I'm sure you're going to win this."

Well, everybody told me I was crazy. I was just inundated with letters and personal visits and phone calls from people who told me I was absolutely out of my mind. I mean, for giving up a sure thing because a thing like this just wasn't heard of. If you wanted to be a writer, you spent ten years struggling.

At that time we didn't have a Western Union in St. George, and nobody did any long-distance calling. I think it was June 14, 1938 and the phone rang. It was Western Union calling from Cedar City and the man read me this long telegram over the phone and it said, "Congratulations, you are the winner of this year's Houghton-Mifflin Fellowship." I don't know how many entries there were, but an awful lot, and they were from all over the world. It was quite a thing to win it, but nobody in my family was excited about it or thought anything about it. Nobody in town. I wasn't even mentioned in the local paper. You see, it was something that was unheard of. If you'd have gotten a story in the

Relief Society Magazine, that would have been a great thing, or even a paragraph in the *Deseret News,* but nobody knew it existed, nobody knew what it was.

Anyway, they insisted that I come east. So I went east and it was something I'll never, never forget. I wanted to have some fun. But to Greenslet and the others, they could only speak of their stable of writers. I'd worked terribly hard all my life and I hadn't had a chance to play. They couldn't see that. All they could see was that I was a potential — well in the first place, a curiosity. Also I was a potential money-maker. Also, I had a talent. To people like that, if you have a talent, that's all that counts. But it wasn't all that counted to me. I wanted to finish the book but what I wanted more was to get married and have a big family. Or at least a family. And have a little fun in my life. That didn't mean a thing to Greenslet. That would have been wasted energy. It was just two opposite poles of thought.

While I was writing my book I lived on $50 a month. What Greenslet did was to tell me that they would pay $50 for each chapter I wrote. Well, gosh, one of my chapters, by the time I got through with it, took at least a month, and that meant sometimes writing around the clock. It was a thing he never understood. Because he didn't realize that I looked up every single word, every historical reference. Even the botany and the biology and all that. It seemed to me that if I created an era, I had to be true to it. So I had to look up costumes and clothes, even the dialect they used. Well, it took a long time.

On the day I wrote the last word, I rushed into the street; I'd finished the book and I expected stars to crash and comets to blaze and nothing happened. The "spit and whittle" gang looked up and said, "Well, there's that fool woman with another mental aberration."

I had a tough time, a really tough time, before it was published because they had to have a photograph of me that looked like a writer, and I couldn't get one taken. But finally, after struggling over it for three weeks, the photographer and I did get something out that looked, well, human. I sent it to Boston with the explanation that having my photograph taken was like wrestling with Satan on the mountaintop. The publishers wired back that it looked to them as if Satan had won!

When the day came for publication, I had to go east for the big autograph party. I claim I'm the only person who went from St. George to Boston by bus and back again and lived to tell about it! I had to go at my own expense, too. I tried to get out of it but they wouldn't let me. I couldn't make them understand that I needed every cent of that money. Well, I went east expecting to make $3,000. To get through the three years it had taken me to finish *The Giant Joshua,* I had had to borrow $2,000. I told Greenslet before I made the trip that I owed $2,000 and it had to be paid out of the first money I got. When I got to New York, here came a letter that had been forwarded to St. George and forwarded again to New York, telling me I had only made $2,000. Also, on the day the book was published, my dad hornswaggled the postmaster in St. George to give him the first copy, and I never knew what had happened to it until a long time afterward. When I got to Houghton-Mifflin they gave me a check for $2,000 and I turned around and wrote every bit of it out in checks. Within an hour I had a book published and I was completely broke. They had to give me the money to go to New York. The whole world fell in on my head.

In New York, I changed hotels twice because I was in the papers too much. There'd be just mobs. All the maids and the bell hops and everybody else would want autographed copies. Complete strangers would stop me on Fifth Avenue; they'd see my picture in the paper and wanted an autographed copy. Well, you see, everybody thought I was rich. And I had to give this lecture in the literature-of-the-day class at Columbia in order to get enough money to come home on. Then, of course, there was some money after that. But then when the money did start to come in, the next year, my sister's husband was in an accident and crushed his spine. So I took them over with what money I made for the next ten years.

One of the fan letters I got was from the great-great-grandson of Brigham Young. He worked at a bank in Berkeley. He said, "I've been awaiting the Great American Novel and you've given it to us. But the only thing I can't understand is how so old a woman could have written so big a book." Well, he thought I'd been raised with the pioneers. He thought I must be quite over a hundred.

A critic in Chicago (I got some awfully funny reactions) — Fanny Butcher, the famous critic — she was quite an old gal when she wrote this. She said she couldn't understand how anybody could talk like that about polygamy without a personal experience. She said that the only conclusion she could reach was that I must have been born experienced because I had given a keyhole view of polygamy.

Sterling North — he's a writer, he does children's books — wrote a review. You know, my book gets to some men; it makes some men mad, just furious; they relate to Abijah so much. Anyway, Sterling North wrote a review and it sold books. He'd tell the story and every once in a while, about every other paragraph, he'd stop and come out of the story and say, "Lady, lady, I'm not like that." All the way through it. And at the end he said, "The only consolation I can see for the old bulls that took the westward trek is that few, if any, ever had to take to their bosoms a female novelist." I've had some funny reactions to that thing.

Well, the joke about *Giant Joshua* is that the publishers had been absolutely convinced — we'd had a long argument — that this was going to be put on the required reading list by the Church because they thought it was so flattering to the Mormons. I'd never been able to convince them that the Mormon Church wouldn't think like that. And they said, "Well, heavens, this is a great book; look what it does for the Mormons." And I would say over and over, "Well, that depends on whether or not the Mormons read it." None of the Church leaders ever read it, but they condemned it. They condemned it! For instance, one member was quite disgusted and he said, "I don't know why you couldn't have written about the *real* Mormons up here in Salt Lake City."

The Giant Joshua has been translated into German, French, Italian, all the main languages except Chinese and Russian. During World War II, the biggest bookstore in London bought two American books to tide people over during the blitz: one was the Audubon with all the bird pictures and the other was mine.

One interest my novel had for many people was the polygamy part. You see, the thing about polygamy is that the spirit that prompted it didn't die out. Men went on thinking that they should do this. It sort of bred a feeling that

they — at least among the Mormons here in Utah — that women were lower than men; they were chattel. Well, I had been brought up on these early stories, and especially from talking to the old people, I knew that their dreams, their realities, their goals, were a lot different than the things that had come about. See, in that second generation, my father's generation, this resentment was very widespread, because those children were the sons and daughters of polygamy. If you want to read something, read Sam Taylor's *Family Kingdom*. He and his brother Ray had to wait until all their immediate family was dead before they were allowed to write this. It'll give you an idea of what some of those kids went through.

I'll tell you what the Mormon Church has got to do. It's got to get rid of its authoritarian attitude. It had its place in the early days, but it doesn't now. You can't say to people, "Do this because I tell you to do it." You can't do that anymore. This generation just isn't going to accept it.

You see, the one thing the Mormon society is backward in is culture. They're fine in music; I mean, after all, it's hard to be anti-Mormon in music. But in writing — anytime you put words down — you have to say something. You look at any primitive society's writing and it is the last form of culture that comes into being, the very last.

People have asked why I came back to St. George to live. Well, I couldn't live in California when *Collier's* went out of business. The climate was too hard on me down there. I knew I'd have troubles, but I didn't think it'd be so bad. I kept kidding myself that if I just found a place and lived in my little corner and didn't bother anybody, they wouldn't bother me. I've got friends, but it isn't so much that people are worried about the anti-Mormon thing. It's just that a local girl did this, and the publicity continues and people resent it. I didn't know this until it happened.

When I was working on *The Giant Joshua* that first winter, one of the teachers at Dixie College saw me on the street and he threw a quarter at me and he said, "You might as well pick it up; this is all you'll ever be worth." See, everybody made fun of me for thinking I could write a book. My editor said to me, "I just can't believe that anybody from St. George, Utah can read and write." He said, "I can't believe that this book could have been written by a young girl." Others say, "Oh well, it's your book and you think you're so important. *We* don't care about it."

Perhaps I never should have come back here. One friend said, "Maurine, you have to realize that St. George isn't the United States." It isn't. St. George doesn't go by the same laws. You can violate anything here. The only thing you can't violate here and get away with is getting caught! That's the only sin there is. All these small Mormon towns are just about as bad. I'm on what's known as public welfare, which, in Utah, is $90 a month. Imagine trying to run a house on $90 a month. It's a good thing I've got friends. I can't get anything in St. George because they all say, "Oh, you're rich. You wrote that book." Even banks say that. I can't even borrow any money. They say, "Look at the thousands of people that come to you. You're rich."

It doesn't matter to me what people say anymore. I know things that they don't. You see, what interested me from the time I was old enough to know anything was the evolution of the Mormon idea. I used to spend every second I could; I used to talk to the old people when I was growing up, because it

seemed to me that they had sacrificed so much and gone through so much to establish this thing, and whether what they established was worth it or not — this was the point — whether it in any way exemplified or fulfilled their dream.

The Giant Joshua was the first of a trilogy. There are two books to come. It was the publisher who made me see that I would have three books. But that's another story.

FICTION

Red Hair in the Sacred Grove

Thomas E. Cheney

In my library is a small book, a 1912 Macmillan edition of *Othello, the Moor of Venice,* with the name of Katheryn Spurns on the flyleaf. On the title page the name appears again with part of an address, 236 Mourning, and no city or state. I possess it — it is with me, a chronic chastisement to my sensitivity. It stands among Shakespeare's works an everpresent apologue, a potent irony on "He who steals my purse steals trash."

The owner of the book was my teacher when I was in the eleventh grade, the year of the Armistice. She came into my Idaho town on the train just before school started. I remember the town as it looked then. Anyone getting off the train could see most of it at a glance. He could see the front of the brick hotel, the church tower, the sandstone schoolhouse from the back, and in the distance the messy back yards of the two stores, a livery barn, a warehouse and various dwellings.

A broken cement and board walk led from the depot to the hotel, passing an ugly, unpainted storehouse with a pigpen behind. Rocks lay on several vacant lots like large potatoes, intermixed here and there with spears of brown and shriveled grass.

In those days I often ran from home two blocks away to meet the one daily train when it pulled into the depot. I remember the day Miss Spurns arrived. A section hand was standing there by the train leaning on his bar (the train coming in had temporarily put him out of work), gazing unabashedly at the four or five people getting off the train. Straight in front of the passenger car of the mixed train stood several people — a woman with scraggly hair and a sunbonnet, a freckled boy with a broken suspender, and an old man with watery eyes leaning on a cane. The drayman driving a mangy looking team of unmatched horses hitched to an old wide-tired Bain wagon had just said "Whoa" to his team at the mail car door a few steps ahead of the passenger car exit, and the station agent had come out of his office to say something to the drayman. The horses breathed pungent air down the neck of another bystander, Nephi Boseman, a high school senior from the West Side. Water leaked in little streams from the water tank beside the track making little puddles in which two children had been playing, but now with the train coming to a halt they stood polkadotted with mud, one holding a stick and the other a can, peering at the people. And I was there by the corner of the depot in my old knickers. Miss Spurns emerged from the car with a dude passenger. She glanced around momentarily, while her

red hair moved in the autumn air and her brown coat shone glossy in the sun, and said emphatically to her escort, "My God, what a dump."

She spoke plainly, ignoring the country eyes upon her which now peered more penetratingly through what the ears heard. All bystanders reacted. Even the deaf drayman thought he heard, and punctuated the comment with a swish of tobacco juice.

When high school started, all seventy pupils knew what Miss Spurns had said. They would not tolerate a teacher who hated their town and their parents could not tolerate a teacher who swore.

To some people Miss Spurns became at once the Ichabod Crane of the community with whom indeed she had a great deal in common — long legs projecting somewhat too far below her skirts, long arms protruding too far beyond her leather coat, and big bony hands hanging incongruously around. She became a common sight in the village, her red hair, not wholly untidy, flying in the wind as she walked with big steps, her torso listing to the front from her hips upward and her leather coat, long enough to reach half from her hips to her knees, refusing to make the turn with the contour of her body at the waist and continuing the angle behind like the eaves of a smoke house.

In the classroom Miss Spurns permitted no clowning. A dedicated teacher, she planned her work, prepared her assignments, drilled and tested her students, and checked their papers meticulously. I remember how the first day in Junior English class she assigned a theme of five hundred words and other heavy reading assignments for the first week that brought complaints which grew intensely as the week wore by and pupils learned that the reading was from a writer, Chaucer, who wrote in a well-nigh incomprehensible language.

When a few weeks of school had passed, the principal had listened to complaints from the students about assignments, and from parents too, who joined with their children in righteous indignation at such travesty of justice.

At this time when tender minds were being unmercifully stretched, some students found things in Chaucer not fit for consumption. Miss Spurns in reading the conclusion of "The Pardoner's Tale" read the line, "Though it were weth the fundament depeant," which she failed to interpret or explain. "What does that mean?" asked Nephi.

"To translate word for word," said Miss Spurns, "It means, 'Though it were with thy excrement stained'!"

"What does 'excrement' mean?" asked Nephi.

"Manure," answered the teacher.

Nephi and other pupils laughed.

"Students," shouted Miss Spurns sternly, "Grow up." She was angry. "You people are so self-righteous in this community that you pretend to be shocked by your own language. Chaucer could have used another word instead of 'fundament', a word you know because it is not as cultured. In 'The Miller's Tale' he uses words that are crude to show how vulgar the Miller was, the same words you and your brothers and your fathers use. You would scoff at them in Chaucer because you cannot understand the artistic purpose. If you know Shakespeare at all, you think he is a lesser writer than Harold Bell Wright. You think your Eliza Snow is a greater

musician than Handel. You probably have never heard of Rembrandt, but if you had you would think that that sloppy painting of *The Sacred Grove* above the pulpit in your chapel is greater than his *Christ Healing the Sick.* You have no aesthetic sense, no concept of beauty. You people in this class will not allow yourselves to like Chaucer — My God, what poverty."

I was angry at Miss Spurns. I was beginning to get the pleasant sound of Chaucer's language, to enjoy his humor, his pathos, his freedom of expression, and now I was falsely accused. Yet there was something in Miss Spurn's wrathful indignation that pleased me.

Sitting on the steps of the limestone meeting house (which was also used for school) that noontime, eating sandwiches and enjoying the western sun of the early winter day, Ralph fingered his anthology and found in "The Miller's Tale" the forbidden words referred to by the teacher. He laughed as he handed the book to me.

"Can it really mean what it says?" I asked as we peered at the page. I had never seen such words in print except on untidy walls of public outhouses around town. I read again and knew I read right. We laughed. Nephi sitting below, looking and smelling like a cowboy, said, "Read it to me; I can't read the damn stuff."

Ralph read a few lines aloud. At that moment June Dubois came around the corner with Erma Jones. Ralph quite successfully camouflaged the cause of the merriment as I did until Nephi, not habitually concerned with the truth, now earnestly made sure to let it wholly out. He grabbed the open book. "Read it," he said handing it to Erma.

Erma saw it was Chaucer and handed it to June, a modest little girl who rarely smiled, who had spent far more time with books than with boys, and who was cold witted enough not to suspect the trickery of her classmate.

Erma, less book learned, though a better observer, stopped June before she began to read aloud, and the two girls' noses met above the book.

In a moment June dropped her hands, turned purple in the face, glanced menacingly at Nephi, and broke away from Erma to dash across the street toward the drug store.

Miss Spurn's circle of interested observers in school and out grew in number and intensity. Since many of the six hundred people of the school district knew Miss Spurns only by hearsay, her personality developed in various directions. Nephi Roseman called her the Wife of Bath, a character he knew only through her teaching. The pool-hall loafers called her "the broad." A group of Relief Society ladies called her worldly. A more kindly group said she was a person capable of being good, but one who needed a good man to keep her in line.

Monday class time the teacher specified as theme day. On that day she would comment on themes and return them to students. She began one day talking to the class about a set of themes she had read: "Ralph's theme is accurate in sentence structure, fair in punctuation — even *good* I should say for high school work — and in content fair, though somewhat purposeless. Nephi's theme as usual is a pleasure to me, a pleasure because I always wonder what it might contain. Occasionally when I find a word I can identify I am overjoyed." Her voice showed her amused irony. "Talitha, your mechanics are bad, though an improvement is observable over your first

theme; in fact this paper might be acceptable if you had anything to say. Do write about something significant. Virginia, as before, you have done an excellent piece of writing as regards construction, organization, and clarity. The quarrel I have with you is with your subject matter. Your argument is unsound; it lacks logic. Your title, "The True Church," is a satisfactory statement of the content. In the body you say that Joseph Smith saw God and Jesus and that Jesus told Joseph Smith that all the churches were an abomination to God. Then you say that God had Joseph Smith organize the true church and that all other churches are wrong — Virginia, is that what you said?"

"Yes," Virginia said quite weakly, "That is what *we believe.*"

"You believe that all the churches except yours are an abomination before God?" the teacher asked incredulously.

Virginia nodded.

"Do you believe, then, that only your church people are in favor with God?"

"They are the only ones who will get to the Celestial Glory," Virginia explained.

"Then you are telling me that I, a Methodist, will not get to Heaven."

"I did not mean to, Miss Spurns."

Virginia now was nearly in tears. Feeling that someone should help her, I volunteered. "Miss Spurns, you could join the Church, or, if you don't, the work can be done for you after you are dead."

"What do you mean, work done for me after I am dead?"

"I mean — well — someone can be baptized for you."

Miss Spurns laughed, then said with a smile. "No, you can't, I won't let you be baptized for me."

The class laughed, and she continued. "No, students, you think about your religion. My people are good people; my minister is a good man — and you say only Mormons will go to Heaven. Is that logic?"

"Do your people all swear?" interrupted Nephi.

Miss Spurns flashed anger in darkening eyes. "Perhaps we do, Nephi, but we do not say *ain't* and *comin'* and *goin'* and *I seen it* and *I clumb it* — don't you ever swear, Nephi, tell me, don't you swear?"

"Yes, I do," said Nephi, boastingly, "but I ain't goin' to Heaven."

"No, and you are not going to get credit for this class unless you correct your language."

"Yes," said Miss Spurns, nodding to Virginia whose hand was raised.

"You could go to the Terrestrial degree of glory without joining the Church," Virginia said.

"Terrestrial," said Miss Spurns thinking, "terrestrial comes from the French *terra* meaning 'earth.' What do you mean, terrestrial glory?"

"It is a heaven a little lower than the celestial," explained Virginia; "only the people who are baptized can go to the celestial glory."

To the whole group, the teacher now spoke more softly: "What poor, innocent lambs you are. You know so little about this life, and you are ready to go to the highest heaven. You think that you could take a moron out and baptize him, and though he is filthy as a dung hill, inane as a clod, or lazy as a sparrow, he has a ticket to Heaven."

Class was dismissed and all themes had been handed back except mine. I went to the teacher's desk.

"Your's was not worth commenting on or reading," she told me; "it showed disrespect for teachers, and you and this community need to be taught something about culture and manners."

I turned and walked away. Never before had I been accused by a teacher of being disrespectful. The theme was humorous, I thought, but she did not see it.

Miss Spurns loved Shakespeare, the writer who stood boldly above all other writers, the man with the great invisible power, the supreme articulate, the wisest, the wittiest, the most inspired and inspiring writer of all time — all this Miss Spurns taught. And she read the plays with such poetic expression and meaning that I, too, learned to like Shakespeare. Under her forceful drive, Shakespeare rose out of the past to become a great citizen of the world I lived in. I watched the teacher and saw the sparkle in her hard eyes as she read something she loved. I saw her become Shylock demanding his pound of flesh and Portia pleading for mercy. Shakespearian images under her tongue became visions. The forests in which I had wandered became the magical forest of Arden with books in its running brooks, and the continuous wintry winds I thought of now as "counsellors that feelingly persuaded him who he is." English class to me became a pleasure to anticipate, and reading the assignments a delightful discipline. Miss Spurns read Lady Macbeth's speech:

> I have given suck and know
> How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me.
> I would while it was yet smiling in my face
> Have plucked the nipple from his boneless gums,
> And dashed his brains out, had I sworn, as you
> Have done to this.

Then I saw the hardness in the teacher's face, which I had seen before when she scornfully denounced the earthy people of the community. I heard classmates say, "She would, she would kill her own baby."

I also heard her read speeches of the humbled Lady Macbeth, washing her hands and crying, "Here is the smell of blood still," and the doctor's speech, "What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged." But in this I saw another Miss Spurns.

Students, angered at the teacher's repeated charges of shallow provincialism in the community and her incessant demands for letter-perfect work, were griping unmercifully. But I was not aware of the extremes to which townspeople had caught fire with the generated heat of wagging tongues until another event occurred.

The man who had the greatest influence and say in the community was C.M. Hatch, Chairman of the School Board, owner of the C.M. Hatch and Company General Merchandise Store, member of the Church Stake High Council, and State Senator. I felt honored when Mr. Hatch called me behind the swinging gate of his office in the back of his store just beyond the pot-bellied stove.

Mr. Hatch was impressive with his gray hair crowning his pale, unwrinkled face, with his spotlessly clean clothes, and his easy flow of language.

"About this Miss Spurns," he asked; "how do you think she is succeeding as a teacher?"

"Do you mean? — Just what do you mean? With all the students?"

"Are you learning, becoming educated under her tutorage?"

"Yes, Mr. Hatch," I said quite inarticulately.

"What do you students think of her ability to lead you to learn and understand literature and to use better language in speaking and writing?"

I hesitated.

"Your reluctance to talk about your teacher, son, is quite justifiable, but we have a problem. You know, many people are complaining. In our town is a faction we could call the I-have-the-Lord people. Now with Miss Spurns these people are causing trouble. They are the people who think they are magnifying their Priesthood when they are magnifying other people's sins. These people know they belong to God's Kingdom, are among the elect, the chosen of the chosen. Actually they have narrowed God to an infinitesimal smallness, to a few specifics they understand themselves, and they see no purpose in many of the educational values possessed by Miss Spurns."

I was agreeing with Mr. Hatch.

"These I've-got-the-Lord zealots, though relatively few, are winning many people of the other groups to their cause; right now, many people are agitating the school board toward revocation of Miss Spurns' contract. That is why I am asking you questions; I've got to get the facts with which to judge this teacher."

I hoped I could honestly report.

"Specifically," Mr. Hatch went on, "they claim Miss Spurns attacks the Church, teaches false doctrine, swears, exposes the pupils to vulgarity, is herself immodest, considers herself better than we, and is guilty of carrying on flirtatious affairs with men from over the hill. Are these charges in your opinion made in all justice? Does she swear in school?"

"Yes, she has."

"Has she attacked principles of our religion?"

"Yes, Sir," I said; I wished that I had words to explain.

"Do you know of a time when she raised her skirts and exposed her body to the students?"

"I was at a school party when she ran against a bench and fell — we were playing fill-the-gap — she raised her dress to show how she had skinned her knee."

Mr. Hatch smiled. "That wound has moved upward since the accident," he said.

"Has she assigned you stories to read which contained vile language, and do you personally know of any indecent behavior of this young lady in her associations with men from Jackson Hole?"

"I have seen her with men, Sir — a man from Jackson —"

"A Boseman boy from the West Side," broke in the Chairman, "is responsible for circulation of some scandalous details of her private life. Do you know of this — of the reliability of this information?"

"The boys can see through her window from the top of the warehouse behind the hotel," I said.

"Even a school teacher would hardly expect a warehouse to have eyes on its roof," Mr. Hatch said with a sardonic smile.

I left the Chairman's office in melancholy, sorry for my inability to put everything in its context, to show how Miss Spurns had something from the big world of literature and life that people of the town did not have, and how she had opened up that world for us to see.

Back at school, I resolved to uphold the teacher at all costs, for I chafed under the sting of conscience for having failed to do so before the Chairman of the Board.

Early one day before school began, I went toward the little room used by the Church for a kitchen and by Miss Spurns for a combined classroom and office. As I approached through the bigger room, I could see the desk, through the open door, unoccupied, though overwhelmed with books and papers. Then as I came nearer I saw Miss Spurns leaning to the floor, her back to me, trying to replace the broken draft door on the coal range which furnished heat for the room. For speedy heating the janitor had left the door off. Now with the room warm, the stove red with heat, Miss Spurns was attempting to cut off the draft. I was too disturbed in my thought to give more than a glance to the womanly figure, dressed this morning in her lovely white-knit dress and silk stockings. I stood thinking, feeling misplaced, afraid to speak while her hips waved before me in a way hardly compatible with her dignity. I feared that this inconvenience of trying again to get this broken door to hang in place would bring a tirade against the destructive heathen of the high school or the dilatory School Board who failed to have it repaired.

Then, having met with success, Miss Spurns stood, turned to come to her desk and saw me. Almost without emotion she said, "You will note, Burt, that I replaced the exasperating thing without vocal invective."

I smiled without speaking.

She looked at me as though she expected something from me. But I was slow; before superiors, words deserted me. Hesitantly I moved toward the desk at which she had arrived and managed to say, "Miss Spurns, you are leaving Shakespeare in English." Immediately I knew I had not said what I wanted to say and that I had said it awkwardly. "What I mean is, I am sorry — I hoped — I hoped you would study *Othello*. You rec—re—commended it, you know."

The teacher did not speak. I felt as if I were in a spelling match with my turn to spell a word I did not know.

I continued, "I like—"

"I know you do. I know you like Shakespeare," Miss Spurns added with a smile. "I have been discouraged with my work here, but I am beginning to feel success. Now that I see some sparks of interest in some of you, I will not be as impatient, cross, and impetuous."

"You have had reason," I said.

"This is my first year out of college, Burt, and I think now that I have expected too much. I have expected of you what my teachers in college demanded of me."

I could think of nothing to say.

"I remember, Burt, that some weeks ago I mistreated you, called you discourteous. I want to apologize because I was wrong."

"Thank you, Miss Spurns."

"You were asking about studying *Othello,*" she continued; "you could read it yourself, you know; I could loan you the book."

"Oh, no, I might lose it, or have an accident, or fail to return it."

"You will protect it and return it; I am not afraid to loan it to you." she said.

I left the teacher's room content with the accepted apology and the proffered book; yet I felt an oppressive awareness of my failure to tell Miss Spurns what I wanted her to know.

On the following Friday, school had been called and teachers were attempting to generate in pupils some intellectual yearning when a message from the school board demanded an immediate recess for a joint meeting of the board and the three-member faculty. The principal announced that classes would be reconvened before noon and all students should respond at bell call.

Pandemonium immediately broke loose. I heard a voice from behind say, "They are going to can Spurns." Someone near said, "No more good window peeping for Nephi."

The principal was coming toward me. Instinctively I thought of this man as a loaded gun, loaded now with ammunition for me and undoubtedly loaded to avenge some wrong done or duty undone. "Burt," the principal was speaking, "the board has asked me to bring you to the meeting."

Though frightened at the thought, I knew no recourse but to obey.

At the beginning of the Board Meeting, while cordiality edged its way around, I looked from one to another of the group — no one dressed for the occasion, each betraying his own occupation: Mr. Davis sat in carpenters' white overalls and shiny black shoes; Mr. Hatch in his white shirt and black half sleeves to the elbow, dress pants and vest with gold watch chain across; Mr. Brussels in faded blue denim overalls and jumper and high topped overshoes discolored a barnyard yellow.

Miss Spurns sat with her auburn hair glistening brightly, her eyes alert; I recalled how in class she had smelled like perfumed soap. I looked again at Mr. Brussels. High on the leg of his overalls was a dirty spot, round like the top of a can and stringing funnel-like at the bottom, showing glassy on the denim making it stiff and unwrinkled. I knew this kind of spot; a calf being separated from his breakfast had nuzzled the overalls with his slobbery nose. I wondered what Miss Spurns thought of this man looking and smelling dirty.

Next to me sat Mr. Killpack, the hotel manager, who was there in blue serge, smelling like good cigars. On my other side was the principal, looking like a principal, and next to him Miss Gray with a faint, stony smile as always, as unruffled as an unused swimming pool. And next to her sat Miss Spurns.

The chairman began talking about the reasons for calling the meeting, and after a short time said, "We regret, Miss Spurns, that the necessity has arisen to inform you that certain people of the community accuse you of violation of two points in the Idaho School Law, that dealing with teaching religion in the classroom and that regarding moral behavior. We have asked

you and others to this meeting, not to call in question the revocation of your contract as is rumored, but to learn the facts regarding these charges and thereby establish a better relationship between the people of the community and the teachers." He looked from Miss Spurns to members of the board as if to get their approval of his statement of the case.

The charge of teaching religion in the classroom became the first topic of discussion. Somehow this matter seemed unimportant to me. I thought that most of what Miss Spurns had taught was Christianity, an adjunct and not a challenge to my religion.

Too soon Mr. Brussels was speaking, through stubble face and uneven yellow teeth, about his children bringing home reports of the teacher having attacked the revelations of God. He would rather his children would remain unschooled, totally illiterate, than have their testimonies destroyed.

"What have you to say regarding these reports, Miss Spurns?" Mr. Hatch asked.

"I have nothing to say except that I have tried to answer questions honestly that have arisen in class."

Mr. Hatch turned to me, "We asked you here, young man" — I was frightened — how could I talk? — What could I say before my teachers, and these men? "We have asked you here, Burt, to give a report representing the students of the school. Has Miss Spurns in your opinion attacked the principles of the Church?"

"Only in the way she said," I answered.

"In answering questions which arise," asked Mr. Hatch, "has she attacked the Church?"

"Not exactly," I answered without further comment. Others in the group now spoke, relieving me of the necessity to say more, and leaving my emotions stirring sufficiently to dull my hearing as to what occurred subsequently. Then out of the chaos of my mind I heard Mr. Davis' voice saying: "—a faith which may seem peculiar to you, Miss Spurns, and undoubtedly as you hear fragments of it from the students it appears illogical. When you see it all it makes a better pattern. I do not believe that you have openly attacked our faith; you have not treated this important subject with the delicacy something so sacred to us deserves."

"I am sorry if I have erred in this way, Mr. Davis," Miss Spurns said.

"If we are crude," he continued, "that is not the fault of our religion. Many of our people have risen from total illiteracy, from complete ignorance to become responsible citizens, happy self-respecting people. Our religion is a vital faith that inspires great loyalty, great action, great sacrifice. It teaches us to seek all truth; that is why we established this little high school and hired you — just because we want our children to have some of the culture you have to offer."

"Mr. Davis has stated our position very well," said the Chairman. "We tell you this to let you know that we want your cooperation to preserve all the good things we have."

"Thank you, Mr. Hatch," said the teacher.

"If you think, Miss Spurns," Mr. Davis said, "that our lives in this isolated community are barren, just think how much more barren they

would have been had our people not come out of the darkness of disbelief and accepted some of the marvelous light of Christ."

"Do you feel, Miss Spurns," asked Mr. Hatch, "that to ask you to avoid discussions of points of theological doctrine would be in any way unfair?"

"I do not. I shall follow your advice, gentlemen."

"We are concerned with accusations of immoral behavior," the chairman continued, "loose conduct – entertaining men in your room at the hotel."

"But now," he said, turning to me, "we will excuse you, Burt, – thank you for coming."

I left, feeling as if I had been arbitrated out of adult status to childhood and at a time when it violated my arduous wish. I could now only speculate on what Mr. Killpack, the hotel manager would report. I had heard my mother say that gullible gossips were spreading the tales, and that Miss Spurns, a city girl, was no doubt finding it hard to adjust to country life. The boys her age were off to war – nothing to do at night for relaxation from the treadmill of school teaching but to sit in the hotel lobby with a motley assortment of old men talking muffled talk through cuds of chewing tobacco, punctuating conversation with whistling shots at the spittoon, or the other alternative, fraternize with bachelor cowboys from Jackson's Hole.

Outside, I walked mopingly to join classmates at school, feeling angry, though I hardly knew why.

Back at school I found the students gathered in the auditorium in unusual unity.

"Are they going to can her?" they chorused.

I did not want to talk. "No," I said curtly, "no case against her. They are advising her, telling her what to do."

"We knew it," Nephi Boseman said, "so we're gon ta put her out ourselves; we've all signed a petition that we won't go to school if she stays."

"All?" I asked.

"All but Charley and Fern."

Charley and Fern, I thought; I am with them – stubborn Charley and prudish Fern.

"You gotta sign now," Nephi said; "you know what she is."

"Yes, I know what she is, and it's not what you make her with your lies." I said. "I will not sign that paper."

Shouts of protest came from every side. Someone said, "He wants to keep Spurns. Can you believe it?"

Virginia spoke as noise diminished, "Please sign it, Burt; We want you to sign last because you are president."

I felt a stir in my heart. Another weight was being laid on the scales. In the meeting, I felt that I was Miss Spurns' advocate and defender. Now I must reject her or be rejected by my peers. Momentarily I felt as if I could not endure isolation from classmates. They were urging, arguing, insisting that I sign.

"Alright! alright! I'll do it," I said.

I took the petition and signed. The gadflies had driven me to an impetuous act of conformity.

As I did so, I hardly contemplated the consequence. My youthful idealism led me to conclude unthinkingly that justice someway would prevail.

The school board, the parents, the principal would not listen to a foolish petition initiated by children. If I were a child to be expelled from a meeting, I was a child to be ignored in this — Miss Spurns would stay despite the petition; it would be disregarded.

When the teachers entered the chapel a few minutes later, the students sat orderly and silent, tense in quietness.

The clock marked seconds vocally while teachers took their seats behind the pulpit. Directly behind Miss Spurns from where I sat and above her head hung the painting of *The Sacred Grove,* the green landscape and trees contrasting with her red hair, a painting of the very place where God told Joseph Smith that all the churches had gone astray.

The principal arose and began, "Students, we are happy to announce that all the teachers have complete support of the School Board and that school will continue as usual."

Nephi stood at his seat in the audience, "I got a paper to give ya," he shouted as he started toward the front.

The principal accepted and read the paper silently — my heart pumped loudly in my ears.

"What can this petition mean?" the principal said.

"It means," shouted Nephi, "just what it says; we don't go to school if Spurns stays."

Miss Spurns reached for the petition. She looked at it coldly, intensely; she arose, moved like smoke to the pulpit and spoke quietly, her eyes piercing. "You are against me too — I never would have gone through the ignominy I have just experienced had I known that you, my students, were against me."

I could not lift my eyes for shame. I felt alone, an isolate, a sinner condemned by the infallible judge Truth, an inarticulate before his confessor. When I could raise my eyes, Miss Spurns had turned her head and seemed to be looking at *The Sacred Grove.*

Three hours later, before anyone — the Principal, the School Board, or the parents had risen to defend the teacher, and before I recovered from the shock of fast-paced action, the mixed train puffed northward carrying Miss Spurns somewhere beyond the valley.

At home that night when I went to my room, I saw Miss Spurns' green book, *Othello,* lying on my dresser, a sardonic accuser, telling me of my own perfidy.

Bruce Jorgensen

Gathering Apples In First Snow

This year October takes us sudden, breaks
The honeylocust leaves with a parching frost
And casts them, ashen green and clattering, down
On sidewalks still glaring as white as summer.
My calendar, thumbtacked beside the scarred
Refrigerator door, spells out September.
I lift the leaf: improvidence this first
Year in a rented house with garden (plowed
When I came, but unsown) and five apple trees,
Their bearing laced (I sprayed too late) with worms.

The west of afternoon draws dark; I'm picking
The last apples, some rotten on the stem,
Others by birds half hollowed, good flesh ridged
And seared. Leave those. Still on the tree some stems
Do not give easy, and I let fall into
A rainwarped cardboard box twigs and the bitten
Leaves with sound fruit — too far not to bruise, from
This muddy rung. Silence. Around me, in
The tree, the snow starts falling, ticking like
Sand spilled on parchment, salt on old oilcloth.

Linda Sillito

Trip Toward Prayer

You can't pray with a clenched brain
Or fall asleep with fisted hands;
But force one finger open at a time
Until thoughts clatter loose and fall
Like budded balls of crumpled paper.

Focus on God: O vast, universal wall
on which I bounce my head and words;
which catches every other prayer
spattered with tears,
and returns the rest rebounding on my ears.

A child bored in church, I'd climb on to
my daddy's lap
saying, "Hold me." Then cleverly feign
sleep, furtively turning the lead in his
mechanical pencil,
flipping his tie clasp.

Hear my sincere prayer
when I have phrased an eloquence
of motivating words.

What words can you impress on the law?
While speeding a shouting baby toward an
overdue nap
a red light flashes a sickening through my
feet.
Officer, sir, after you citate me,
wordlessly berate me,
glaring at the peace sign in the window,
remember you are not the only one who
hates me;
as traffic peers around us, for a moment
only,
with uniform authority, hold me.

Yet we know one another somewhat;
since the time when as a threshold girl
I found that if I prayed for what I most loved
You'd take it — to make me strong, they said.
Weak since that time, I pray for less,
and though I know You know I know You know
I know You know,
I am content with all things given,
overwhelmed with love.

Sleep, little one.
Lord, don't let this first warmth
be the beginning of measles.
I hate this creaking chair of so many hours,
the vulgar, noisy trains. Go to sleep!
I'll blow my morning midterm. Can't you
at eleven little months, understand?
I press her closer, kiss her kitten hair,
and think of mental hospitals where people
safe in separate cells can scream
and scream their voices into salt.
The thought relaxes us both,
held asleep in the moving chair.

Giver of all I can give away —
no, more than that;
for you once granted forgiveness and reward
on subsequent days. I have not forgotten.

Soon the drab morning and this stupid,
stupid war,
which though it does not touch us most
directly,
still we wear a similar uniform of human
skin
which stinks with the blood of our
many-sized brothers.

My love,

The baby has the measles after all . . .
a term paper due tomorrow . . .
About your adjustment to military life . . .
Cease this cheerful written chatter.
Listen, let me say this —
I can't take it anymore
I can't take it
hold me!

This baby and this man
infinitely dear,
Bless them all you can.

A single light ray pricks the palm of my brain
Informing it with wonder — a word of love
With forgotten implications, most simple, most complete.
Yes, it was the first word you taught me
To say with pre-flesh lips
Clearly and with love,
Lost in contending Wall, Giver, Forgiver,

Yet I lift it to thee now with new light —
that word father,
Father.

Hold me.

Dennis Clark

Statement Before the World Expands

if i have seemed lately to turn from you
and mail my mind beyond our common rooms
as if the calm intelligence your eyes
offer to share were not sufficient plea
that you should hear confession of all dooms
i fear, and share each joy that touches me,
and wander in the maze my thoughts devise
when they to god for revelation sue
it's not because i don't know that you're here;
i'm just remembering one june fifteenth,
we knelt and crossed an altar with our hands
and swore we'd make our love outlast the sun
and now you're eight months pregnant and we pray
good temper will help us survive the day.

Arthur H. King.

Latter Days

(Monday, Aug. 4, 1969.)

The trees are still in mist this August morning:
chestnut and beech first scorched by sense of Autumn,
and the rest just dull vert between vague seasons.
The swirl of Ceres disciplined to stubble
reduces the whole seasonal cycle's plumed
harvest heads to the rank of interim
waiting empty for the next fulfilment —
presumably the firing of the stubble.

The guns in Hyde Park sound a little distant:
for the Queen-Mother's birthday, not the Queen's;
she came in April, quite a time ago,
an interim.

And fifty-five — since Monday
August the fourth, nineteen-fourteen — brief years
an interim. That was Elizabeth
Bowes-Lyon's fourteenth birthday; a day for call-up
and mobs, not parties; far too large for sickles,
the scale demanded combination harvesters
to reap unseasoned stands in muddy fields.
And yet meanwhile the dragon's teeth sprang wider,
till now the moon can host a bloody harvest.

Back to the trees again! Yes, backs to them,
muffle your eyes in mist! The guns have stopped.
For an interim? Guns, too, are out of season
for execution searing out the scene
from Sandringham to Clarence House or Windsor
and the familiar back-drop of the once
"Great Wen" burst, charred
(unlike Persepolis, past recognition —
granted Macaulay's Antipodean were
conceivable, he drifted Thamesward, and
some local ghost, if even a ghost remained,
could note his pitiless ignorance) — burst, charred,
and year by year barren (of couch, dock, nettle,
or fireweed favoured by a milder Blitz
than this last) — burst, charred, bare, the once Great Wen
that "laughing" corn must wait to "reassume"
till the Millennium.

Trees will be lost to site one August morning.

NOTE ON "LATTER DAYS"

The first paragraph is associated with my morning drive to Guildford, Surrey; the second with the guns heard from Hyde Park in my office at noon. In the fourth paragraph 'Back to the trees' is a 'back to nature' call — a flight from the 'bloody harvest'; but since I am using natural images, I cannot flee to nature from reality. So I twist 'Back to the trees' into 'backs to them,' to face a firing squad, with eyes 'muffled in mist.' But a firing squad image is itself a flight from the even grimmer reality: nuclear explosion. We are most of us going to be executed by that firing and we cannot go 'back to Nature' until 'Nature' re-becomes reality in the Millennium.

5th paragraph: trees will be not only 'lost' in mist and therefore to 'sight', they will be utterly consumed from 'site' and the 'site' will remain bare until the Millennium. However, it is a 'site' for trees, and they will therefore be restored in their proper place then.

We do not sufficiently face the last days in our Church. The prophecies are clear enough, and we can see them being fulfilled. We must be prepared for the obliteration of most that we know before the Millennium. Hence the poem.

A.H.K.

James Miller

The Town of My Youth

I

A north town, north in mountains
the beavering trappers cached —
one — two-hundred years ago —
the religion house, in a good sky,
the two-hat temple brimmed
in roofy granite, and blacksmith tin.
On a citadel hill,
brown reddish — white yellow —
a college, and heights the trees seized,
and windows. And hanging there, paunched in history,
bankers and regents portraits, business and science
apostles' faces — presidents staring, while adolescent eyes
up from town, transcripted from their desks, worry to see,
from high schools, the oils of library rays,
pencilling What to take —
and the library sign
bearish and sear, neglected, funny
WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING—
and downtown
the minimum wage and savings voices — Study
anything — you want . . . business, forestry,
law — anything, please — but art. The out ones
are out in art — art and writing . . .
I'd rather see you in service first — mechanic, janitor —
I don't care what you do — outside of art,
or leaving the church . . .
English, science, music, teaching — anything —
but art . . . or writing —
radio, TV, acting —
the out ones are out in art . . . We understand —
each other . . .

II

How orchards sprang
Dark into blossom!
Cellar jelly, kitchens in leaves,
and that girl —
What was her name?
Who turned,
She and her boyfriend,
And moved,
And went away
When orchards sprang
Dark in mother's eyes
and sunlight lined
Dead fathers
shipping to war, and back from war
one two three four five six seven eight times!
over and back — counting over and back —
two wars — and Korea and Vietnam —
over and back — eight times!
Dead fathers
on the city and county plaques
in a north town in the mountains.

Ronald Wilcox

Prayers Public and Private

i

God!

ii

No, Father, I never got over
that first rush of anger
like wings folding round me
as I discovered the world
was not what I thought
it ought to be, or was,
for angels' feathery armpits
brought me down quickly:
I found earth, far from a rest,
moulders, panders before me,
longing for my lively flesh —
(. . . I hear promises whirring)
I rise on my private hackles
like my own hair growing, under,
yes, by God, I shall grow upward
even in my grave, and through
blue intervals toward cirrus,
like promises shining, and beyond,
leaving even my dreaming behind!

iii

If memory serves me
I'm dying to try my own way
I said at twenty
so left to my own devices I die
trying daily to espouse no cause because
I've forgotten what it was
I started out to say
the day I started trying
but it will out I'm told if
I just stick with it which
I do at thirty-six but
I keep disremembering what it was I was
supposed to say but left to
my own devices I still die trying.

iv

Black anger: to be bereft of God.

v

I
striving for style
in the striving stumbling
blundering unendingly over m-my meters
fear God (Critic in Exegesis Extremus)
may like me find me not Jesus
but a poor hung thief
hung up wailing
while a flow-
ering Judas
sings.

vi

I've been lied to often enough
to know the truth for
to be lied to all the time
is good enough as true:
words are hard
compounded as they are
of lies and truth together,
I said to God.

vii

The courage to know the truth
was always right in my eyes,
and to proclaim the same, the same,
until I realized
not to know and to know not to know
was the same, though unproclaimed:
there was the surprise.
Well, I went on, stumbling,
lumbering in my way,
as a bear does,
claws full of sticky combs,
not bothering even
to brush aside each stinging fact
as it dived, no, not on my nose,
(a swelling nose is no news)
but, ah, right into my bare eyes:
my tears
with their mirrored pupils of bees
run with news,
an agony worth noting.

viii

Catching on is wretched,
I'd rather not know!
(Water down the waking dawn
to a dismal sputter . . .)
The worm is working:
death hunches in a corner,
hardly meddling, idly
unaware of his incursion.

Happily, happily, the brazen calf burning,
unburdening ascending wisps of invective,
such gaiety in matters of life and death!
(. . . I'm slow, but so's a waking heart.)

ix

O bleak excellence,
oblique of dreams,
see the seething!
Consider
this massive effect of human effort:
I have lost the angular visions of my youth.
I see things now in horizontal planes.
How quietly the preoccupation of my youth
became my occupation: truth.

x

The day my father dies
to whom do I turn,
to whom do I say
"I need" and know more
than a stone shall be given?

xi

God!

Dennis Drake

On the Demise of Poets

Somewhere, deep in the background of the world,
Lost in this traffic of hurrying men,
A forgotten bush burns vaguely.
No one turns aside to see,
No one removes his shoes.
Today the forest service reigns supreme
To douse peculiar bushes,
And holy ground means uranium or oil.
This is no time for sight-seeing
If a man wants to get ahead.
Faith now is ritual fiction only,
And the poet's flight is not the pilgrim's chore.
A burning bush must burn alone,
Or burn no more.

Karl Sandberg

Scripture Lesson

Here beginneth the text:

> *The LORD roars from Zion,*
> *and utters his voice from Jerusalem,*
> *and the heavens and the earth shake.*
>
> *Joel 3:16*

> *The roar of the lion, the voice of the*
> *fierce lion,*
> *the teeth of the young lions, are*
> *broken.*
>
> *Job 4:10*

And here the interpretation thereof:

There was a time
When the measure of the earth
Was lions.
And the earth was full of lions,
Created by the power of the word,
the word of a race of mighty men and story tellers
the words of mighty hunters
spoken around the stove in winter time
men lean and strong, each a colossus to my eyes, who
measured themselves against lions
in the hills blue with winter.

I thought I knew them and lions
When there was a circus came to Panguitch
and I saw a man crack his whip,
saw the lion jump through the hoop,
saw it do the bidding of the trainer
and sleep gorged in the cage.
And long I saw thus all lions,
Imagined thus myself a tamer of lions.

Different, I saw, were the men of the hills,
Different the lions,
When Marcus and Merthel came riding down from the
winter blue mountains,
Rifles in saddle scabbards,
Their pack of hounds following after them,
A mountain lion on the pack horse,
A lion that stretched across the entire kitchen
When they brought it in to show to the invalid grandmother.

Long I looked at this lion,
Did not touch it
(who would touch a burning bush?)
But ever after thought upon it, and saw him as in life:
Underneath his hide the sinews ran,
as silently as his feet did
through the scrub oak and over the ravine,
Crouching to spring
From the unexpected place.
And, oh! from out his throat and brain when he roared —
the sound, immense as all the ancient hills and valleys,
set the cedars shaking, and the sage hillsides,
rolling over lines and fences, no one ever knew where
it would stop.

(From the ranch house near the cedar hills
We sometimes heard the roaring in the night,
And we would have laughed that
Anyone should think to fence it in or out,
should think to say to the lion
"Thou shalt not roar now
for it is not convenient
for us to hear thee roar"
or
"Thou shalt roar just so,
to me but not to him,
to us but not to them,
Thou shalt roar this far and no farther.")

And with the passing of the years
Differently I saw the men who tracked him,
When I too felt the wild cry of blood,
The cry to go with them,
Endlessly with horse and baying dogs
    across day and night,
    not resting, fascinated,
    drawn on to hear the mortal snarling, to see his claws
    ripping the hounds, when he was brought to bay,
    to see his eyes flash,
    at that one moment,
    defiance of men and hounds and all beyond.

Yes, how different then
    for my eyes was the lion that jumped
Through the hoop
At the bidding of the trainer,
How different the world
    when emptied of lions
Except those that
    sleep gorged in a cage.

FROM THE PULPIT

Our Last Days

Marshall R. Craig

My early school years, until I was in the seventh grade, in fact, were spent in a two-room school. The school was in southern Arkansas, three miles from the nearest town, El Dorado — El Dorader, we called it — City of Liquid Gold. The school sat high off the ground on cement blocks (Mr. Brownfield's hogs appreciated the space under it) in the middle of what had once been Old Man Pratt's farm but was then a thriving oil field. When I started there, Pratt School was overcrowded (the school board had not anticipated the oil boom), and the first and second-graders sat on benches around the wall.

There under a series of young women, each in her first year out of "normal" training, I learned reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and science, and there I would have learned poker if the teacher hadn't taken the cards away from the boy who sat next to me on the second-grade bench. He had just dealt the cards and was going to tell me the rules, when he forgot himself and yelled, "Hey, you've got too many cards." The teacher interrupted the fifth-grade boy who was reading "Robin Hood and the Sheriff of Nottingham," and took the cards away.

If she hadn't taken the cards away though, I might never have known that the world was coming to an end on Wednesday. The boy who sat on the other side of me told me. He didn't play poker and he warned me not to learn, because sinners were all to die on Wednesday night. That's a startling thing to learn when you are in the second grade.

He was a stocky, stolid boy at least two years older than I was, with red hair and so many freckles they ran together, and usually a runny nose. Along with his parents, his brothers and sisters, and a few other families in the community, he belonged to a tiny religious sect that was looking for the Second Coming, looking for it any day. When I had to give up learning poker, I learned that the day was to be Wednesday. He wouldn't be in school on Wednesday, he told me. His church was going to sing hymns and pray all day Wednesday and into the night until Jesus came.

That afternoon my mother assured me there was nothing in the boy's prediction, no more than there was in the picture of hellfire and brimstone the nearby Baptist preacher described in such detail. Her comparison was unfortunate. During the day, or in the evening when I was with my family,

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*"Our Last Days" was originally delivered at the English Awards Banquet at B.Y.U. in the spring of 1970.

I could usually convince myself that no such hell existed. But at night or even during the day if I were coming through the pine thicket behind our house alone, that hell was frighteningly, real, much more real than the vague discomfort my mother envisioned as hell. My father, when he was told about the coming event, merely said "Huh," an answer that served for almost anything my father heard.

All day Wednesday the extra room on the bench was an annoying reminder that by morning Pratt School, El Dorado, the whole world could be gone, and me with it, gone to wherever I was to go. And I was afraid the Baptist preacher might prove to be right about where that was. I endured Wednesday, and Wednesday night. I considered praying and singing all night, but the prayer I said regularly went *"Something, something,* and make us well and keep us good. Amen." You can't keep going with a prayer like that for very long. And as for singing hymns, I kept coming back in my mind to the one we sang in Baptist Sunday School, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," and I wasn't too sure I believed that one at the moment.

It was at least Friday before the red haired boy was back in school. He wedged himself into his place on the bench with the shortest of greetings. I waited. He said nothing, didn't even mention Wednesday or Wednesday night. I knew that the politest thing would be to keep my mouth shut, but I couldn't help wondering how he felt. Was he disappointed or relieved? So finally when the teacher was busy writing an assignment on the board, I asked him what had happened. "Well," he said, "we prayed all night and the Lord put it off for a while."

It wasn't until I came to Utah to teach, that I discovered how many of the members of my own religion saw these as the immediate last days. I had heard sermons, of course, referring to these as the last days but only in a rather general way. I had not known those Mormons who, as my German friend says of his wife, "see the end coming already next Thursday." Or like my elderly friend Willard, who told me, with a voice filled with emotion, that he had heard Homer, one of his neighbors, say something religious. Willard had never expected to hear Homer say anything religious, but Homer had said, "The weather is changing so much, these *must* be the last days."

As I have become aware of this strong conviction, especially among the young people of the Church, I've become concerned. It seems to me that behind our conviction may lie the desire to escape responsibility. We always have a ready answer. "Sure, the world is in a bad way. What else can you expect? These are the last days." "Don't you want to do anything about the condition of the world?" someone asks. We come right back: "We can't do anything about it. Things won't get any better until the Lord comes." As long as we accept the idea that the Lord will come — in a matter of months, years, a decade or so — we can easily sluff off responsibility for any major problem in the world. Pollution? War? Racial problems? Over-population? We don't need to worry about these things; the Lord will take care of them when he comes, on Thursday, or Friday.

I have no doubt that the Lord could take care of them if he were to come. I am just afraid he might decide "to put it off for a while" and we will be left with the problems unsolved. He has indeed been "putting it off" for quite a while.

As far back as we can go in literature, writers have seen the world, and man, going downhill. Homer has numerous references to the contrast between his audience and the heroes of *The Iliad.* In one of the skirmishes before the walls of Troy, Diomedes, the Greek champion during Achilles' withdrawal from the fighting,

> caught
> up a stone, a huge thing which no two men could carry
> such as men are now, but by himself he lightly hefted it.

Not only did Diomedes "heft" it, he hurled it at Aeneas, and struck the future founder of the Latin race

> in the hip, in the place where the hip-bone
> turns inside the thigh, the place men call the cup-socket.
> It smashed the cup-socket and broke the tendons both sides of it. . . .
> (translated by Richard Lattimore)

Occasionally, it is true, a poet saw a different end coming, saw his times ushering in a millennium. Virgil, in his beautiful fourth eclogue, foresaw a reign of peace in almost the same images that Isaiah used six hundred years before.

> Goats shall walk home, their udders taut with milk, and nobody
> Herding them: the ox will have no fear of the lion:
> Silk-soft blossoms will grow from your very cradle to lap you.
> But snakes will die, and so will fair-seeming, poisonous plants.
> Everywhere the commons will breathe of spice and incense.
>
> * * * *
>
> The soil will need no harrowing, the vine no pruning-knife;
> And the tough ploughman may at last unyoke his oxen.
> We shall stop treating wool with artificial dyes,
> For the ram himself in his pasture will change his fleece's colour,
> Now to a charming purple, now to a saffron hue,
> And grazing lambs will dress themselves in coats of scarlet.
> (translated by C. Day Lewis)

Little wonder that the Middle Ages saw Virgil as a pre-Christian prophet.

But there are more Jeremiahs than there are Isaiahs. There are more laments than shouts of ecstasy. Chaucer looked back to the former age and saw that "Age" in close parallel to Virgil's future age.

> Yit nas the ground nat wounded with the plough
> But corn up-sprong, unsowe of mannes hond. . . .

The people then lived in peace and harmony.

> Hir hertes were al oon, withoute galles;
> Everich of hem his faith to other kepte.
> Unforged was the hauberk and the plate;
> The lambish peple, voyd of alle vyce,
> Hadden no fantasye to debate,
> But each of hem woulde other wel cheryce;
> No pryde, non envye, non avaryce. . . .

That "Former Age" was the ideal age; unfortunately Chaucer's own age for him suffered from a "Lak of Stedfastnesse."

Sometyme this world was stedfast and stable
That mannes word was obligacioun;
And now it is so fals and deceivable
That word and deed, as in conclusioun,
Ben nothing lyk, for turned up-so-doun
Is al this world for mede and wilfulnesse,
That al is lost for lak of stedfastnesse.

The images are different, of course, but Chaucer's sentiment is much like the bleak sentiment of Donne's Anniversarie poems, written a little over two hundred years later, in the first of which Donne says "that this world's spent."

And now the Springs and Sommers which we see,
Like sonnes of women after fifty bee.
And new Philosophy calls all in dought,
The Element of fire is quite put out;
The Sunne is lost, and th' earth, and no mans wit
Can well direct him, where to looke for it.

And Chaucer's sentiment is much like the frightening picture in the first stanza of William Butler Yeats' "The Second Coming," written over five hundred years later:

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack of all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

We can hardly doubt that the worst in our day "are full of passionate intensity," and while we may argue that the "best" do not "lack all conviction," it seems to me that I, and the people I associate with, too often lack the conviction necessary to act.

When I was a boy growing up in that Arkansas oil field, no one complained about the oil that soaked into the ground to turn once productive soil into something similar to sandstone. All the years I walked the half mile to Pratt School, I crossed the oil-hardened ridges of rows plowed into a field before oil was discovered there. No one complained either about the oil that killed the trees and vegetation in the slough and on the sides of the streams. We lived by the oil; how could we complain?

My mother, a very good woman, never paid her Negro kitchen help a fair wage. She paid just what everyone else paid so that there wouldn't be any trouble.

If a southerner tells you that the Negroes were happy, contented, until someone came along and stirred them up, don't believe him. We kids sitting on those benches around the walls in Pratt School talked of the coming war. Not the Second World War. None of us had the foresight to predict that. The war we talked of was the war between the blacks and whites. We knew the Negro was oppressed; we knew he knew it. Our predictions were wrong though; we expected a revolt to come within a year or two.

No Negroes came to Pratt School, and later when I rode a bus to El

Dorado, no Negroes rode the bus. I am ashamed to confess that I have no idea where the Negroes who lived near us went to school. Or if they went to school. There was one segregated school in El Dorado, I know, but it was on the other side of town, four or four and a half miles from where we lived. I doubt that many of them walked that far. None of *us* thought to complain, and none of *them* dared to.

When I came home for the summer, after spending two years in college, I discovered that the city librarian in order to obtain funds from the Carnegie Foundation had been forced to open the library to all members of the community, including for the first time the large Negro population. But she had, she assured me, managed things well. She had put a few old books in the basement and the Negroes could come in the back door and get those. That very year Richard Wright published his moving autobiography, *Black Boy,* in which he describes how he sneaked books from the Memphis Library, pretending they were for a white man who worked in the office where Wright himself held a menial position. Wright describes how his insatiable appetite for reading both elated and depressed him:

> In buoying me up, reading also cast me down, made me see what was possible, what I had missed. My tension returned, new, terrible, bitter, surging, almost too great to be contained. I no longer *felt* that the world about me was hostile, killing; I *knew* it. A million times I asked myself what I could do to save myself, and there were no answers. I seemed forever condemned, ringed by walls.

Richard Wright broke out of his ring of walls, but I doubt that many Negroes in El Dorado followed his pattern. There were too few books in the library basement. *Black Boy* would not have been there; it was a *new* book that year.

Let me return to my "last days" theme. I know that the argument is not valid which says that since the last days have been expected before and have not come, they will not come this time.

I do not care if the world's last days are coming or not. Yours and mine are here. According to the Psalmist,

> The days of our years are threescore years and ten;
> and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years,
> yet is their strength labour and sorrow;
> for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

So all that each of us ever has is "last days."

The Psalmist is being poetic, but he is also being quite accurate. If we are fortunate, we have just about what he says we will have. These are truly our last days.

When the Lord gave man dominion over the earth, He directed him to "multiply and replenish the earth, and subdue it." And He did not say if man gets it in a mess, He'll come down and clean it up. I'm sure He expects us to work as hard as we can at "subduing" the earth, at controlling *all* its problems. I have a hard time seeing the Lord angry because we tried to solve a problem, even if we failed. I can much more readily see Him provoked because we stood by and waited for Him to do *our* work.

ROUND TABLE REVIEW

THE NAKED CAPITALIST

Participants:
William E. Fort, Jr.
Louis C. Midgley
Carroll Quigley
W. Cleon Skousen

Dialogue departs from its usual review format in the following exchange of points of view on W. Cleon Skousen's latest book, *The Naked Capitalist* (Salt Lake City, Utah: published by the author, 1970. 144 pp., $2.00), a review-essay of Dr. Carroll Quigley's book, *Tragedy and Hope* (New York: Macmillan, 1966). Originally we asked Professor Louis C. Midgley of Brigham Young University to review Skousen's book for *Dialogue*. Shortly after receiving Midgley's review we received an unsolicited review from Professor William E. Fort, Jr., also of Brigham Young University, which took an approach opposite that of Midgley. Since much of the controversy surrounding Skousen's book centered on the interpretation of Quigley's book, we thought it might be interesting to get a response from Quigley to Skousen's book and Midgley's review. In a further attempt at a dialogue we invited Skousen to reply to Midgley and Quigley and, finally, invited Midgley to write a rejoinder to Skousen. All in all, it is a lively exchange and one we hope our readers enjoy.

The Naked Capitalist

William E. Fort, Jr.

Dr. Carroll Quigley's book *Tragedy and Hope* might have escaped the attention of anyone but a few scholars except for its careful dissection by W. Cleon Skousen. Skousen possesses unique qualities for this work. His keen, analytical mind has been sharpened by legal training and by sixteen years of service with the F.B.I. In addition, he was a distinguished Chief of Police in Salt Lake City for four years and was editorial director of the law enforcement magazine *Law and Order*. He has been a professor for seven years at Brigham Young University.

Professor Skousen's keen eye detected passages, sandwiched between lengthy discourses in Dr. Quigley's book, that reflected a fascinating pattern of information, fitting neatly into many things he had learned in his years of intelligence work. He knew, for example, that certain very wealthy and powerful persons, both within this country and abroad, are and have been doing things in support of the Communist conspiracy throughout the world. Dr. Bella Dodd, a former member of the national committee of the U.S. Communist Party, told Skousen several years ago that she first became aware of some superleadership right after World War II, when the U.S. Communist Party had difficulty in getting instructions from Moscow on several vital matters requiring immediate attention. The American Communist hierarchy

was told that any time they had an emergency of this kind they should contact any one of three designated persons at the Waldorf Towers. Dr. Dodd noted that whenever the Party obtained instructions from any of these three men, Moscow always ratified them. What puzzled Dr. Dodd was the fact that not one of these contacts was a Russian or a Communist. In fact, all three were extremely wealthy capitalists! Dr. Dodd said, "I would certainly like to find out who is really running things. I think the Communist Conspiracy is merely a branch of a much bigger conspiracy!"

The portions gleaned by Professor Skousen from Dr. Quigley's book relate to the secret powers operating behind the scenes to destroy our constitutional republic and our traditional freedom and to establish a one-world, socialist government. Dr. Quigley speaks as an insider of some twenty years standing. He approves wholeheartedly of the secret machinations of those who would destroy our nation and place the world under a socialist dictatorship. He sneers at those American patriots who are fighting Communism, stating that they have missed the right target — the secret group of insiders who would rule the world. He feels that it would be *tragedy* for the free-enterprise, constitutional Americans to win. On the contrary he believes that our real *hope* lies in the victory of the secret operators. Hence the title of his book, *Tragedy and Hope.*

Dr. Quigley, however, believes that the real battle is finished and that his side has won. In effect, he believes that it is all over but the shouting and that it is now next to impossible to reverse the process. He traces the secret movement over the years, naming names and places. Some of the names will come as a shock to many Americans. The secret moves will shock them further.

Professor Skousen does an outstanding job of bringing together and crystalizing the important facts of Dr. Quigley's book. *The Naked Capitalist* is a difficult book to put down. Skousen's commentary is enlightening. The complete index and sub-index make it easy to trace the activities of men and organizations.

The Naked Capitalist will answer many questions concerning the strange things that have been going on in the world and in this country for many years. Those who do not have the patience to tackle Dr. Quigley's 1300 page book directly should by all means read Professor Skousen's 144 page commentary. This book is a must for those interested in what is taking place behind the scenes.

The Cult of Conspiracy

Louis C. Midgley

The Naked Capitalist is intended to expose a massive, top-secret, Capitalist super-conspiracy. Communism and socialism, we are told, are merely some of the fruit of this Gigantic International Monolithic Network of Total Global Power. Skousen now believes that it is the Capitalists who have been secretly "running the world" for many years, forming "a conspiratorial con-

trol center higher and stronger than either Moscow or Peiping." *The Naked Capitalist* is intended to strip bare this "Global Establishment" which secretly plans, plots, and conspires to rule the world. Now you have perhaps always thought that the hard-working, money-making Capitalists were the Good Guys in Skousen's demonology. Nothing could be further from the truth. He believes that "globalism," "internationalism," "one-worldism," and ruthless centralized dictatorship are what the Capitalist demons have in mind. They only use communism to achieve these goals.

The "global planners" who are at the center of the Capitalist conspiracy are identified by Skousen as the "leaders of the world's secret center of international banking," the "super-rich," the "super capitalists." The "leaders of London and Wall Street" are chiefs of "the Anglo-American secret society" who are behind communism and everything else. Skousen puts bankers at the top of the list of conspirators: the Rothschilds, Barings, Lazards, Paul Warburg, J. P. Morgan. But also included are the following: John Foster and Alan Dulles, the Rockefellers, Cecil Rhodes, Arnold Toynbee, Walter Lippman, Albert Einstein, George F. Kennan, Douglas Dillon, Dean Acheson, Henry Kissinger, Henry Cabot Lodge, Arthur Burns, George Ball, Ellsworth Bunker, Paul Hoffman, McGeorge Bundy, the Kennedy family, Dwight Eisenhower, John Dewey, and many others. By any standards, this is quite a list.

The Capitalists, he now tells us, are "the world's secret power structure" and they merely form, use and manipulate communism and socialism and many other things for their own evil purposes. He knows that this thesis is not likely to be believed. "If I had said it, people may have found it too fantastic to believe," Skousen wrote in a letter that accompanied copies of the book that he gave to B.Y.U. faculty members. He claims, however, that he has actually discovered "someone on the inside [of the supposed Capitalist conspiracy] who is willing to tell the story." "I have," he writes, "waited thirty years for someone on the inside of the modern political power structure to talk. At last somebody has." Skousen is referring to Carroll Quigley, a professor of history at Georgetown University. Roughly forty full pages of *The Naked Capitalist* consist of direct quotations from Quigley's *Tragedy and Hope: A History of the World in Our Time.*

But does Quigley really say what Skousen claims he says? The answer is both yes and no. The answer is yes, if you mean: "Are the long passages that Skousen quotes actually in Quigley's book?" Quigley does discuss the role of financial capitalism in recent history as well as various "networks" of Capitalist influence and power. But the answer is an emphatic and final no, if you mean: "Does Quigley think he is revealing or has he revealed a Great Super-secret Capitalist Conspiracy behind communism?" This is, of course, the crucial point.

Much of what Skousen claims to have found in Quigley's book is simply not there. There are numerous places in *The Naked Capitalist* in which Skousen (1) asserts something about Quigley but then inadvertently reveals that he completely misunderstands Quigley's remarks; (2) simply invents fantastic ideas and attributes them to Quigley; or (3) makes inferences from Quigley's book that go far beyond the bounds of honest commentary. By way of illustration, I will examine a small sampling of these many passages.

1. According to Skousen, "When Dr. Quigley decided to write his 1300-page book called *Tragedy and Hope,* he knew *he was deliberately exposing* one of the best-kept secrets in the world. As *one of the elite insiders,* he knew the scope of this power complex and he knew that its leaders hope to eventually attain total global control (p. 4, italics added). Skousen cites no evidence whatsoever to support his suppositions about what Quigley *knew.* He fastens on one passage (Quigley, p. 950) and infers the totally unwarranted conclusion that Quigley was an "elite 'insider' " on a global conspiracy of Capitalists who are behind communism. Quigley uses the term "insider" merely to describe his role as historian with access to primary source material.

2. Skousen writes: "Obviously, disclosing the existence of a mammoth power network which is trying to take over the world could not help but arouse the vigorous resistance of the millions of people who are its intended victims. So why did Quigley write his book? His answer appears in a number of places but is especially forceful and clear on pages 979-980. He says in effect, that it is now "too late for the little people to turn back the tide" (p. 4). The truth is that on pages 979-980 Quigley says nothing at all about the purpose of his book. The passage in question is merely a negative account of the isolationist impulse found between 1945-55 in which some favorite nostrums of Skousen are lampooned.

3. Skousen claims that "all through his book, Dr. Quigley assures us that we can trust these benevolent, well-meaning men who are secretly operating behind the scenes. THEY are the *hope* of the world. All who resist them represent *tragedy.* Hence the title of the book" (p. 5). If Quigley does something "all through his book," as Skousen claims, it should be easy to give some examples — well, one passage at least. All Skousen presents are his own inferences, for which there is no textual support. If the reader is interested in what Quigley had in mind by the title *Tragedy and Hope,* he should consult pages 1310ff., for it is there that Quigley explains that the tragedy is the threat of war and the hope is that we will come to practice Christian love.

4. After mentioning the imagery in Revelations 13:15-17, Skousen tells us that "Dr. Quigley assures us that this type of global power structure is on the verge of becoming a total reality. He points out that during the past two centuries when the peoples of the world were gradually winning their political freedom from the dynastic monarchies, the major banking families of Europe and America were actually reversing the trend by setting up new dynasties of political control through formation of international financial combines" (p. 7). While it is true that Quigley talks about international bankers and their activities, nowhere does he call their activities a "global power structure." This is Skousen's invention. Nor does Quigley connect the activities of bankers with secret combinations or anything mentioned in Scripture. The assertions that follow the words "Quigley assures us" and "he points out" are merely surmises and conclusions drawn by Skousen and then attributed to Quigley to give them some authority.

5. Skousen thinks it is the Super-Capitalist bankers who are behind all of this and who are chief enemies of the "free-enterprise, property-oriented, open society. . ." (p. 24). But why would these "super-capitalists," who have

the most to gain from free-enterprise, try to destroy it and replace it with socialism? "Dr. Quigley provides the answer to this question but it is so startling that at first it seems virtually inconceivable. It becomes rational only as his scattered references to it are collected and digested point by point. In a nutshell, Dr. Quigley has undertaken to expose what every insider like himself has known all along — that the world hierarchy of the dynastic super-rich is out to take over the planet, doing it with Socialistic legislation where possible, but having no reluctance to use Communist revolution where necessary" (p. 25). But where does Quigley say these things? Quigley is supposedly Skousen's one and only "insider" who has "talked" — his star witness. Quigley does not support in any way Skousen's conspiracy thesis; he has a thesis of his own, but it is not the one Skousen claims to have found in Quigley's book.

6. "As we shall observe shortly," Skousen writes, "Dr. Quigley is sometimes reluctant to admit the full ramifications of his ugly thesis when the shocking and often revolting implications of it spill out on the blood-stained pages of recent history" (p. 25). This is a confused way of granting that Quigley's book does not provide support of Skousen's thesis. But, says Skousen, this "strange contradiction . . . should offer no difficulty to the reader once he understands what is happening." Of course, once you accept Skousen's views, it is apparently very easy to interpret anything. But I had the impression that Quigley was the "insider" who had told all and therefore provided the proof that needs no interpretation. However, once we look at Quigley's book, we find that nothing in it makes Skousen-type sense unless it is interpreted in a special way — unless the reader "understands what is happening." It is Skousen who tells us "what is happening" and not Quigley. He is arguing with his own (and only) witness. A confession hardly needs a key so that we can interpret it. And a wild set of inferences hardly constitutes a confession.

7. Skousen writes: "Dr. Quigley *bluntly confesses* that the International Bankers who had set out to remake the world were perfectly confident that they could use their money to *acquire the cooperation and eventual control of the Communist-Socialist conspiratorial groups*" (p. 38, italics added). Where does Quigley "bluntly confess" such things? The truth is that Skousen is reporting what *he believes* the international bankers are up to and then falsely attributing his own invention to Quigley.

8. According to Skousen: "It may seem somewhat contradictory that the very people whom Marx identified as the epitome of 'Capitalism' should be conspiring with the followers of Marx to overthrow traditional Capitalism and replace it with Socialism. But the record supports *the Quigley contention* that this is precisely what has been happening" (p. 38, italics added). Where did Quigley contend any such thing? What "record" supports such a contention? These are again wholly unwarranted inferences.

9. Skousen refers to "Dr. Quigley's *admission* that the remaking of the world by the super-rich was to be along the socialist lines taught at those British institutions which look upon global socialism as the hope of the world" (p. 39, italics added). Where does Quigley admit such a thing? Here is Quigley's statement: "The chief aims of this elaborate, semi-secret organization [the Round Table Groups financed by bankers, as Quigley has earlier

shown] were largely commendable: to coordinate the international activities and outlooks of the English-speaking world into one (which would largely, it is true, be that of the London group); to work to maintain peace; to help backward, colonial, and underdeveloped areas to advance toward stability, law and order, and prosperity ALONG LINES SOMEWHAT SIMILAR TO THOSE TAUGHT AT OXFORD AND THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON (ESPECIALLY THE SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS AND THE SCHOOLS OF AFRICAN AND ORIENTAL STUDIES)" (Quigley, p. 954; quoted by Skousen, p. 39). Skousen reads the last few lines as an open *admission* that some super-rich types were conspiring to remake the world "along socialist lines." I cannot find anything in the passage which infers that anything would be done "along socialist lines." I have the impression that Skousen uses expressions like "along socialist lines" when Quigley and most everyone else would say "under control by wealthy capitalists."

10. According to Skousen, "One of the singular and amazing things about Dr. Quigley's book is his willingness *to frankly and unashamedly confess* [*sic*] some of the most serious acts of subversion by his *comrades-in-arms* and then think nothing of turning around and flatly denying that they would have had a hand in such a foul and dirty business as betraying people like the Chinese to Communism" (p. 47, italics added). Quigley does say that "there is no evidence of which I am aware of any explicit plot or conspiracy to direct American policy in a direction favorable either to the Soviet Union or to international communism" (p. 947, quoted by Skousen, p. 45). Where are the *frank and unashamed admissions*? The "comrades-in-arms" remark is gratuitous.

11. According to Skousen, "Dr. Quigley's *disclosure* that the Council on Foreign Relations and the Institute of Pacific Relations were responsible for what turned out to be a paroxysm of world-wide political subversion, is no more shocking than his *bold declaration* that the global collectivists of the London-Wall Street Axis were equally successful in attacking the whole foundation of American culture. . ." (p. 57, italics added). Quigley does discuss the activities and financial backing of the Council on Foreign Relations and the Institute of Pacific Relations, but he does not thereby *disclose* that they were responsible for any political subversion (either world-wide or national). Nor does he make a *bold declaration* about global collectivists being "successful in attacking the whole foundation of American culture." These are entirely the conclusions and opinions of Skousen and they find no support whatever in Quigley's book.

12. Skousen constantly attempts to demonstrate that financial capitalism both directs and supports communism. He asserts, for example, that *"Quigley says"* that "the secret Establishment powers" are attempting "to gradually move [*sic*] humanity toward a global collectivist society" (p. 87). There is, however, nothing in *Tragedy and Hope* that links financial capitalism with the goal of "a global collectivist society" or communism or socialism or dictatorship. Quigley notes that the two organizations "were much concerned with freedom of expression for minorities and the rule of law for all"; they "constantly thought in terms of Anglo-American solidarity, of political partition and federation. . ." (Quigley, p. 954). Exactly what is wrong with such goals? Quigley shows how a few "Communist sympathizers" and fellow

travelers infiltrated the CFR and IPR in the 1930's. This is not a new revelation. Quigley also observes that groups such as IPR and CFR constitute the "power structure which the Radical Right in the United States has been attacking for years in the belief that they were attacking the Communists" (956). Quigley calls these efforts of the Radical Right "misdirected attacks." They are so for several reasons, the chief one being that the bankers and their various organizations — what Quigley calls facetiously "the English and American Establishments" — are not Communist or subversive at all and never have been, though some of the groups supported by bankers were once infiltrated by a few sympathizers and fellow travelers. (See Quigley, p. 956).

The story Quigley tells is good enough. Why then expand it into a lurid tale of global conspiracy and subversion when it is not even a story of a secret conspiracy at all, but merely a reasonable account of the role of one group within the complex of American and world politics? It is by a strange magic that Quigley's account of the role of certain international bankers and their friends in England and the United States becomes transformed in Skousen's mind into a top-secret, Super-capitalist, Super-conspiracy of a global nature. Quigley makes it clear that banking interests and the groups they support are (1) not secret (only semi-secret like most financial, governmental and university affairs generally), (2) not a subversive or criminal conspiracy, (3) not global, only international in the sense that some ties were maintained between bankers and intellectuals in England and the United States), and (4) not really monstrous, sinister, or demonic (but more nearly meddling, naive, idealistic and vain — all rather typical faults of both intellectuals and the wealthy).

13. According to Skousen, "Every once in a while, the network lets down its guard long enough for us to get a slight but alarming peep into the inner parts of the mammoth machine which Dr. Quigley *believes* is now too big to stop. When one contemplates the interlocking global ramifications which this power structure has developed, it is little wonder that Dr. Quigley *feels* so tremendously confident about its ultimate and irrevocable victory" (p. 107; italics added). Here again we see Skousen at work asserting what Quigley *believes* and *feels*. Skousen supports neither of these assertions with textual evidence. Nowhere in his book does Quigley say or imply the things that Skousen attributes to him.

14. The evidence and argument of *The Naked Capitalist* is a weak reed, but the book still has a good deal of emotional appeal and persuasive power. The message is cleverly staged and artfully developed. Skousen begins with a tale about a conversation with Bella Dodd, a former Communist. This is a nice touch. The reader is made to see Skousen as one familiar with security matters and with important people. The purported conversation with Dodd, for which there is no proof, points the reader to the main idea of the book — that there is "a conspiratorial control center higher and stronger than either Moscow or Peiping." Skousen's "credentials" are thus implied — his FBI background, his knowledge of the state of mind of J. Edgar Hoover, and of subversive actions in government, and finally his sensational discovery of who has been behind everything. Before the average reader ever gets to read a word of Quigley he already knows what Quigley

will say and is left with no doubts at all that Quigley is a front rank, high-up member of a top-secret, malevolent conspiracy.

But the Quigley that Skousen has invented (or rather appropriated from the John Birch Society) is not the real Quigley at all. Skousen's picture of Quigley as an elite member of a criminal conspiracy who is now willing to tell the inside story is unprincipled fabrication and a clear piece of deceit. Unless Skousen had planted in the reader's mind his fantasy about Quigley writing a book "to expose world-wide conspiracy and disclose many of its most secret operations" (p. 4), it would never occur to a reader of *Tragedy and Hope* that Quigley was anything but the author of a textbook on recent world history in which some account is offered of the political activities of financial capitalism.

Suppose that one accepts the tale of super-conspiracy as told by Skousen, what is one to do about it? Once we know about the Establishment, what then? Skousen feels that it is now possible "to mobilize a formidable wave of hard-core resistance to the whole super-structure of world-wide conspiracy" (p. 117). Remember, the world-wide conspiracy he is talking about is financial capitalism. "The future task is political in nature. Essentially, it is a matter of methodically and deliberately uniting the vast resources of political power at the grass roots level and 'throwing the rascals out' " (p. 117). He also claims that "it is essential that one of the national political parties be renovated and reconstructed as a base of operations. . ." (p. 120). "This situation [the collectivization process] is likely to continue," Skousen tells us "until a sufficient number of Americans become angrily aroused and rise from the grass roots to seize control of one or both of the major parties" (p. 57). Notice the operative words "angrily aroused," "rise," "seize control."

After the "political puppets of the international network" of financial capital are eliminated and replaced and "the political climate has been improved we have a tremendous amount of *restructuring* to do" (p. 118, italics added). What will we restructure? "The conspiratorial enemy's power base must be *eliminated*" (p. 118, italics added). The power base of the bankers and their henchmen is, of course, their property and wealth; Skousen wants it eliminated. The economic order must be reconstructed, for "the whole monolithic, inter-locking power structure of international finance is in flagrant violation of the general welfare of the people. . ." (p. 118). In the name of the people, we should eliminate the power base (that is, the wealth) or finance capital. "This mammoth concentration of economic power is in direct opposition to the traditional American precept that, unless it has been stated otherwise, *all power of every sort* must remain DISPERSED among the people. Therefore, *laws must be passed* so that the *nightmarish monstrosity of credit and money power* which has been rapidly gravitating into a few conspiring hands, can be dismantled" (p. 118, italics added). These sentences seem to be a call for the government to expropriate the wealth of the rich. Skousen's program is (1) to angrily arouse people to the point where they will rise and seize control of a political party, (2) to take over the government, (3) to use its power to eliminate the wealthy, (4) to dismantle credit and money power, and (5) to disperse power to the people. This radical political program is surprisingly close to the rhetoric of the New Left.

Skousen specifies some goals which can be attained, he believes, after

expropriation of the wealth and hence the power base of finance capital. (1) This step "would allow us to *liberate* our captive press, radio and TV facilities so that the people could be told what is going on." (2) "It would facilitate the *liberation* of the captive public school system. . ." (3) "It would also facilitate the *liberation of certain religious bodies, universities, and other powerful, opinion-molding channels* which have been bought-over and corrupted by the fabulous wealth of the network's billion-dollar, tax-exempt foundations." (4) "The Federal Reserve system and the United Nations must go" (pp. 118-19; italics added). What does the word "liberate" mean in this context? It certainly seems to imply wresting control from someone. Does it also imply turning control over to someone else? To whom exactly? And who would do this liberating? The government, perhaps?

I believe that Skousen started his career with the goal of saving the rich from big government, but has found that the rich don't want his help — the rich he now discovers control big government and, in fact, are rich partly because of big government. Now he wants to attack the rich and especially their power base, their wealth. But he is not the first to have it in for Capitalists and to want to save the people from their rich masters. This is exactly the program of various forms of socialism and communism. It is difficult to miss the parallels between Skousen's program and much of the rhetoric of the New Left. But there are other instructive parallels. In Germany, where they also once came to believe that they were oppressed by conspiratorial bankers who also manipulated the Communists, the program was called National Socialism. Under this program the rich would be *eliminated and power given back to the people* (or so they said), the schools would be liberated so that the truth could be taught about the evil bankers, international ties would be eliminated, churches would be used for national propaganda and other purposes. Skousen also wants a political party to come to power with the express goal of eliminating the wealth and power of the rich (what better name for such a policy than socialism?) and this key process is to be accomplished by national governmental action — an appropriate descriptive title for his program would be National Socialism.

There are a host of writers, mostly on the left, who have been arguing that political power is in the hands of a wealthy power elite. There is, for example, currently a split among political scientists and sociologists between those who argue that some kind of power elite run things and those who maintain that most everyone has some access to power through democratic processes of decision making. I am surprised that Skousen has apparently never heard about a power elite (or the influence of money in politics or of a military-industrial complex) before he read Quigley. There is a very large literature on these topics. Skousen could have found plenty to chew on in, for example, Ferdinand Lundberg, *The Rich and the Super-Rich: A Study in the Power of Money Today* (New York: Lyle Stuart, 1968).

Has Cleon Skousen simply invented the utterly false, paranoid view of politics and history advanced in *The Naked Capitalist*? Carroll Quigley informs me that for over two years the John Birch Society and other radicals have been busy distorting the contents of his *Tragedy and Hope* in order to support their own paranoid fantasy about a super-conspiracy behind the multitude of evils in the world today. Skousen has bought without question

the dogma of the Birchers and other radicals. He is now busy using his rhetorical powers to charm and flatter Church members into accepting the dogmas of his conspiracy cult. He has made an accommodation between the gospel of Jesus Christ and, of all things, a vain and wholly absurd worldly ideology. The immediate result of Skousen's activity is a kind of radical cult within the Church. He and his friends make every effort to teach their radical political dogmas as if they were truths of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Recently the Saints have been plagued by those who pass around outlandish nonsense as authentic prophecies of John Taylor, and by others who want to mobilize the Saints into Neighborhood Emergency Teams. The Church has had to settle accounts with both groups. The effect of *The Naked Capitalist* is likewise to direct the attention of the Saints away from the gospel and to form a cult. *The Naked Capitalist* sets brother against brother. It divides the Saints into angry, hostile camps, as is evidenced by its impact on students at Brigham Young University, where it is now being used by certain religion teachers as a compendium to the Scriptures. Such a radical and false ideology, no matter how cleverly packaged and rationalized, does not teach us to love our neighbors or forgive others; it does not open us to the sanctifying effects of the Spirit. There is nothing edifying in its bleak message. Skousen's grim tale of evil conspiracy is not the gospel. Nor is the gospel consistent with the idea that the Saints should be preparing for an aggressive, hostile onslaught against some Enemy Super-Conspiracy. There is no reason for us to put our faith — not even a little of our faith — in some worldly ideology or some radical political program of man.

The Lord has warned the Saints to avoid secret combinations (see Ether 8:19, 22-6); we are not told to start our own secret combination to counter the evils we see or think we see in the world. We are not to follow the pattern set by this world; our politics should be of an entirely different kind; our Kingdom is not of this world. We are not commissioned to win this world for the Lord by joining some seedy and unseemly political mass movement like that offered by the New Left or the Radical Right. No conspiracy, not even a Skousen-type Super-Conspiracy, can possibly frustrate the Kingdom of God; the Saints need not fear the corruption of this world if they keep their eyes and hearts on the Master.

Brigham Young gave us some good advice as to how we as partakers in the Lord's priesthood should deal with political questions: "Let no Religious test be required or the Holy influence and Power of the Priesthood be brought to bear in any Political question. If the inherent merits of all such matters will not furnish argument sufficient for all necessary purposes, then let them go; for it is better that the whole Political fabric, corrupt as we know it to be, should totter and go to destruction, than for our Saints to be offended." Brigham Young warned us not to permit the trivial matter of this world's politics to influence us in the least and added: "and never, no never! no never!! again drag Priesthood into Political gentile warfare." (Letter, July 20, 1849.) In spite of such prophetic warning the conspiracy cult thrives.

Quigley's Response

Carroll Quigley

Thank you for the opportunity to read *The Naked Capitalist* and Midgley's review of it. I think his review is very perceptive, and there is very little I can add to it.

Midgley is correct in his basic statement that Skousen has simply taken extended passages from my book, in violation of copyright, and put them together in terms of his own assumptions and preconceptions to make a picture very different from my own. Skousen is apparently a political agitator; I am an historian. My book merely tried to give an account of what happened in the world in the early part of the 20th century. I did a good deal of independent research on it, much of it in places which did not attract Skousen's attention at all (such as French economic history, and economic history in general). The book was published five years ago. On the whole, except perhaps for my section on Red China, it has stood the challenge of later information fairly well. The chapter on "Germany From Kaiser to Hitler" has just been re-published by Houghton Mifflin in a book entitled *Why Hitler?*

Midgley has pointed out the chief distortions of my materials in Skousen's book. My picture of "Financial capitalism" said that it was prevalent in the period 1880-1933. Skousen quotes these dates in several places (p. 14), yet he insists that these organizations are still running everything. I said clearly that they were very powerful, but also said that they could not control the situation completely and were unable to prevent things they disliked, such as income and inheritance taxes. Moreover, I thought I had made it clear that the control of bankers was replaced by that of self-financing or government-financed corporations, many of them in the West and Southwest, in oil or in aero-space, and I saw a quite different alignment of American politics since 1950 (pp. 1245-1247). Skousen implies that financial capitalism was not only omnipotent but immoral, both of which I denied.

Most notably, Skousen asks in his foreword: "Why do some of the richest people in the world support communism and socialism?" He says that I give the answer. I never anywhere said that financial capitalism or any of its subsidiaries sought to "support communism." On the contrary, I said two things which Skousen consistently ignores: (1) that bankers sought to influence all shades of American political opinion across the board from Right to Left (p. 945); and (2) that Wall Street support of Communist groups was based on three grounds, one of which was to "have a final veto on their publicity and possibly on their actions, if they ever went radical" (p. 938). Morgan's pipeline to the Liberals (the Straights) was no more liberal than his pipeline to the Communists (the Lamonts) was communist. Skousen simply assumes that anyone who tries to infiltrate the communists or contributes funds to them must be a sympathizer, but, as he must know, the FBI has been doing this for years, as the CIA has been doing it all across the political spectrum on American campuses in recent years.

I must say that I was surprised at the picture of myself which I found in Skousen. Midgley is correct in his statement that I never claimed to be

an "insider" of the Eastern Establishment, as Skousen seems to believe I was; I simply said that I knew some of these people, and generally liked them, although I objected to some of their policies. It seems to me that Skousen is unable to understand their point of view, simply because he upholds what I would regard as "the Radical Right" view that "exclusive uniformity" is the basis on which our society should be based. My own view is that our whole Western tradition rests, despite frequent aberrations, on what I call "inclusive diversity." These are the last two words of my book, and *they are its chief message,* which seems to me to be one of the chief aspects of the Christian way of life: that diverse peoples with diverse beliefs must live together and work together in a single community. It seems to me that the Wall Street power group sincerely held this belief; that is why they made Harvard and other institutions they influenced so "liberal." They felt strongly that communists and the Soviet Union and other diverse peoples were in this world together and had to live and let live in order to co-exist. It seems to me that this is what Skousen cannot accept. His political position seems to me to be perilously close to the "exclusive uniformity" which I see in Nazism and in the Radical Right in this country. In fact, his position has echoes of the original Nazi 25 point program.

Midgley says that Skousen was triggered into writing *The Naked Capitalist* by my critical remarks on the Radical Right. I agree with him. If you will look at my book (pages 146-147), you will see that the Round Table Group, under the influence of Lionel Curtis, held basically Christian beliefs. These were sincere. But they bungled them greatly in application. Perhaps it was intellectual arrogance to expect to "build the Kingdom of God here upon this earth," and they certainly failed disastrously. No one knows this better than I do. But I still cannot condemn them, and I cannot see that the American Radical Right has anything better to offer. I think the Round Table effort failed because they tried to work through government, rather than through each person's individual effort in his private life.

Skousen's Reply

W. Cleon Skousen

In *The Naked Capitalist* I simply quoted extensive passages from Quigley which described the amazing extent to which a secret financial network gained control over major nations throughout the world. Quigley was very clear and precise in the way he presented his material, and I felt it was a most important contribution. It is regrettable that he now feels compelled to retreat to a more obscure position.

Quigley is unhappy with me for saying that he wrote his book as an "insider." Yet after affirming the existence of this vast, secret power structure of the super-rich he writes: "I know of the operations of this network because I have studied it for twenty years, and was permitted for two years, in the early 1960's, to examine its papers and secret record. I have no aversion to it or to most of its aims and have, for much of my life, been close to it

and many of its instruments." Is there any other historian who has been given access to the secret records of the international bankers' establishment? I know of none. Nor do I know of any historian who has been close enough to the "instruments" of the Establishment to reveal so many facts concerning its inside operations.

One of the most astonishing points raised in Quigley's critique was his statement that, "I never anywhere said that financial capitalism sought to support communism." Actually, this is something he stressed very strongly in his book. "Our concern at the moment is with the links between Wall Street and the Left, especially the Communists. . . ."; he goes on to describe how J. P. Morgan's partner, Thomas Lamont, and his family became the "sponsors and financial angels to almost a score of the extreme Left organizations, including the Communist Party itself." He cites other instances, one of which is the Institute of Pacific Relations (pp. 946ff.). He says, "The influence of the Communists in IPR is well established, but the patronage of Wall Street is less well known." He then provides an extremely interesting account of the relationship between Wall Street leaders and their heavily financed forces of subversion which operated in the IPR during that period. Of course, Congressional hearings thoroughly supported my position. So did the Attorney General's investigation in the Amerasia Case. Why is Quigley now attempting to deny his former position?

Both in his book and his critique, Quigley exhibits a very strange attitude toward those who have views which differ from his own. He is very disturbed by the "petty bourgeoisie" in America who have "middle-class values" and are therefore opposed to what I believe is the socialized, one-world society which is being imposed upon them. Obviously Quigley is talking about those who oppose what he believes in. But why must he identify them with the Nazis? Smearing is a tactic used by those who have run out of substantive arguments. Quigley does the same thing in his response to *The Naked Capitalist.* He says my position "has echoes of the original Nazi 25 point program." In what way? He never gets around to telling us.

I have concluded to attribute Midgley's treatment of my book to an adventure in speed reading. Certainly he is a better scholar than the contents of this critique would indicate. He must have written his comments under tremendous pressure and at a time when his sketchy scanning of my book caused him to suffer a trauma of emotional inflammation. I would have preferred to respond to a critique of scholarly, penetrating analysis. That might have been useful to both of us, and I would have welcomed it.

My greatest disappointment in Midgley is his obvious lack of intellectual curiosity. In his anxiety to get out his polemical shotgun and win the debate, he completely missed some rather exciting issues which are presented in *The Naked Capitalist.* Some of these have come into prominence just since this book was published. An example of this has been the rather sensational repudiation of the 1968 Republican platform by President Nixon, which my book anticipated. Another has been the submitting of two bills in Congress to retire the privately owned stock of the Federal Reserve System, which coincides with the recommendations in *The Naked Capitalist.* This book also predicted the new China policy with Kissinger carrying the

ball for the power network which initiated the policy. Midgley appears to have missed all of this along with a dozen other issues of equal importance.

In the opening portion of his review, Midgley pokes fun at Skousen's "demonology" which is supposed to "strip bare the 'Global Establishment' who secretly plan, plot and subversively conspire to rule the world." As part of his fun, Midgley says, "Since the Capitalist Super-conspiracy is partly an affair of bankers, Skousen heads the list of conspirators with their names: The Rothschilds, Barings, Lazards, Paul Warburg, J.P. Morgan. . . ." This illustrates the superficiality of his reading. This series of names is not my list at all. It is Quigley's. How did Midgley miss this?

Midgley goes on to say: "Skousen has striven to find a link between capitalism and communism." This is not true. The link between wealthy Capitalists and the Communists has been one of the startling facts growing out of government investigations for forty years or more. The great value of Quigley's book is that he verifies with names and organizations what government investigators and private researchers have been saying all along. He further clarifies the reason for the Wall Street-Left Wing link by telling how the heirs to some of the multi-billion dollar fortunes of the world became converted to John Ruskin's version of socialist collectivism. We are dealing with fabulously wealthy men who are out to restructure the world along Plato's pattern of socialist collectivism. Surely Midgley must have read Plato sufficiently to appreciate what a tightly stratified class structure John Ruskin was advocating.

Midgley lists fourteen points which he failed to find in Quigley's book even though I cited the pages where he could find them:

1. Midgley says he could find nothing to indicate Quigley was writing as an "insider." This one we have already covered.

2 & 13. Midgley objected to my deduction that Quigley probably felt safe in telling the Establishment story because of Quigley's feeling that it was now too late for ordinary Americans to organize and turn back the tide. Rather than quibble I will simply refer the reader to pages 979-80 of Quigley's book.

3. What is the meaning behind the title, *Tragedy and Hope*? I have already demonstrated that Quigley sees tragedy in returning to the fundamentals of the founding fathers. He sees hope in a one-world amalgamation of the United States and the Soviet Union. He calls it "inclusive diversity." In his critique of *The Naked Capitalist* Quigley provides a definition for this strange term. He says it means "that diverse people with diverse beliefs must live together and work together in a single community." Pushing universities toward the liberal Left, accommodating Communists, promoting and financing their clandestine operations, all this is to bring us to what Quigley thinks the Wall Street power group sincerely wanted — a "single community" where people would be required to "live together and work together." All of this smacks of compulsion, the loss of Constitutional freedoms and deceptive, police state tactics.

4. Midgley calls my reference to a prophecy in the Book of Revelation (13:15-17) merely "some imagery." This is John's prophecy that just prior to the Second Coming (which he describes immediately afterwards) there will be a great "beast" rise to power which will create an economic monopoly

in which "no man might buy or sell" without its mark. Moroni talks about a similar "secret combination" in the latter days (Ether 8:23). Midgley can disparage such prophecies if he wishes, but it seems to me that what he dismisses as merely "some imagery" is taking on the flesh and bone of ominous reality.

5. Midgley denies that there is anything in Quigley's book to indicate there is an international financial combine which is pushing the world into a collectivized society. To come to this conclusion, Midgley had to ignore at least half of the "forty pages" which I quoted from Quigley.

6 & 10. Midgley says I cannot quote Quigley as my star witness and then criticize him for trying to cover up the consequences of the conspiracy which the Establishment has been financing. But why not, if it is true?

7. This item deals with the purposes of the Wall Street cabal in financing Left-Wing collectivist groups and has already been answered.

8 & 9. Midgley says it is "totally false" for me to suggest that Quigley believes that the Establishment is moving toward the collectivist Left in order to replace traditional capitalism with a world-wide socialist society. He says Quigley presents no such picture in *Tragedy and Hope.* This leads me to suspect that perhaps Midgley has not read Plato after all. Maybe he had no idea what Quigley was talking about when he traced the ideological gestation of the secret society to John Ruskin's Platonically inspired dream of a one-world socialist society.

11. Midgley wants to know where Quigley makes any bold declaration that the London-Wall Street network was involved in attacking the foundation of the American culture. Communists have as their basic objective not only the political conquest of America but the total destruction of its Judaic-Christian culture. I see no difficulty whatever in establishing that Quigley has been well aware of the attack the Establishment has been making on the foundations of the American culture.

12. This item raises the complaint that there is nothing in Quigley's book to show that the Eastern Establishment is supporting the Communists and pushing toward a globalist union. As we have shown, Quigley specifically verified this point in his review when he carefully defined their goal as "inclusive diversity" — a single society where Americans and Communists must live and work together.

14. Midgley declares that since *The Naked Capitalist* is so lacking in supportive evidence, it must be written off as more "clever" than "cogent." This determination is something I am perfectly willing to leave to the intelligence of the readers.

Finally, Midgley was disturbed by my suggestion that the people take back from government the illegal authority it has expropriated to itself. Although I specifically stated that this should be achieved through established political procedures, Midgley equates me with those he calls the "hysterical radicals." When I suggested that the international bankers' network be deprived of the power they exercise through the Federal Reserve system, Midgley could not visualize anything in this suggestion but a mass appropriation of their wealth by government. This was purely an assumption. He concluded that Skousen has joined the "New Left." The rest of my suggestions were offered in this same spirit, but were translated by Midgley

into ominous political monsters ranging all the way from revolutionary communism to Fascist Nazi dictatorship.

My reference to the power elite among the Capitalists led Midgley to expostulate, "I am quite surprised that Skousen has apparently never heard about a *power elite* . . . before he read Quigley." In my book I mentioned that I had known about the secret power structure for over thirty years but had been waiting for someone on the inside to tell us why these wealthy Capitalists would feel there was some advantage in supporting the Communists and Socialists. Once Quigley explained the background and influence of John Ruskin and spelled out the ramifications of the "secret society," it began to make sense. At least to most people. Midgley is one of the exceptions. He suggests that those who believe in the conspiracy must be "cultists." So far as I know, this would include all of the living prophets and all of their immediate predecessors. I doubt whether Midgley would really want to take on anything as formidable as that.

Midgley's Rejoinder

Louis Midgley

I had rather hoped that Skousen, upon discovering that his Quigley thesis was false, would have had the courage to admit his error, recall his book, disband his cult, stop his radical political agitation, and perhaps even apologize to Carroll Quigley, whose book he has so badly misrepresented and mistreated. Aside from whatever assistance my review could be to the many decent, concerned Saints who have bought the book, I saw the review as a call to repentance to Skousen. I tried to present my objections in a scholarly, forceful but still kindly way. Now it appears that Skousen is not prepared to face up to the fact that his book rests on falsehood. Instead, he has chosen to dissemble and pretend that he has published the truth.

Skousen's reply plays down the more sensationalistic and lurid aspects of his own thesis and, wherever possible, diverts attention to other "exciting issues." The new toned-down version sometimes contradicts the original. For example, I chided him for not knowing much earlier that wealthy people, including bankers, have power and for having waited thirty long years for someone to "let the secret out." He brushed this objection aside by insisting that he mentions that he had *always known* about the secret power structure, but had merely been waiting for someone on the inside to tell us *why* these wealthy Capitalists were doing what they were doing. This contradicts the version actually found on page 4 of his book and the letter he initially sent with the book. There he wrote: "Our main problem has been to discover precisely WHO [his emphasis] was behind some of the insane things which have been happening."

The reader who carefully compares my fourteen objections with his responses will find that he has failed in every case to answer them. However, I must draw special attention to some features of his reply.

1. Skousen charges me with having challenged the accuracy of the long quotations he has taken from Quigley. That was not my point at all. All

those thousands of words are quoted accurately, as far as I know. What I complained about were the inferences, summaries and conclusions about Quigley that are fallacious, inaccurate, and unsupported by textual evidence.

2. Quigley tells us that the title of his book points to the tragedy of war and the hope that mankind will turn from hatred to Christian love and thereby learn to live with others with whom we differ (see pp. 1310ff.). Unless we begin to manifest love, he maintains, we will destroy ourselves in senseless war. This is what he means by the phrase "inclusive diversity." Therefore he can say "that diverse peoples with diverse beliefs must live together in a single community." Skousen has pounced on the harmless word "must," inferring from it that Quigley wants "compulsion, the loss of Constitutional freedoms and deceptive police state tactics," collectivism, globalism, and "one-world amalgamation of the United States and the Soviet Union." All these terrible things are inferred from the harmless little word Quigley used to express his belief in the necessity of loving our neighbors.

3. The only "evidence" Skousen offers to show that the wealthy men he so despises are in favor of globalism, socialism, communism, collectivism, etc., is that Quigley says that John Ruskin lectured to bankers at Oxford in 1870. Skousen then quotes someone to show that Ruskin read Plato and that Plato was a mean totalitarian (pp. 26ff.). From this he concludes that bankers are totalitarians who plot to bring about communism, socialism and a host of other evils. There is something seriously wrong with the argument that contemporary bankers and other wealthy men *support* communism and other evils simply because someone has written that Ruskin once read Plato.

4. Skousen ends his reply by arguing that by rejecting *his* cult of conspiracy I am placing myself in opposition to "all the living prophets and all of their immediate predecessors." As a matter of fact, I do believe that there are numerous, often competing conspiracies in this world. And I am in complete accord with the frequent prophetic judgments brought against the vain and hurtful nonsense of this world. I know the truth of the prophetic warnings against various kinds of radical political activities, including communism and birchism. But there has never been one word from our prophets warning us of Skousen's myth of a bankers' conspiracy. Instead, the prophets tell us that we have nothing to fear from the wicked in this world if we hold fast to the iron rod of the gospel. But that involves not following Skousen-type programs, which fight the worldly wicked with their own tool — hate — rather than return love for the evil that abounds in this world. Obviously, I have placed myself in opposition to such "living prophets" as Robert Welch and many other such pariahs, but that is another matter. Perhaps Skousen accepts such men as "living prophets"; in any case he has certainly attempted to affect an accommodation between their strange message and the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Thousands of Brigham Young University students are currently being indoctrinated in the "gospel" of *The Naked Capitalist* by Skousen and a handful of his disciples who teach "religion" classes. Students and faculty who do not accept the Skousen-type "gospel" are written off as apostates and enemies of the Church. This is a mean game. Wherever Skousen and his disciples are able to spread their cult we see hostile camps, disunity in the Church and loss of conviction in the gospel of Jesus Christ.

REVIEWS

Our Progenitors as People, or Inside Nauvoo

Frederick G. Williams

Nightfall at Nauvoo. By Samuel W. Taylor. New York: Macmillan Company, 1971. 403 pp. $8.95.

When Samuel W. Taylor began toying with the idea of writing on the Nauvoo period of Mormon history, his editor undoubtedly pointed out that as fiction the subject was strictly a zero. Who would believe it? Mr. Taylor settled for what he does best: historical fiction — a fortuitous blend of the historian's facts and the raconteur's insight and wit.

The fiction in *Nightfall at Nauvoo* comes not so much from made up incidents or altered facts — although with no specific sources given one finds himself questioning the historicity of certain events and disturbed by some of the innuendos — as from the effort to get inside the minds of the principal characters and to describe what *might* have been their inner thoughts. "Each human being has two sides, appropriate to history and fiction," E.M. Forster points out. "All that is observable in a man — that is to say his actions and such of his spiritual existence as can be deduced from his actions — falls into the domain of history. But his romanceful or romantic side includes 'the pure passions, that is to say the dreams, joys, sorrows and self-communings which politeness or shame prevent him from mentioning'; and to express this side of human nature is one of the chief functions of the novel."

Thus historical figures who otherwise might be flat and uninteresting come alive in the hands of the skilled writer. Taylor readily admits that he is not writing as an historian: "The historian's viewpoint is like that of the gooney-bird, which flies backwards because it doesn't care where it's going but only where it's been. He interprets events at Nauvoo in light of what subsequently happened. As a writer I couldn't look ahead, any more than the people I met on the streets of Nauvoo could foresee the future, not a month, a day, or an hour. I couldn't judge events any more than they could by what hadn't yet happened. I wasn't looking back at Nauvoo; I was there" (p. 375).

But Taylor is not content merely to write a work of pure imagination. He has researched the contemporary newspapers, journals, and public records, as evidenced by the annotated bibliography. He offers novel answers to some of the old questions about Nauvoo. How did a small anti-Mormon minority effectively force the expulsion of the Saints from the State? Taylor points to the secret practice of polygamy, the political aspirations of Joseph Smith, and the religious persecution arising from ignorance on both sides. But he also sees in the story of Nauvoo a modern Greek tragedy, with a

tragic flaw which doomed it from the beginning. He signals October 30, 1838, as pivotal, the date when Joseph Smith started to Washington "initiating a chain of events that would eventually enmesh the Prophet and cause his death, and that would cause the largest city of Illinois to become a ghost town" (p. 32). In his attempt to secure redress from the federal government, the Prophet insisted that the Missourians had held him without charge and that they had arranged for his escape and allowed him to walk free, just on the other side of the Mississippi River. The powerful Missourians and their allies in Washington were forced to avenge the honor and integrity of their state; the Mormons had embarrassed them before the nation. Immediately, harassment of the Saints began with determined attempts to extradite Joseph Smith to Missouri. A senate investigation "established" that, far from being innocent people, the Mormons had brought many of their problems on themselves and had plundered the Missourians — conclusions published in Senate Document 189. This kind of "press" quickly changed the mood of the residents of Illinois. The kindly people who had recently befriended the Mormons became cold toward their new neighbors, distrustful of their intentions and their sincerity.

Adding to the problem, according to Taylor, were the numerous thieves and cutthroats who had operated in the area of Nauvoo long before the Saints had arrived. Many, believing the Mormons defended their own "no matter what," chose baptism as an easy, inexpensive way (tithing was only 10%) to gain protection under the power granted the Nauvoo City Charter. Thus Nauvoo had an underworld. When wrongs were committed, the presumption was "A Mormon had no faults; a Gentile could have no virtues." The misbehavior of the few thus undermined the reputation of the entire Mormon community.

Why did the Saints leave Nauvoo in the dead of winter? Taylor provides an answer in the actions of Sam Brannan, the leader of the first Mormon group to arrive in the West. Brannan had unwittingly entangled the Church with the "Bobby Baker" of that day — Amos Kendall — who wielded much power and influence and was "the man to see" in Washington. Claiming to represent a syndicate of 26 powerful, high ranking officials (including Senator Thomas Hart Benton of Missouri and the President of the U.S., James K. Polk), Kendall presented Brannan with a deal amounting to simple extortion by power politics. In return for being allowed to migrate, the Mormons must agree to deed half of all the lands they acquired to A.G. Benson & Co., a front organization. If this were not done, when the ice broke and "the river was navigable, U.S. troops stationed at New Orleans were under orders to go upriver to Nauvoo, disarm the Saints, serve Federal indictments on Brigham and the Twelve for counterfeiting, and lodge the Twelve in Carthage jail — where they probably would meet the same fate as had Joseph and Hyrum Smith. Brannan had to sign the agreement in time for Kendall to pass the word to President Polk to countermand that order to the troops" (p. 326).

Although such historical theories are intriguing, the fascination of *Nightfall at Nauvoo* rests largely with Taylor's literary ability to make the city and its residents "come alive." What have heretofore been only names become real people with problems and thoughts. Joseph Smith, Sidney Rig-

don, John Taylor, Porter Rockwell, Dr. Bernhisel, the Law brothers, Willard Richards and others live and breathe as personalities, making Taylor's book believable as fiction, if not as history. We accompany Eliza R. Snow as she is secretly courted by the Prophet and enters plural marriage. We are in the room where Heber C. Kimball grapples with the choice of giving up his wife or risking damnation. We meet John Taylor's wife, Leonora, in the doctor's office and learn that she sliced her little finger off while in a pan-throwing rage.

We see John C. Bennett parade across the Nauvoo stage and in the course of a few months become second only to Joseph Smith in power and prestige — Mayor of the city, Commander of the Nauvoo Legion, Assistant President of the Church. His licentious nature, which had been his downfall throughout his life, was not corrected, however, when he joined the Mormons. Rather than simply calling Bennett a "dirty old man," Taylor presents the reader with several clues, allowing him to form his own judgment. For example, after visiting with Sidney Rigdon and his daughter Nancy, Bennett felt elated: "As he drove his team of bays along the rutted street, Bennett felt he was truly born anew, his sins washed away by the waters of baptism. Nauvoo was his chance to fulfill his destiny, to be the great man he always knew he'd become. Nancy Rigdon suddenly was before his mind's eye — sparkling eyes, bewitching smile, tiny waist, and swelling bodice. How would she look without her clothes on? . . ." (p. 72). In time, Bennett was cut off from the Church, but he subsequently wrote an exposé which revealed the secrets of the spiritual wife doctrine. Despite its sensationalism, says Taylor, Bennett's book must be examined seriously. "Too much of what seemed wild assertions by an apostate in 1842 has been corroborated since that time" (p. 377). Because of its secrecy, Taylor observes, the practice of plural marriage in Nauvoo produced in the Mormon psyche "the ability to say one thing, but mean another," and feel completely honest about it.

Of all the characters who live again in *Nightfall at Nauvoo,* Joseph Smith is by far the most difficult to draw and perhaps, for that reason, the least satisfying. We watch and cheer as he wrestles, go courting with him in his rig, hear him deliver sermons out on the flats, and dance not far from where he is seated at the Christmas party where he announces his candidacy for the presidency of the United States. It is thoroughly refreshing to see a Prophet as a human being and not the pious, ethereal saint he is sometimes made out to be. There is no question that Joseph Smith was a fun loving, good natured, athletic man. But he could also be loving and kind, sensitive and compassionate, studious and contemplative, and he did not lack depth of character or religious conviction. Taylor is aware of these features, but not enough of the Prophet's serious, spiritual side is explored to achieve a balanced picture of his personality. Where other writers have erred on the side of piety in characterizing the Prophet, Taylor has concentrated too little; minimizing either one distorts the man. But then Joseph Smith's personality is not easy to portray. There are many facets which don't seem compatible within the same man. Although it is true, for example, that he delivered some affected, bombastic orations (such as some of his Legion speeches), through him were also revealed priceless religious and literary gems. And if

he at times was frivolous, he was also given to serious reflection. Perhaps it is best to leave him an enigma. As he said himself, "You don't know me; you never knew my heart. No man knows my history. I cannot tell it: I shall never undertake it. I don't blame any one for not believing my history. If I had not experienced what I have, I would not have believed it myself."

There are a few minor strictures that can be raised. The "Emma Smith" letter to the editors of the *New York Sun* (Nov. 20, 1845) is reworked into a conversation between her and Dr. Bernhisel: "I never for a moment believed in what my husband called his apparitions and revelations, as I thought him laboring under a diseased mind" (cf p. 304). And we encounter the old tale that Wilford Woodruff had the floor of his home repaired after his piano crashed through it. When the home was restored by Nauvoo Restoration, Inc., there was no evidence that the floor had ever been broken. I personally would have liked to see more of Nauvoo under Brigham Young; the activities of Hosea Stout and the Nauvoo police department, for example, could have provided some entertaining scenes. But then you can't have everything. As it stands, the book is an impressive achievement.

In addition to its intriguing historical theories, *Nightfall at Nauvoo* presents a sympathetic, human view of Nauvoo, with its problems as well as its moments of grandeur, a literary rendering of its saints as well as its sinners. From the opening lines on Thomas L. Kane the reader has a feeling of being there, of actually participating in the fast moving events. There is no interest lag. The words of Dr. Bernhisel on first hearing Kane's address could be used to describe *Nightfall at Nauvoo*: "Let the historian quibble about detail, Bernhisel advised the young man; Kane wasn't writing history, he was creating literature, giving the essence of an epic saga; his work was a masterpiece that would live as long as Mormonism" (p. 15). More than historians, however, will be bothered by *Nightfall at Nauvoo,* and it won't be just quibbling over detail. Some books have a tone of innuendo which says more than its facts can justify. Nevertheless, Samuel W. Taylor has written an epic saga, which if not strictly historical, is certainly memorable and worth reading.

Apostle of the Outposts

Erastus Snow: The Life of a Missionary and Pioneer for the Early Mormon Church. By Andrew Karl Larson, Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1971. 814 pp. $14.95.

Andrew Karl Larson's *Erastus Snow: The Life of a Missionary and Pioneer for the Early Mormon Church* is a biography written, as the author candidly points out in his preface, "at the behest of Erastus Snow's descendants." Larson's treatment is almost purely one of chronological narrative. He takes up Erastus Snow's life story at his birthplace, St. Johnsbury, Vermont, and with measured pace follows it day by day to his death at Salt Lake City on May 21, 1888. Partial exceptions to this chronological mold are eleven chapters dealing with Snow's pioneering role in Utah's Dixie. Here Larson draws on his immense knowledge of life on the Mormon fron-

tier to give a topical arrangement. For this reader these chapters were among the best.

Erastus Snow is an intimate portrait. It is intimate not merely in the sense that it reveals the strength, warmth and emotions of its subject but intimate in the niggling and monotonous way of real life. The aches and pains of Erastus Snow become well known. Indeed the man emerges as something of a hypochondriac, though one hopes that this stems more from the Mormon penchant to revel in the intimacies of its leaders (a characteristic that Larson faithfully transmits to his pages) than a tendency on the part of Erastus Snow to make more of his infirmities than they merited. The routine, heartaches and essential harmony of Snow's large polygamous family — four wives and thirty-five children — are major themes. Snow, as in the case of many polygamists, was in large measure an absentee father. The missions and Church assignments that separated him from his family were attended by homesickness, a continuing display of fatherly affection and responsibility, and too often by sorrow. Interestingly something of an inverse impression emerges from Larson's book. When Snow was absent, correspondence kept him posted and involved in family affairs. These letters amply provide the stuff from which his family role may be portrayed. Conversely when he lived at home family relations were conducted *viva voce,* leaving only family tradition and various less detailed written accounts.

Erastus Snow is a Mormon book. Its tone is often that of a sacrament meeting. Time-honored forms carry it along. Larson has a sure feel for the modes and values as well as the cliches of Mormon society. The book is largely devoid of interpretation except for its affirmation of Snow's benevolence, long-suffering and tedious ministrations.

Still, it is in the main sound history. The diaries, reminiscences and letters of the Snow family are a major source, providing not only the reel from which the narrative unwinds but also the rod dictating its flow and presentation. Much supplementary material has also been employed. Where Utah's Dixie is concerned Larson's research in the primary sources is probably unparalleled. For other phases of Snow's far-ranging activities the author has drawn from a limited number of supporting sources and has in most cases shown perception in his selections. On rare occasions he has obscured the past rather than illuminated it by speaking in innuendo and by substituting blanks and initials for names. This is particularly true in Chapter 34, "Ecclesiastical Government," which deals chiefly with judicial affairs.

Occasional factual lapses occur in the portion of the study dealing with Arizona, Colorado and New Mexico. In discussing the termination of Navajo hostilities along the Utah-Arizona border, Larson has Jacob Hamblin repeat his Fort Defiance peace conference of November, 1870 at a later and undetermined date (pp. 440 and 443). The confusion leading to this double vision rises from James G. Bleak's "Annals of the Southern Utah Mission," where the incident is erroneously reported twice, and from James A. Little's *Jacob Hamblin,* which places the date of a single conference in 1871 (pp. 106-111), thus suggesting a follow-up meeting to the one of the previous year. Errors also appear in a few other details, as in the statement that Jesse N. Smith was considered as President of the "first L.D.S. Stake in Arizona" (p. 334), an honor — if such it was — already claimed by Lot Smith. But consid-

ering that Erastus Snow leads him across the entire range of Mormon affairs, from the 1830s to 1888, Larson's history is remarkably sound.

Larson characterizes Erastus Snow as the "Apostle of the Outposts" (pp. 730-31). An equally valid appellation, and one that adds to the meaning, would be that of a missionary. Even among a people given to missions [as are the Latter-day Saints], Snow had few peers. His entire life was a mission. In his integrity, devotion to duty, practicality and ability to symbolize the Church he was the ideal missionary. He was tempered in the crucible of backwood proselyting debates — some of which held spectators for as long as forty-eight hours. He shared the full cup of hardship and adventure with the great of the Church in 1846 and 1847. Scandinavia was his battleground and his field of harvest for the half-decade after 1848, St. Louis his school in the logistics of moving people during the stormy days that preceded the Utah War. Then followed the work of colonizing which, because it lay beyond the Church's general line of advance, was handled as a mission. First Dixie for fourteen years, then Colorado and Arizona, and finally Mexico. Apostle of the outposts, indeed. Apostle of the outposts because he was the ideal missionary.

His life also provides an extraordinary commentary on Mormon leadership. His beginnings in the Church were inauspicious, marked with none of the fanfare that accompanied the mounting star of a Sidney Rigdon or a John C. Bennett. His progress to power was slow but it was constant, marked by few sensations and by fewer defeats. It was based upon performance, not self-promotion. In time he became an indispensable cog in the wheel of the Mormon establishment. He was less colorful than many, due in part to what appears to have been an almost total lack of humor. [That he may have lamented its absence is suggested by Snow's wistful note about his jocular colleague George A. Smith: "His lively disposition and cheerful spirit has contributed much to relieve my mind of its business cares and lighten my burdens" (p. 291).]

Snow employed few artifices. He was not one to make frequent prophecies, as did Heber C. Kimball. When he did prophesy his efforts were not always attended by immediate fulfillment, as in the case of a prediction that southern Arizona's San Pedro Valley, where Saint David stands a lonely reminder of grand Mormon dreams, "would be settled from one end to the other with Saints" (p. 355). Neither was Erastus Snow given to theological exegesis after the fashion of Orson Pratt. Doctrine was revealed. Erastus Snow was not one to undertake its improvement. While he may have suffered some loss of visibility as a result of his orthodoxy, he did not raise misgivings as to his doctrinal soundness.

Snow came to an early understanding of Brigham Young's role and of his own relation to it. At times he was almost fawning in his subservience to the Church President. This was apparent in his repeated deference to Young's desires on details of construction of the Saint George Tabernacle and Temple. The latter pushed Snow — sometimes almost mercilessly — with respect to the Washington cotton factory. As Larson put it, "a word from Brother Brigham was the equivalent of a command" (p. 501). With complete sincerity Snow joined in the adulation heaped upon Brigham Young by pioneers of the southern frontier. He doubtlessly recognized that

the brass bands, youth choirs and dusty entourages that met the Prophet on his approach to Dixie as well as the adoring rhetoric of its meetings contributed to the esprit de corps of the shock troopers who seized and held Dixie. On a smaller scale Snow played a similar role himself. His junkets about Dixie as well as his longer passages into Arizona were hailed and celebrated by the true believers. Revered in time as the "Beloved Apostle," he, like Brigham Young, became an element in a Mormon ceremony of veneration.

The delegations that met Brigham Young or Erastus Snow often had meanings other than ceremonial. Such a meeting could also be the means of securing the ear of authority. Entirely characteristic was William J. Flake's hard ride out to meet Snow as he approached the Little Colorado villages in 1878 (p. 634). Flake had broken with the United Order, to which Young had called him, and was under the severe indictment of more steadfast members. Getting the jump on his critics, Flake met Snow, crawled into his buggy with him, and made a strong case for his seeming breach. If Flake family tradition may be depended upon, Snow not only gave his blessing to a non-Order town but let Flake nominate its bishop and stake president.

Snow's role in relation to the Arizona United Orders indicates that he could entertain ideas at variance to those of Brigham Young. The latter had established the Arizona Mission in 1876 with one of its stated purposes being the perfection of Mormon unity through experimentation in the United Order. By giving the go-ahead to Flake and others to live in less tightly structured villages, Snow drastically redirected the course of the colony. While he concurred heartily in the cooperation and union of Mormon society, he did not see Young's "all things in common" pattern as essential in the original Arizona villages. In one deviant Order village he said that the practice of eating at the common table, as was done in the first Order towns, was no more an element of Mormon unity than sleeping all in one bed ("Minutes of the Allen City United Order," Church Historians Office, p. 38).

Not only did the "Apostle of the Outposts" occasionally make decisions that altered policy established by Brigham Young, but along with other leaders he appears (in Larson's treatment) to have been capable of deceiving the flock for its own good. Speaking of the attempt to populate the Muddy in southern Nevada and build up navigation on the Colorado River, Larson finds it difficult to believe that the Church leaders (who on this issue had to include Snow) were serious. The navigation proposal must therefore have been primarily a dodge to keep people on the Muddy and Virgin Rivers. Rather than suspecting Erastus Snow and his brethren of even mild promotional duplicity, this reviewer is of the opinion that the Colorado River navigation boom is more rightly viewed as a sincere if passing phase of a persistent interest in a water outlet to the Pacific. Apparent in the State of Deseret and San Bernardino Mission, it was finally shifted from the Colorado River and Muddy Villages only in 1870, when Jacob Hamblin successfully negotiated an agreement with the Navajos opening the route to Arizona and ultimately to Mexico, with eventual if distant prospect of a seaport there.

To the people of southern Utah Snow was essentially the strong autocrat — Brigham Young's alter ego. Field commander for the entire southern frontier of the Church, he bore a heavy burden of decision making and implementation. Until 1869 he was not aided in this process by the usual adminis-

trative structure of the L.D.S. stake. Upon him fell not only the responsibility for ecclesiastical, political and economic direction but a vast number of decisions that were essentially private. But the latter were often charged with staggering potential for good or evil. As example may be cited the case of Allen Frost, a crusty Englishman, who after repeatedly "seeking counsel" from Erastus Snow migrated from Kanab to Arizona into a social and economic situation that forced him progressively away from the Church. Although Snow was usually authoritarian in approach, he was a practical leader and when circumstances called for it could follow a democratic course. The first years of his Dixie experience show him best in his role. Still very much the neophyte on that frontier, he conferred frequently with the people, drawing heavily upon their joint wisdom. Then, as he gained in experience and confidence, one sees increasingly the authority of the Mormon leader rather than the democracy of the people.

Missionary and Church leader, Erastus Snow probably influenced a vast part of 19th century Mormondom more than any man save Brigham Young. His life merits the attention given it by Andrew Karl Larson. For those interested in the history of "Zion's Outposts," *The Life of a Missionary and Pioneer* will be of great value. Hopefully, however, it will not be regarded as the last word on Erastus Snow, for his role in the extension of the Kingdom deserves a more interpretive study.

An Irrepressible Conflict

Henry J. Wolfinger

The "Americanization" of Utah for Statehood. By Gustave O. Larson. San Marino, California: The Huntington Library, 1971. 328 pp. $7.50.

A thorough study of Utah's troubled relations with the Federal Government during the last quarter of the nineteenth century has been long overdue. Interest in Utah's pioneer era has dominated historical scholarship, to the neglect of later periods. As a result, Hubert Howe Bancroft's and Orson F. Whitney's lengthy histories of Utah and B. H. Roberts' multi-volume history of the church still must suffice for broad and yet detailed overviews of the 1880's and 1890's. Not only are these works dated, the most recent of them having been published a full forty years ago, but all of them are marked by a strong pro-Mormon bias which leads to a characterization of the period as an era of federal persecution of a defenseless minority group interested solely in the practice of its religious principles. The development of a significant body of new research during the past two decades has demonstrated the need for revising this analysis of the conflict between the Church and the government nationally, and between the Mormon majority and the Gentile minority locally.[1] Unfortunately, Gustave O. Larson's *The "Americanization" of*

[1]Examples of such revisionist scholarship include the following: Klaus J. Hanson's provocative *Quest for Empire* (Michigan State University Press, 1967), which suggested that the Mormons' problems with the government owed more to the Church's exercise of authority in politics and its aspirations to extend the Kingdom of God on earth than to the practice

Utah for Statehood does not provide this needed reexamination. The study is marred by a number of errors of scholarship and an untenable interpretation of the period.

The focus is on the tumultuous 1880's and 1890's, when the government's efforts to "Americanize" Utah reached fruition. The initial chapters of the work sketch territorial-federal relations through the 1870's and analyze the twin issues underlying the protracted conflict between the Church and the government — the practice of polygamy and the Church's domination of civil affairs. In this context Prof. Larson defines his theme of "Americanization":

> It was a demand for undivided loyalty to the United States government, for the acceptance of the country's democratic processes under the Constitution, including the separation of church and state. It was a call for the maintaining of the *practice* as well as the *form* of the divided powers of government, the elective processes, and the establishment of free public schools. In other words, it involved abandonment of certain political, economic, and social peculiarities, including plural marriage. . . .[2]

The core of the study pursues this theme from the 1880's, when the government launched a concerted campaign to suppress polygamy, through Mormon submission to "Americanization" during the early 1890's to the resulting grant of statehood in 1896. It is in this section that Larson develops his thesis that the conflict between the Church and the government was both unnecessary and avoidable. As he puts it, "There is reason to believe that much individual and community suffering would have been avoided had the federal government allowed 'the corrective force of advancing civilization' to operate as it moved in to end Mormon isolation."[3] He suggests that had the government moderated its approach and permitted sufficient time to pass, it could have gained the support of a strong element of monogamous Mormons who would have moved to bring the community into accord with the nation by outlawing the practice of polygamy. But federal zealotry, dictated by popular antipathy towards the Mormons, escalated the conflict between the Church and the government and bred resistance among all sectors of Mormon society. This, according to the author, precluded the possibility of negotiating a settlement of the polygamy question.[4]

This work has definite strengths. The author has consulted a wide range of primary as well as secondary sources, and he has made particularly good use of these materials in those chapters that give an interior view of "the underground" and "the raid." For instance, his chapter on "the 'pen' commun-

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of polygamy; Leonard J. Arrington's definitive *Great Basin Kingdom* (Harvard University Press, 1958), which delineated the breadth of the Church's economic policies while developing the thesis that "the Mormon Question" was based in part on a fundamental antagonism between the American business philosophy of freewheeling competitiveness and the Church's carefully organized system of cooperation; Stanley S. Ivins' and Merrill Hough's articles on the public school controversy (respectively, "Free Schools Come to Utah," *Utah Historical Quarterly*, 22, and "Two School Systems in Conflict: 1867-1890," *ibid.*, 28), which focused attention on an area of Mormon-Gentile cultural conflict; Howard R. Lamar's "Political Patterns in New Mexico and Utah Territories 1850-1900" (*ibid.*, 28), which placed Utah's difficulties with the government within the perspective of the territorial system as a whole.

[2] *The "Americanization" of Utah for Statehood*, p. ix.

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 280.

[4] *Ibid.*, pp. 276-80 and pp. 301-04.

ity" utilizes extensive quotations from a variety of autobiographies, diaries, and autograph albums. The result is a superb piece of social history that evokes the reaction of the "cohabs" to their prison experience and illustrates the sustaining strength of their religious commitment. A fine description of the operations of the Church "underground" is furnished in portions of several other chapters. Here the author succeeds in capturing a sense of the tension that surrounded Church leaders as they sought to fulfill their official duties and yet evade capture and arrest.

But these excellent descriptive sections do not compensate for the failings of scholarship and analysis that mar this study. One such failing that shapes the overall interpretation of the work is Prof. Larson's neglect of the most recent scholarship in his field. Thus, he clings to the older view that President Buchanan's change of policy towards the Mormons in the midst of the Utah War resulted from "a change in public sentiment favoring reconciliation."[5] Norman F. Furniss spent a major portion of one chapter in *The Mormon Conflict* analyzing this change of policy and concluded that it resulted from Congress' failure to support the expedition with additional funds and manpower. Congressional procrastination, according to Furniss, was not due so much to a change in sentiment towards the Mormons as to embroilment in the inter-sectional conflict over slavery.[6] This study is cited in Larson's bibliography, but no use is made of this conclusion, nor is it commented upon. Likewise, Larson attributes to Chief Justice James B. McKean the statement that his divine mission in Utah demanded that he trample under foot any federal or local statutes interfering with his efforts to suppress polygamy. Thomas G. Alexander examined this statement in his study of McKean's judicial career, and though Prof. Larson cites this piece of revisionist scholarship, he apparently has failed to notice its conclusion that the statement was apocryphal, since it contradicted the Chief Justice's judicial rulings and legal philosophy.[7]

There are other errors that more thorough research could have avoided. For example, in discussing the cases of Ammon M. Tenney and four other prominent Arizona Mormons convicted of polygamy before Chief Justice Sumner Howard in December, 1884, Larson states that "they were charged with unlawful cohabitation (a misdemenor [*sic*]) and on conviction were punished for polygamy." From this he concludes that they were "subjected to mock trials" and cites their cases as an instance of the extremes of the anti-polygamy campaign.[8] However, a check of the *Pacific Reporter* would have revealed that the defendants *were charged* with the crime of polygamy, and that their convictions were upheld on two occasions by the Arizona Supreme Court. This is not to conclude, of course, that their trials were necessarily fair. But the author's charge that they received "mock trials" requires at

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[5]*Ibid.*, p. 25.

[6]The *Mormon Conflict 1850-59* (Yale University Press, 1960, pp. 168-75, esp. pp. 174-75.)

[7]Alexander, "Federal Authority versus Polygamic Theocracy: James B. McKean and the Mormons," *Dialogue*, 4 (August, 1966), 98-100, esp. p. 100; *"Americanization" of Utah*, p. 73.

[8]*"Americanization" of Utah*, p. 111.

least an examination of the proceedings and decisions of the Arizona courts in their cases.[9]

As these examples suggest, Prof. Larson's view of the anti-polygamy campaign resembles that of the orthodox accounts of B. H. Roberts and O. F. Whitney. He too deplores and condemns the actions of the federal officials in enforcing the laws. Hence, he repeatedly refers to the anti-polygamy campaign as "the crusade" and to the federal officials who conducted it as "the Utah crusaders." Furthermore, he has little use for the political activities of the Gentile minority. The Liberal party — the political organization of the Gentiles — is described as "a ring" and "the Gentile political clique" which on occasion "screams" for federal legislation or intervention by federal troops. At one point he even asserts that the radical Gentiles "called for the guns of Fort Douglas to be turned on the Endowment House unless its secrets be revealed." Given the near proximity of a number of major Gentile business establishments to Temple Square, on which the Endowment House was located, this call for cannon fire can hardly be taken seriously.[10]

These pejorative references do more than reveal the element of bias. They also produce errors of analysis. As an illustration, Prof. Larson's hostility towards the federal officials causes him to confuse the means which the government employed in enforcing the laws with the ends that it sought to achieve from the anti-polygamy campaign. He states that the government wished to legislate existing polygamous families out of existence and for this reason undertook prosecutions for unlawful cohabitation during the 1880's[11] But the fact that the government ended these prosecutions once the Church pledged not to solemnize further plural marriages belies this claim. Indeed, it cannot be too strongly emphasized that the government's actual aim was to halt the *spread* of plural marriages. It was this goal that in turn required a legal attack on established plural families. Polygamy itself, the offense of marrying more than one woman, was exceptionally difficult to prove. The ceremonies took place in private and no public records were kept. On the other hand, cohabitation, the offense of living with more than one woman as a wife, could be proved easily by public association of the husband and his wives. Moreover, the charge of cohabitation had an added advantage.

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[9]Apparently the source of this charge is the statement of a pro-Mormon witness before a Congressional committee more than four years after the date of the trial; cf. citation no. 40 on p. 112.

Similarly, in discussing the arrest of Apostle George Q. Cannon in late winter of 1886 on charges of unlawful cohabitation, Prof. Larson contends that the sum required for his bond — $45,000 — was "exorbitant" (pp. 110, 149, and 157). This case serves as an illustration of the theme that the federal officers "would sometimes turn prosecution into persecution" (p. 110). No doubt the amount required for Cannon's bond was large, but hardly exorbitant, since it did not prevent him from jumping bail and avoiding trial.

[10]References to "the crusade," "Utah crusaders," etc., can be found on pp. 83, 112, 117, 127, 132, 133, 146, 181, 213, 231, 269, 274, 276, 278, and 299, while references to "the Gentile political clique" and their "screams" for federal intervention are located on pp. 139, 141, 144, 145, 253, and 300. At points the descriptions become even harsher, when the anti-polygamy campaign becomes "carpetbag harassment" (pp. 217 and 302) and members of the Liberal party are noted as "carpetbaggers" (p. 248). The statement relative to turning the guns of Fort Douglas on the Endowment House is contained on p. 83. No source is cited for this statement.

[11]*"Americanization" of Utah*, p. 278.

It could be used against ranking Church officials whose plural marriages fell outside the statute of limitations. This brought pressure directly to bear on those Church leaders who were in a position to decide whether polygamy continued or ceased. Hence, it is not surprising to find that for each polygamist convicted on a charge of polygamy, twenty or more were convicted of cohabitation. The charge of cohabitation was the key to the government's anti-polygamy campaign. Once the campaign had achieved its objective through the issuance of the Manifesto, the federal officials chose to tolerate existing plural marriages and the number of arrests for cohabitation sank almost to the vanishing point.

The author's highly critical attitude toward federal law enforcement reinforces his thesis that the government and the Church could have avoided a major conflict over the polygamy question. Although the manner in which the federal officials enforced the laws undoubtedly did much to augment Mormon opposition, Larson fails to recognize that the more fundamental issue at stake was whether the government should enforce these laws at all. In this respect it is essential to note that Mormon resistance to the anti-polygamy laws, as expressed by "the underground" and the flight of Church leaders to foreign missions, did not develop from the loose construction which the federal courts gave to the charge of cohabitation. Nor did it result from the practice of segregating indictments for cohabitation into a number of separate but equally punishable counts. Even before the evolution of these judicial practices the Church had instructed its polygamous members to evade arrest. The Church's determination to resist the anti-polygamy campaign was evident as soon as the federal officers made it clear that a major effort to enforce the laws was at hand. The mode of enforcing the laws had little to do with this decision. Given this determination, it becomes difficult to discover a route whereby the government and the Church could have arrived at a peaceful settlement of the polygamy question.[12]

In fact, the duration as well as the intensity of the struggle over polygamy suggests that at the root of the problem involved not simply the enforcement of the laws, but an even more fundamental conflict between civil and ecclesiastical authority. On the one hand, the government was determined that the laws be enforced. National sentiment regarded polygamy as a grave breach of the Victorian moral code and demanded its suppression. Moreover,

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[12]In the trial of Angus M. Cannon, May, 1885, Judge Charles S. Zane defined the crime of cohabitation and ruled that proof of sexual relations was not necessary to secure conviction on the charge. The doctrine of "segregation" was first developed in Judge Zane's court the following September. On the other hand, as early as February of that same year instructions were being given polygamists that they should "take time by the forelock and keep out of the way." (Nels Anderson, *Deseret Saints* [University of Chicago Press, 1942], p. 332.) It was apparently the trial of Rudger Clawson that prompted the development of the "underground." In this case the United States Attorney succeeded in purging the jury of all who believed in the rightfulness of polygamy and filling their vacancies through an open venire. This process of eliminating most Mormons from jury panels in polygamy cases opened the door for a large-scale prosecution of polygamists.

It should also be noted, in discussing Mormon resistance to the anti-polygamy laws, that the Church committed its authority against any compliance with the laws. Ecclesiastical discipline was applied to those Mormons who attempted to conform to the requirements of the law. The best known of a number of such cases was that of John Sharp, a prominent Mormon who was deprived of his bishopric for entering a plea of guilty and promising to comply with the laws in the future.

not only did the open and persistent violation of the laws undermine the authority of the government in general, but it threatened to subvert the established structure of society, which was seen as resting on the nuclear family. On the other hand, the practice of polygamy for the Mormons involved the Church's ability to sustain a religious principle commanded by God. Although but a small portion of the Church membership was polygamous, a surrender of any religious principle in the face of outside pressure was bound to challenge the authority of the Church in other fields. Consequently it is not surprising that the Church authorities regarded the anti-polygamy campaign in broad terms as an attack on the Church itself. If one views the polygamy question in these terms — as a classic confrontation between Church and state over their respective spheres of authority — it is hard to accept Prof. Larson's contention that the issue could have been resolved without serious struggle.

Likewise, the local controversy between Mormons and Gentiles may have had deeper implications than the author recognizes. Prof. Larson, like others before him, views the conflict between the Mormon majority and the Gentile minority as "a struggle for local political control."[13] It might be more accurate, however, to suggest that the Gentile aim was full participation, rather than dominance, in local politics. In this respect it is significant to note that the Liberal party, representing the Gentile minority, ended more than twenty years of political activity soon after the Mormons dissolved their People's party and divided along national party lines, with the Church issuing a pledge that it would not dictate to its members in political affairs. If political control was the Gentile aim, as Prof. Larson claims, it was neither promoted nor achieved by the abandonment of the Liberal party and the movement of the Gentiles into the national political parties with their Mormon majorities. Since the People's party had been generally recognized as the Church party, whose policy and leadership were designated by the ecclesiastical authorities, the political realignment of the 1890's suggests that the Gentiles were primarily interested in removing the Church, rather than its members, from politics.

The cleavage between Mormons and Gentiles ran much deeper than politics. Indeed, Prof. Larson's concept of "Americanization" suggests an underlying social and cultural conflict. Yet his analysis of "Americanization" rarely penetrates beneath the surface political controversies with which the 1870's and 1880's were rife. As a result, he does not examine what is perhaps the most striking feature of Utah society during this period: its complete polarization into Mormon and Gentile camps. As noted, local politics presented neither of the national parties and none of the national issues. Mormons gathered into the Church party and Gentiles aligned under the banner of the anti-Church party. Similarly, the territory was divided socially and economically. Mormon Utah was predominantly rural and agrarian. The Gentiles congregated into the territory's urban commercial centers whose

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[13]*"Americanization" of Utah*, pp. viii, 62, 208, and 300-01. Initially Prof. Larson cites Utah's theocratic government as a primary source of Mormon-Gentile conflict. But this issue is given less and less attention in the later sections of the book. It appears that he believes the issue was limited to "an effort during the first two decades in the Great Basin to perpetuate a theocratic government" (p. 299).

focus was the mining industry. Few Mormons could be located in the mining communities that dotted the Utah landscape, and almost no Gentiles could be found in the small towns that dominated the agricultural scene. Two school systems operated within the confines of the territory. Mormon teachers taught Mormon pupils in the public schools, while Gentile teachers instructed Gentile children in private schools, many of which were established by missionary groups. There was also a dual judicial system for the settlement of civil disputes. While the Gentiles utilized the territorial and federal courts, the Mormons obeyed the injunction that "they should not go to law before the ungodly" and turned to ecclesiastical tribunals for the settlement of personal and property disputes. No benevolent, fraternal, or commercial organizations crossed religious lines in Utah. Even national holidays such as the Fourth of July featured separate Mormon and Gentile celebrations.

This polarization is indicative of a wide difference between Mormon and Gentile social philosophies, another aspect that Larson slights through his concentration on politics. The Mormon commonwealth served as both a self-contained refuge from the outside world and the locus for a society that would establish the Kingdom of God on earth. In religious terms the Mormons had fled "Babylon," already staggering under the weight of sin and corruption, to build up "Zion." Zion as such represented a radical social experiment. In examining the political implications of the concept of the Kingdom of God, Klaus J. Hansen stresses that it involved "a political organization intended to prepare the world for a literal, political government in anticipation of Christ's millennium."[14] With considerable force he argues that the theocratic application of this concept was a focal point of conflict between Mormons and Gentiles.

Other sources of friction are revealed in Leonard J. Arrington's detailed treatment of Utah economic history. His study provides insights into the distinctiveness of such Mormon institutions as cooperatives, boards of trade, and United Order communities. He notes that the economic program developed by the Church emphasized insularity, self-sufficiency, and social cohesiveness, in sharp contrast to the Gentile stress on competitive individualism and freewheeling speculation.[15] Although Prof. Larson states that the "Americanization" of the Mormon commonwealth involved "abandonment of certain political, economic, and social peculiarities," his analysis does not grasp the implications of the broader issues raised by the revisionist studies of Hansen and Arrington.

What appears to have distinguished the Mormon-Gentile conflict from other forms of late nineteenth century cultural and ethnic strife was the leading role the Church played within the structure of the Mormon community. Nineteenth century Utah in this respect was no less a theocratic commonwealth than seventeenth century Puritan Massachusetts. The hand of the Church was ever-present and ever-active. It could be seen in the process of expansion and settlement through the use of "mission" calls. It was apparent in the high proportion of key civil posts held by ranking

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[14] *Quest for Empire*, p. x.

[15] *Great Basin Kingdom*, passim.

Church officials. In economic policy it was evident through heavy investment in such municipal enterprises as Salt Lake City's gas works and street railway system, and the mobilization of community resources for the development of the territory's rail and telegraphic networks. The Church even undertook the establishment of basic industries for the production of iron, sugar and cotton. Not only was the authority of the Church a significant factor in promoting the social cohesiveness so necessary for the success of such projects, but its pervasive influence permitted the long-range planning essential for the development of distinctive institutions.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the strife between Mormons and Gentiles, as well as the conflict over polygamy, took the form of an attack on the temporal power of the Church. Both clashes involved the extent and exercise of ecclesiastical authority. Even high-ranking Church officials recognized that the position of the Church and the influence of its leadership was at stake in the struggle. George Q. Cannon, one of the wisest of the Church's statesmen, indicated this in a sermon delivered at the time. He said:

> We know that the fiercest persecution we have passed through in our experience was anterior to the practice of polygamy, was when polygamy was not a doctrine of this Church. Therefore, the hatred that is entertained to-day against this work is not traceable to that doctrine nor to that practice. It is the organization of the Church of God upon the earth. It is the restoration of the Holy Priesthood. It is the authority by which man is bound to man, by the effective bond or union that has been so wonderfully manifest in the history of this people from the commencement until the present time.[16]

Cannon focused on the crux of the issue through his reference to the authority of the priesthood as the essential bond of unity within the Mormon community. On the basis of this authority, characterized as "priestcraft" by the Gentiles, the Church had constructed the programs and institutions that set the Mormon commonwealth apart from the world.

These comments are not meant to deny Prof. Larson's claim that the "Americanization" of Utah involved much community and individual suffering. Enforcement of the anti-polygamy laws was severe, and the federal judiciary did stretch the meaning of the term "cohabitation." Legislation directed at the Mormons was not only harsh and repressive, but in instances reached the limits of constitutionality. All this, however, is a common theme throughout most of the histories of this period. More important, the emphasis on the bitter rhetoric and outright bigotry so apparent in the struggle to "Americanize" Utah serves to produce the conclusion, implicit in Prof. Larson's work, that few if any fundamental issues were involved in "the Mormon Question." To accept such a conclusion is to write off much of Utah's history as a vain exercise of passions or as a study in human irrationality. Perhaps the time has come to accept the contemporary statements that "the Mormon Question" involved such issues as the cohesiveness of the Mormon community and the authority of the Church over its membership in both temporal and spiritual affairs. Such a perspective promises to provide historians with a vantage point for evaluating the broader social changes that resulted from the "Americanization" of Utah.

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[16] *Journal of Discourses*, xxiv, 362.

AMONG THE MORMONS
A Survey of Current Literature

Edited by Ralph W. Hansen

Take things as you find them.
Vincent Lean, *Collectanea.*

Had Brigham Young adhered to Sam Brannan's advice and settled in California, San Francisco might have become the Mecca of Mormonism. Young stopped in the Great Salt Lake Valley and San Francisco had to be content with lesser glories. However, California did produce a number of interesting Mormon-related books, pamphlets, and broadsides. A list of these works, as they appear in Clifford Merrill Drury's *California Imprints, 1846-1878 Pertaining to Social, Educational, and Religious Subjects* (privately printed for the author, 1970, is printed below for the reader's edification. Those interested in the location of the works should consult Drury's volume.

MONTGOMERY, JOHN [1794-1873]

A proclamation to the inhabitants of the northern district of California, September 15, 1846. San Francisco: Printed by Samuel Brannan, 1846. Broadside.

In English and Spanish forbidding the holding of Indians as slaves.

Printed by the leader of the Mormon colony, this work is among the earliest extant publications in California under United States sovereignty.

[ANONYMOUS]

California. Its past history; its present position, its future prospects. London: 1850. 52 pp.

Contains a description of the Mormon settlements in California.

SLATER, NELSON [1805-1886]

Fruits of Mormonism, or a fair and candid statement of facts illustrative of Mormon principles, Mormon policy, and Mormon character, by more than forty-five eye-witnesses. Coloma: Harmon and Springer, 1851. 94pp.

Slater, a graduate of Auburn Theological Seminary in 1834, settled in Sacramento in 1851 where he was engaged in teaching and preaching. This book, critical of Mormonism, contains information secured from emigrants who had been obliged to spend a winter in Salt Lake City en route to California.

PRATT, PARLEY PARKER [1807-1857]

Proclamación extraordinaria! para los americanos españoles. Por Parley P. Pratt, apóstol de la iglesia de Jesu Christo, de los Postiros Dios [*sic*] Santos. Read, preserve, and send this book to your neighbor. . . San Francisco: Monson, Haswell and Co., 1852. 18pp.

JOHNSON, BENJAMIN E.

Why the Latter Day Saints marry a plurality of wives. A glance at Scripture and reason, in answer to an attack through the *Polynesian* upon the Saints for polygamy. San Francisco; Printed at the Excelsior Printing Office, 1854. 22pp.

The *Polynesian* was a paper published in Hawaii by missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

[PRATT, PARLEY PARKER, (1807-1857)]

Repent: Ye people of California: for, know assuredly, the Kingdom of God has come nigh unto you. [San Francisco: 1854]. Broadside.

MORMON, BOOK OF

Ka buke a Moramona: he mooolelo i kakauia e ka lima o Moramona. . . San Francisco: Paiia e G. P. Pukuniski, 1855. 520pp.

A translation of the Book of Mormon into the Hawaiian language.

CHURCH OF THE LATTER DAY SAINTS

Mormon politics and policy. Political and judicial acts of the Mormon authorities in San Bernardino, California. Proceedings of public meetings to counteract the influence of Mormon doctrine as taught to the Indians. . . Published . . . by the Order of United Independent Democrats, of the County of San Bernardino. . . Los Angeles: Printed at the Office of El Clamor Público, Francisco P. Ramírez and Co., Printers, 1856. 8pp.

WESTERN STANDARD

San Francisco: 1856-57. Published by Elder George Q. Cannon of the Latter-Day Saints. A book containing extracts of this publication appeared in Liverpool, England, in 1864. Cannon was also the translator of the Book of Mormon into the Hawaiian language.

HIGBIE, ALFRED [1814-1901]

Polygamy versus Christianity. A discourse against polygamy and baptism for the dead, delivered at Watsonville, June 14, 1857, by Rev. Alfred Higbie of Santa Cruz, California. San Francisco: B. F. Sterett, 1857, 29pp.

DYKES, G. PARKER

To the Saints on the Pacific Slope. [Sacramento?]: [1863?]. 16pp.

[ANONYMOUS]

Address to the Saints in Utah. Polygamy proven an abomination by Holy Writ. Is Brigham Young president of the Church, or is he not. San Francisco: Turnbull and Smith, 1864. 48pp.

DYKES, G. PARKER

A catechism for the children of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in California. . . San Francisco: published by G. P. Dykes, Turnbull, and Smith, printers, 1864. 83pp.

MERRYWEATHER, FREDERICK SOMNER [1827-1900]

From England to California. Life among the Mormons and Indians. The experience and observations of the author during a period of eight years; giving the most thrilling account of the murders in Utah and the massacres on the overland line by the Indians; together with some very amusing scenes connected with Indian life. Sacramento: J.A. Wilson, publisher [1868]. 146pp.

TODD, JOHN [1800-1873]

The sunset land; or, the great Pacific slope. By Rev. . . . Boston: Lee and Shepard, 1870. 322pp.

Contains some references to the Mormons.

GRAHAM, MARTHA MORGAN [b. 1825]

The polygamist's victim; or, the life experiences of the author during six years residence among the Mormon saints. San Francisco: 1872. 72pp.

STENHOUSE, FANNY (Mrs. T.B.H.) [b. 1849]

Tell it all. The story of a life's experiences in Mormonism. San Francisco: A.L. Bancroft and Co., 1874. 623pp.

This book was also published in Hartford, Connecticut, and in Chicago, Illinois.

GRAHAM, MARTHA MORGAN [b. 1825]

An interesting life history of. . . San Francisco: Co-operative Printing Union, 1875. 67pp.

Mrs. Graham spent six years among the Mormons in Utah.

The following theses are taken from commencement programs of the three Utah universities, as are some of the dissertations. Additional dissertations from non-Utah institutions were located through the monthly issues of *Dissertation Abstracts International.*

DISSERTATIONS

Allen, John Edward. "A Survey of Third Grade Reading in the State of Utah." University of Utah, 1970.

Allen, Joseph L. "A Collative Study of the Life of Quetzacoatl, the Feathered-Serpent God of the Ancient Mexicans, with Jesus Christ, the God of the Nephites." Brigham Young University, 1970.

Barrows, Frank B. "A Study of Vocational Education in a Comprehensive High School with Recommendations for Vocational Education and Educational Specifications for Industrial Education at East High School, Salt Lake City, Utah." Utah State University, 1970.

Barrus, George Stanton. "Differences Between Two Matched Groups of Ten Superior Non-Metropolitan Utah Newspapers and Ten Low-Rated Non-Metropolitan Utah Newspapers: 47 Hypothesis." University of Iowa, 1970.

Brewster, Blair Hayes. "A Study of Absentee Patterns and Utilization of Sick Leave by Teachers in Granite School District." University of Utah, 1970.

Carr, Duane Slocum, Sr. "Post High School Plans of Utah's High School Graduates for the Years 1966, 1967, and 1969." University of Utah, 1970. (To no one's surprise, 84% intend to go to some kind of post high school education.)

Christensen, James Wesley. "An Historical and Descriptive Study of the Development of Teacher Selection and Teacher Education in the Department of Seminaries and Institutes of Religion in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints." Utah State University, 1970.

Christenson, Robert A. "The Effect of Reward and Expert Power on the Distribution of Influence in Mormon Couples." Brigham Young University, 1970.

Coates, Lawrence George. "A History of Indian Education by the Mormons, 1830-1900." Ball State University, 1969.

Conrad, Robert James. "A Study of the Relationship Between Lesson Planning and Teacher Behavior in the Secondary Classroom." University of Utah, 1970.

Day, Robert Church. "Perceptions of the Elementary School Principal's Role in Selected Areas of School Administration and Collective Negotiations in Utah." Utah State University, 1970.

DiLorenzo, Joseph. "A Comparison of Current and Model Special Education Programs in the School Districts of Utah as Seen by School Superintendents." Brigham Young University, 1970.

Dunford, C. Kent. "The Contributions of George A. Smith to the Establishment of the Mormon Society in the Territory of Utah." Brigham Young University, 1970.

Eldredge, Joseph Lloyd. "Staff and Parent Orientation to the Non-graded School Concept." University of Utah, 1970.

Flake, Lawrence Read. "The Development of the *Juvenile Instructor* under George Q. Cannon and Its Roles in Latter-day Saint Religious Education." Brigham Young University, 1970.

Fowler, Delbert Hugh. "The Relationship of the Advanced Placement Program in the Salt Lake City High Schools of Highland, South and West to College Achievement at the University of Utah." University of Utah, 1970.

Gleave, Ray Haun. "A Study of the Factors Affecting LDS Institute Enrollment Among Students from Homes of Parents Who Are Active in the LDS Church." Brigham Young University, 1970.

Handley, David Thatcher. "A Forecast and Analysis of Educational Events Identified by Utah Educators." Utah State University, 1970.

Hanson, Robert Neldon. "A Survey of Sixth Grade Students' Reactions to Selected Situations Involving Certain Elements of Civil Rights." Utah State University, 1970.

Jack, Ronald Collett. "Utah Territorial Politics: 1847-1876." University of Utah, 1970. "There is ample support for the conclusion that the Mormon Church controlled politics in Utah in the period 1847-1876."

Johnson, Darrell Lynn. "The Relationship of Open-Mindedness of Student Teachers at the University of Utah and Selected Elementary and Secondary Teachers in Granite School District to Selected Variables." University of Utah, 1970.

Lefevor, Paul Harold. "The Secondary School Principal's Role in Professional Negotiations as Perceived by Representatives of Utah's Educational Enterprise." Utah State University, 1970.

Moore, Harvey D. "The Study of Adult Education in Carbon County." University of Utah, 1970.

Munson, Voyle L. "An Analysis of Selected Public School Finance Legislation Considered by the Utah State Legislature During the Period 1961-1970." Brigham Young University, 1970.

Nielson, Joseph Lynn. "A Comparative Survey of Student Attitudes in Conventional and Modular Senior High Schools in Utah." University of Utah, 1970.

Palmer, Jarvis Page, "An Appraisal of Music Programs in the Public Schools of Utah." Utah State University, 1969.

Pettersson, Carl E. "A Comparison of the Opinions on Critical Issues in Education by Members of the Utah State Legislature and a Selected Jury of Educators." University of Utah, 1970.

Reeder, Clarence A., Jr. "History of Railroads in Utah, 1869 to 1883." University of Utah, 1970.

Robinson, Phileon Benjamin, Jr. "Differentiating Socio-Cultural Characteristics of Senior Citizen Participants in Adult Education Activities in Utah County, Utah." The University of Nebraska, 1970.

Salisbury, Charles D. "A Study of the Factors Determining Attendance, Non-attendance, and Recruitment of Representative LDS College Students During 1967-68." Brigham Young University, 1970.

Stratopoulos, Irene Chachas. "The Advanced Placement English Program in Salt Lake and Granite School Districts." University of Utah, 1970.

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Mormon Americana at the Huntington Library

Peter Crawley

One of the most magnificent collections of books and manuscripts pertaining to English and American history and literature is housed in the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery, a privately endowed institution in San Marino, California that, in addition to the library, includes an art gallery specializing in eighteenth century British painting and extensive botanical gardens. The Library is primarily for scholarly research; its holdings are available to qualified scholars, but not for genealogical purposes.

The Mormon collection, a part of a vast assemblage of books and manuscripts relating to the American West, really began to grow with the purchase of the John D. Lee diaries in 1929. Since then the Library has vigorously acquired Mormon material, particularly that dealing with the Utah Church because of its involvement in Western history.

The guiding spirit behind the Mormon collection has been Leslie E. Bliss, formerly the librarian and more recently field representative for the Library until he retired two years ago. All who have searched the Intermountain West for Mormon Americana know well Leslie Bliss' skill as a book hunter. Ten years ago, for example, Mr. Bliss sniffed out a collection of more than 15,000 books and periodicals dealing with the Mormons that was stored in a sodhouse outside of Ogden, and succeeded in coaxing the entire lot to San Marino. This single acquisition provided many of the Huntington's most important Mormon books, and subsequently its cost was almost completely recovered from the sale of the duplicates! (The collector can recognize a duplicate from this collection by the "N" penciled on the flyleaf or title page of the book.)

A first edition of the *Book of Mormon* with the four-page index and Henry Wagner's copy of the *Book of Commandments* (1833) appear in the Huntington's extensive collection of editions of the "standard works" that includes virtually all of the major editions. The Library has complete sets of the principal pre-Utah periodicals, in the originals, highlighted by one of two known complete files of the Independence edition of *The Evening and the Morning Star.* Utah era newspapers include substantial files of the *Deseret News, The Mountaineer* and *The Mormon,* as well as complete files of the more common periodicals such as the *Millennial Star* and *Journal of Discourses.* As a general rule, almost all of the important periodicals relating to the Utah Church are available either in the original or on microfilm. And although the Huntington is strongest in materials related to Utah Mormonism, there are noteworthy items pertaining to other restoration churches, e.g. the only known complete file of the Brewsterite *The Olive Branch.*

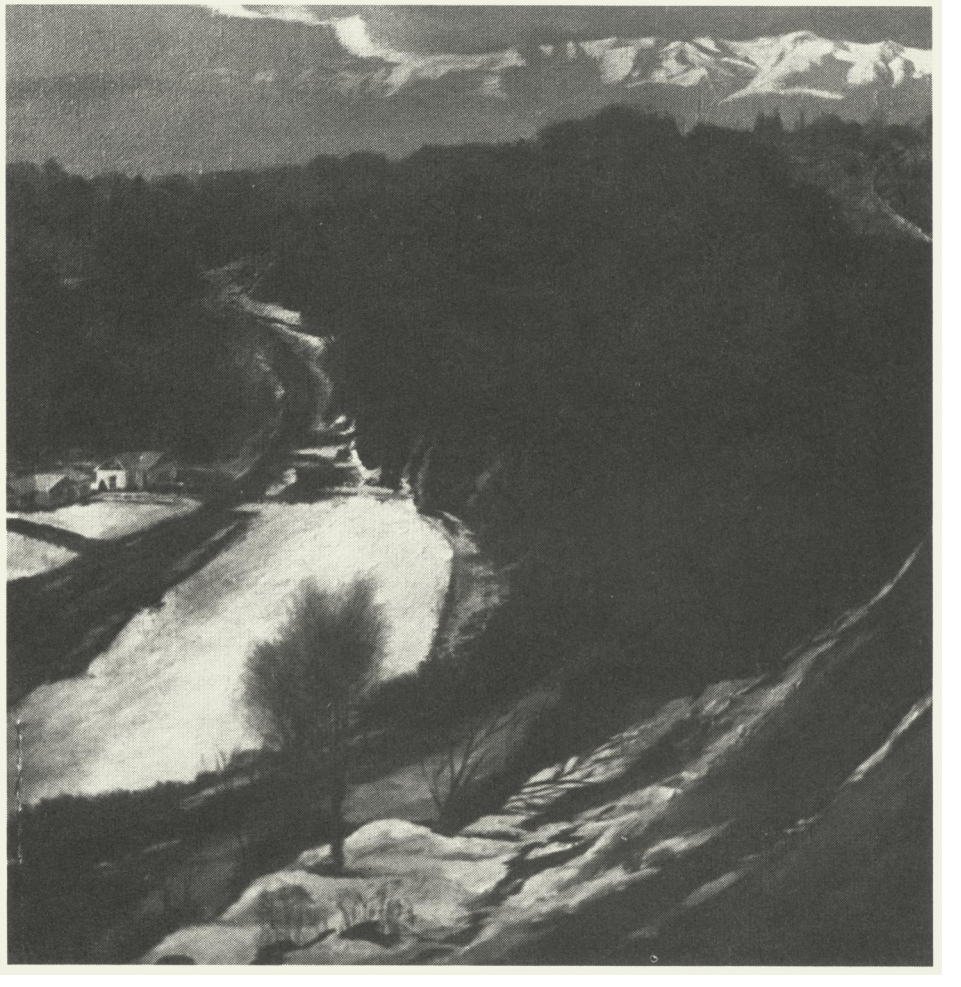
The Library advertises that in the field of Western Americana it "has the great majority of all the rare books needed for research purposes"; and this probably remains true when specialized to the Mormons. The connoisseur of rare Mormoniana delights in finding among the Huntington holdings such items as John Taylor's *A short account of the murders, roberies [!], burnings, thefts, and outrages committed . . . upon the Latter Day Saints . . .* [Springfield, 1839]; Robert B. Thompson's *Journal of Heber C. Kimball . . .* (Nauvoo, 1840); *Mormonism dissected, or, knavery "on two sticks," . . .* (Bethania, Pa., 1841); E. G. Lee's *The Mormons, or, knavery exposed . . .* (Frankford, Pa., 1841); Parley P. Pratt's *An appeal to the inhabitants of the state of New York . . .* (Nauvoo, 1844); *Correspondence between Joseph Smith, the prophet, and Col. John Wentworth . . .* (New York, 1844); *Americans, read!!! Gen. Joseph Smith's views of the powers and policy of the government of the United States . . .* (New York, 1844); George T.M. Davis' *An authentic account of the massacre of Joseph Smith . . .* (St. Louis, 1844); Joseph H. Jackson's *The adventures and experiences of Joseph H. Jackson; disclosing the depths of Mormon villany [!] practiced in Nauvoo* (Warsaw, 1846); William Clayton's *The Latter-day Saints' emigrants' guide . . .* (St. Louis, 1848); Catherine Lewis' *Narrative of some of the proceedings of the Mormons . . . the mode of endowment, plurality of wives, &c, &c* (Linn, Mass., 1848); *Constitution of the State of Deseret . . .* (Kanesville, 1849); and Parley P. Pratt's *Proclamation extraordinary! To the Spanish Americans . . .* (San Francisco, 1852).

Among the original manuscripts are a group of Lewis C. and Emma Smith Bidamon papers, a Henry W. Bigler journal, the Jacob Boreman papers, the Oliver Cowdery letterbook, Oliver Cowdery's justice of the peace docket, a group of William H. Dame papers, the Lee diaries and letters, a diary of Rachel Lee, the transcripts of the trials of John D. Lee, the pleadings in two Jackson County damage suits brought by Edward Partridge and W.W. Phelps, "The Original Reed Peck Manuscript," Eliza R. Snow's overland diaries, and letters of Joseph Smith, Brigham Young and other Church leaders.

Of perhaps greater value for the research historian is the Huntington Library's collection of photostats, microfilms and typescripts of Mormon

diaries and journals, the finest such collection outside of Utah. Here some one hundred and forty diaries and journals are collected, including those of Christopher J. Arthur, Joseph S. Black, James G. Bleak, George W. Brimhall, Lorenzo Brown, Archibald Gardner, Isaac C. Haight, Thales Haskell, Jacob Hamblin, Joseph L. Heywood, Norton Jacob, Thomas L. Kane, George Laub, David Lewis, Amasa Lyman, Wandle Mace, John D. T. McAllister, Priddy Meeks, Reuben Miller, L. John Nuttall, James Pace, Addison Pratt, John Pulsipher, Samuel W. Richards, Eliza Partridge Smith Lyman, George A. Smith, Erastus Snow, Allen J. Stout, Hosea Stout, Charles L. Walker and John M. Whitaker. Again the bulk of this material deals with the Utah period.

All in all, the Huntington Library's Mormon collection is one of a half dozen great such collections, and any serious study of the Mormons, particularly in Utah, should involve its holdings. The Library is open for research purposes throughout the year, six days a week. Those wishing to use it should apply for a reader's card by writing to: Head, Department of Reader Services, Huntington Library, San Marino, California 91108.



NOTES AND COMMENTS

Edited by Louis Midgley

War and Peace

A. C. Lambert

The following material appeared as Lesson 44 in an interesting though today little known book entitled FOUNDATIONS OF RELIGIOUS LIFE: FIRST COURSE IN THE RESTORED GOSPEL, *"a text for the Freshman Course in Religious Education in Church Institutions at the College Level," by A. C. Lambert (Provo: Brigham Young University, 1938). It is interesting to contrast this lesson, part of every B.Y.U. freshman's curriculum in 1938, with recent events. Lambert's statement that "so long as curriculum makers give practically no place to the facts and the immorality of war in the organized courses in public and private schools, the solution of war will remain . . . far away," seems particularly significant in the light of recent events. It is interesting to contrast Lambert's suggestion that college men and women should search out the historical, sociological, psychological and economic causes of war, and his decrying the lack of such courses in the academic curriculum, with the public furor that arose not yet two years ago when many institutions underwent a "reconstitution" of their courses to study just such factors in response to Presidential expansion of the Indochinese war. Many faculty and administrations throughout the country came under extreme censure for following a course quite similar to the one recommended to the youth of the Church in 1938. That those recommendations were not superficial is evidenced by the readings recommended at the end of the lesson's text, which are also reproduced here.*

One of mankind's great social, political, and moral problems is war. The constant menace of war keeps the minds of thinking men disturbed and grieved. More than any other thing, war destroys wealth, art, culture, morals, and happiness.

In times of war practically every humanitarian sentiment and every moral code except the military law is set aside. In war man reverts to the most primitive motives, passions, and acts with which he is cursed. War destroys life itself. War destroys economic security. And above all war destroys the things of the spirit — the things that really have brought man his short but significant distance from savagery and barbarism.

Despite the age-long parade of military heroes, despite the glitter and glamour with which its exponents have surrounded militarism, despite the powerful propaganda of modern military leaders, despite the noble and stirring emotions that influence the hearts of common men under the threat of aggression and the throb of war drums, there is still no glory in war. War is savage, cruel, bloody, destructive.

Are we in fact forced to conclude that war is an inevitable evil, an uncontrollable social disease? Determined men found ways to abolish human slavery. In the face of tremendous opposition, the democratic way of life

was found and established. Intelligent and courageous men likewise found the causes and cures of smallpox, bubonic plague, and yellow fever. Courageous societies and governments have made the use of vaccines and serums compulsory. The causes and cures of these physical diseases were taught systematically to each generation of children who in turn became the parents of a succeeding generation. These illustrations show that evils and fears that once were thought to be permanent and unconquerable scourges of mankind have been conquered. Perhaps the same thing may become true of war.

While war as a disease is different from smallpox, there are sound reasons for believing that the same instruments which fundamentally solved the problems of smallpox and slavery can be made to solve the problems of war. Those instruments are (1) intelligence, (2) moral insight, and (3) moral courage.

The first question to decide is whether aggressive war is ever to be approved. And that question can not be left much longer solely to the old men in societies. Neither can such a question be left to the militaristic groups in society whose profession, livelihood, glory, and emotional traditions center about war.

The fundamental morality or immorality of war must be examined at every period and every stage in the education of youth. Serious and direct consideration of war is equally as important in the religious, social, and secular education of youth as is consideration, for example, of the Songs of Solomon, the immaculate conception, the multiplication table, the Ride of Paul Revere, the nature of positive and negative numbers, the proper ritual for worship, the geologic age of the earth, the plot of "As You Like It," the conjugation of verbs, or the metamorphosis of butterflies. The utterly silly sense of relative values displayed at times in the formulation of curricula in schools of all grades invites man in his sadder moods almost to despair of human intelligence.

So long as the true facts of war are never revealed[1] and are never taught, so long as the news of war is always rigorously censored and modified by the military authorities, so long as war remains glorified in the history books that go into schools and colleges, and so long as curriculum makers give practically no place to the facts and the immorality of war in the organized courses in public and private schools, the solution of war will remain as far away as was the solution of smallpox prior to the deliberate teaching of the germ theory of disease in all civilized nations. If it is ever to be solved, men must first of all be willing to *study* systematically this monstrous thing called war.

In every nation college men and women are in the most favored position of any large group to find out the causes of war from searching study of history, sociology, psychology, and economics. And yet one may search university catalogues for days before he will find a place where intelligent and courageous scholars offer even two-hour courses in the causes, history, and effects of war.

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[1]Definite proof of how facts are suppressed, distorted, and manufactured in the news of war is contained, for example, in Will Irwin's striking volume, *Propaganda and the News.*

Until mankind actually tries out the method of studying seriously such problems as (1) relative frequency of war in agrarian and industrial societies, (2) population pressures, food supply, and war, (3) war and profits, (4) the stimulative effects of war upon "prosperity," (5) propaganda, munition manufacture, and war, (6) chemistry and war, (7) international non-co-operation and war, (8) diplomats and war, there is no ground for the doctrine that war cannot be solved.

When one considers the length of time during which churches and religious leaders of all creeds and denominations have preached the peace ideal, he is tempted to wonder how long it will still be before religious groups, in addition to all their other activities toward peace, may come to believe that it is appropriate and necessary to have the facts of war and the causes of war studied in churches and schools with the same vigor and depth that characterize our study of the effects of narcotics and stimulants. Religious leaders with other leaders must insist that the causes and facts of war shall be studied in the school of the land as systematically, as extensively, and as vigorously as are the facts and causes of personal physical disease. Not to promote this prolonged and systematic study of war would be to fail to do the things that are already within man's power to make peace a real thing instead of a mere ideal.

Men can not continue simply to pray for peace, they must *do* something for peace, and do it on a large and effective scale. To promote serious, systematic, extensive education about war is to use one effective instrument that man already possesses but does not yet use extensively.

The true facts of war are never pleasant. The true facts of war are never popular with those who prosecute war, whether militaristic groups or individuals. But it is possible to become informed about what happens to persons, resources, and the human spirit under "modern" warfare. The bibliography attached to this lesson will provide the uninformed student with at least an introduction to the facts about war.

The question of whether war should ever be declared without a popular referendum has often been argued. While this is an important question, it can not be discussed in the short space available in this manual. This lesson has to be devoted essentially to making college students early in their student days aware of the great problem of war. But a recent *summary* of the pro's and con's of war referendum can be read on page seven of the *Literary Digest* for January 1, 1938. Additional information can be found in the sources included at the end of this lesson.

While, at this writing, this nation is at peace and is attempting to maintain neutrality, the menace of war can not be shut from our minds. On January 28, 1938, in a message to Congress the President of the United States said,

> "We, as a peaceful nation, cannot and will not abandon active search for an agreement among the nations to limit armaments and end aggression.
>
> * * * * *
>
> But it is clear that until such an agreement is reached — and I have not given up hope of it — we are compelled to think of our own national safety.
>
> * * * * *

It is an ominous fact that at least one-fourth of the world's population is involved in merciless, devastating conflict in spite of the fact that most people in most countries, including those where conflict rages, wish to live at peace.

* * * * *

As commander in chief of the army and navy of the United States it is my constitutional duty to report to the congress that our national defense is, in the light of increasing armaments of other nations, inadequate for purposes of national security and requires increase for that reason.

* * * * *

I believe that the time has come for the congress to enact legislation aimed at the prevention of profiteering in time of war and the equalization of the burdens of possible war.

* * * * *

It is our duty to further every effort toward peace, but at the same time to protect our nation. That is the purpose of these recommendations. Such protection is and will be based not on aggression, but on defense."

Students who subscribe to the teachings of Jesus, the Prince of Peace, must above all other students take over seriously the responsibility of studying the causes, effects, and cures of war at the same time that they teach and preach the gospel of "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

Cut deep in marble in the third panel of the north inside wall of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D. C., that contains Lincoln's second inaugural address are these words, "Fondly do we hope — fervently do we pray — that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away." Those vivid words voice a prayer that should rise each day to the lips of every man.

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A Godlike Potential

John Hale Gardner

The words poured over the heads of graduates often are not worthy of being preserved in print. There are exceptions. Printed below is a rare but worthy graduation speech. It was originally delivered as a "Charge to the Graduates" at Brigham Young University Graduate Convocation, 21 August 1970.

I have been asked to give the charge to the graduates. This demands that I shall strive to indicate to you what is important and what has significance for you above all else.

I can quickly tell you the answer. What is important to you is what you enjoy. I can tell you more about your character and your destiny from a knowledge of what pleasures you seek, what brings joy to your heart, than any other information you can provide. For man is that he might have joy; and it is within God's power to cloak your eternal uncreated, indestructible will with that physical body, that biological sensor and computer for a brain, and provide you with that environment which will bring you the joy for which you strive. And I assert that he has done just that. Man *is* in very fact, here and now, that he might have joy.

Why then do we see everywhere about us anger, frustration, sorrow, and despair? Is there not a paradox here? Man is that he might have joy. Why then do we see so little of it? Has God failed us? We must of necessity answer this in the negative. God's work is perfect. The answer to the paradox is to be found in the nature of man.

Jesus, in the Parable of the Talents, describes a situation in which men are given money and are expected to produce in proportion to the amount given — the man who has given five talents was expected to return ten, he who was given two talents to return four, and so on. The Saviour compared the Kingdom of Heaven to this situation. The parable clearly was intended to express the fact that this same expectation applies to one's spiritual stature. One's character is not expected to remain static but to develop in proportion to one's present endowments. But is this an expectation for this life only? Joseph Smith has stated otherwise. This is an eternal law,

the law of eternal progression. And only a mathematician or a prophet can divine what this implies. It implies to the mathematician exponential growth; it implies to a prophet that a man in a relatively short time may become so vastly superior to his present state that to other men he would be regarded as a God. Hence, we begin to understand the very difficult 82nd Psalm, 6th verse, "I have said, ye are gods; and all of you are children of the Most High."

We discover in the parable of the talents a fundamental characteristic of man, most revelatory of his nature: A godlike potential stemming from his capacity to grow in proportion to his stature. A most remarkable and awesome suggestion of the validity of this principle is found in Hubble's law of the recession of the galaxies, the most important astronomical discovery since Isaac Newton's discovery of the universal law of gravitation. According to Hubble's law, the galaxies are receding from one another at a rate proportional to their separations. If this law is taken as an exact law of the universe it translates mathematically into the law of exponential growth for the universe, the exponentially expanding universe in complete harmony with the Parable of the Talents to which the Savior likened the Kingdom of Heaven.

But here we are perhaps reaching too far beyond what can readily be understood by man with his finite understanding and in the light of present scientific knowledge. Let us return to the problem of what is important to you as graduates, namely what gives you joy. We live in a time when men's hearts fail them and gloom and despair are everywhere about us. We are trying to understand this in view of God's purpose for man. With our un-

derstanding of man as an eternal exponentially-growing being we realize that what is important is not the joy of a moment of time, but rather a joy of cosmic proportion. In this we are reminded of Joseph Smith's passionate appeal in Liberty jail, "O God, where art thou? And where is the pavilion that covereth thy hiding place? How long shall thy hand be stayed, and thine eye, yea thy pure eye, behold from the eternal heavens the wrongs of thy people and of thy servants, and thine ears be penetrated with their cries? Yea, O Lord, how long shall they suffer these wrongs and unlawful oppressions, before thy heart shall be softened towards them, and thy bowels be moved to compassion toward them?"

And the Lord's answer: "My son, peace be unto thy soul; thine adversity and thine afflictions shall be but a small moment; and then, if thou endure it well, God shall exalt thee on high; thou shalt triumph over all thy foes. . . ."

Evil in the form of oppression, war, hypocrisy, deceit, poverty, racism, etc. is not new to this generation. Furthermore, it is likely that these evils will have to be faced by generations yet unborn, regardless of the accomplishments or failures of the present generation. Times of great tumult, of great troubles and trials are indeed difficult to bear. But they also bring great challenge, and they produce great men and great women and bring ultimately great joy to those who triumph.

The tragedy of many of your generation is their lack of philosophy to give them perspective, to calm their spirits and temper their actions, to bring peace to their souls. Your generation yearns for individuality, for fulfillment of self, perhaps more than any other generation. But consider Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. They were faced with an impossible choice: They were commanded not to partake of the tree of knowledge but also they were commanded to multiply and replenish the earth, two commandments which were, in the light of modern scripture, mutually exclusive. They were faced with a dilemma. To partake or not to partake, that was the question. By placing them in this dilemma God gave them their freedom. They had to make their own choice. Inaction would have been a free choice just as much as was the act they choose. According to the knowledge they possessed no choice they could make could please God. They had to please themselves. They had no way of escape from their freedom. You, as the heirs of Adam and Eve can likewise not escape your freedom. Your choices are your own and the choices you make will make you. From this comes the tremendous variety, the fascination, the exciting challenge of life. Out of this you acquire your uniqueness as an individual. That is why what is most important to you is what gives you pleasure.

My greatest pleasures come from mastering a new skill, coming upon a new concept, perceiving a new relationship, gaining mastery of a difficult situation, rising to a challenge. Among my most sublime moments are those when I see one of my children's or my student's eyes light up with a new discovery. Growth and life are synonymous. When growth ceases decay sets in and death ensues. This earth was created and you were placed upon it in a condition to foster growth because it is God's intent to provide for your growth in that which brings you joy. And that growth is individual and characteristic of you since you are free. You are creating, by your choices,

your own future, which, though constrained and disciplined by universal law, is nonetheless determined by your willingness to persevere in the pursuit of your heart's desire. Though you may be confronted with seemingly insurmountable difficulties, frustrations, and harassments, and though you may at times feel that the Lord has abandoned you, you can have peace in your heart, for your suffering is for but a small moment, and if you endure it well how great will be your joy.

You graduates here today are perhaps unique in all the world because of the philosophy you have that is not shared by others of your generation. Because of your knowledge of your nature and your vision of the greatness of your possibilities, you will influence the course of human history in far greater proportion than your numbers would suggest. You are the light of the world. The torch is yours, bear it well.

Foolsmate

Gordon C. Thomasson

the time has come
the walrus said
to speak of many things
. . . of cabbages and kings

Some Mormon Theologians hold that Joseph Smith had a plan for world government and that he believed that, as President of the Church and Prophet, he was the only legitimate and rightful ruler of this world. To this end, they maintain, Joseph Smith had himself crowned "king on earth" and then set about to organize a political Kingdom of God on earth. Gordon C. Thomasson offers comfort for those who are shocked to learn that there actually are reports from Nauvoo that Joseph Smith was annointed "king." Thomasson takes issue with Klaus Hansen (DIALOGUE, *6 [Spring 1971], 73-76) who feels that James Strang's "dreams of empire" were an outgrowth of similar desires in Joseph Smith. Thomasson suggests that the temple ordinances provide the factual basis for the stories about Joseph Smith's supposed earthly kingship and a point from which to begin to understand the Mormon concept of the Kingdom of God.*

Klaus J. Hansen's review of Doyle L. Fitzpatrick's *The King Strang Story: A Vindication of James J. Strang, the Beaver Island King* in the Spring 1971 *Dialogue* is the latest manifestation of a currently popular scholarly perspective on Mormonism which is most easily recognized by its emphasis on "the political kingdom of God." The works of Hansen, Hyrum Andrus, and others illustrate this view. Seldom have so many individuals from so many isolated and otherwise antagonistic "camps" of Mormon scholarship shown such agreement in their interpretation of our tradition. The last decade has seen a number of highly influential studies which depend on assumptions about the existence of a political kingdom of God.

Since Hansen began his review with a note on the place of amateurs in scholarship I would seek to justify my entering the debate by recalling Hugh Nibley's oft-cited example of how illiterate Bedouin boys could explain the function of Qumran artifacts which had stumped the professional archaeologists. Everyone can play the game. Nevertheless, by the time an entire

"school" of historical interpretation has evolved and gained acceptance it takes a certain degree of foolhardiness to suggest there is a flaw in its foundation, or to point out that the "emperor" has no clothes on after all.

Without seeking to defend Fitzpatrick, I must reject the parallel offered by Hansen between James J. Strang and Joseph Smith which he presents in criticism of Fitzpatrick's work. Hansen's suggestion that it is impossible "to understand Mormonism" without considering James J. Strang's regal pretensions is questionable.[1] I would suggest, to the contrary, that it is impossible to accept current theories about the "political kingdom of God," without first making some rather questionable *interpretations* of certain "facts."

It is a fact that in Nauvoo rumors were spread that Joseph Smith had been "annointed" or "crowned" a "king." Coincidentally, it was also well-known that Joseph Smith was the Mayor, Lieutenant-General of a Militia of 5,000 men, an announced candidate for the Presidency of the United States, and Prophet and President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. All that together makes quite a juicy set of "facts" which can easily be employed in constructing a rather confused and fantastic picture of events in Nauvoo. The whole business has been carried to incredible extremes. The scholars, who accept in a wholly uncritical manner and at face value the rumors about Joseph Smith having himself crowned "king on earth," are victims of the same misperception of facts as was James Strang. Strang, as is well-known, did actually have himself crowned king on Beaver Island. Likewise, many of the Saints formed their expectations about the role of the Church on the basis of rumors and misunderstandings of doctrines (as some political cultists still do today), and now a current generation of scholars holds that the "annointing" of Joseph Smith as "king" is the key to understanding Mormonism, for that event they say, was part of the inauguration of a "political kingdom of God"!

It would be naive to assert that the Saints have not engaged in politics. Events such as those in Nauvoo, Joseph's candidacy for President, and the State of Deseret can be explained, however, as more or less necessary attempts at political self-defense and survival. The Saints learned painful political lessons in Missouri. Much of the subsequent political behavior of the leaders of the Church can be explained by the same categories that are applicable to other American political minority group behavior; it is not necessary to have recourse to an hypothetical political kingdom of God to understand Church involvement in politics.[2]

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[1]Hansen asserts "that it is as impossible to understand Strang without the larger Mormon context as it is to understand Mormonism as a whole without Strang." After discussing Strang's "dreams of empire," he concludes that "surely, these were the same kind of dreams that motivated, to some degree, the prophet Joseph Smith." Then Hansen adds, "Historians who take Smith seriously need not feel compelled to hide his ambition and his dreams of power." It is Hansen's assumption that Joseph had worldly political ambitions and dreams of power that is open to question, however, and not whether such dreams, if they actually existed, should be discussed. A posture of candor is no substitute for real evidence.

[2]The role and scope of the Council of Fifty has been exaggerated by certain writers in much the same way as it was originally by those not privy to the higher councils. This could be from blurring all distinctions between those statements that referred to the Church/Gospel Kingdom and those which reflected the constitutional aspirations of a politically oppressed minority. Why would non-Mormon American citizens be willing to participate in a council which supposedly had as its goal the imposition of a king on a constitutional republic? Could it be that the non-Mormons knew better than to believe such a tale?

There is ample evidence in the public and private remarks of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young that their kingdom was not of this world, however interested they might have been in the political events of their time or however effective they may have been in governing worldly affairs. There is also evidence of their commitment to American constitutional ideals and the traditional republican processes. To impute to them motives and designs of worldly kingship without direct evidence borders on a crude psychologizing of history. The statements which deal with Joseph's "kingship" have one thing in common — they all constitute hearsay. Do they have some factual basis and explanation?

Nauvoo Saints, including James J. Strang, heard rumors about Joseph Smith being annointed king and they read into these rumors what they wanted to hear — relief from oppressive political conditions. Likewise, many of the First Century Saints accepted and followed Jesus because they expected Him to fill *their* longings for a political Messiah who would deliver them from Roman bondage. Jesus is the King of Kings, but His Kingdom is not of this world. Similarly, many Saints seized on the rumors of Joseph's "kingship" for signs of a political deliverance from and vengeance for gentile political persecution. In both cases the Saints' expectations were dashed because they were derived from vain hopes rather than the Lord's plan. Those who would assert that plans existed for an actual worldly political *king*dom of God have yet to show that such plans were more than the hopes and misunderstandings of oppressed Saints rather than the actual intent of the leaders of the Church.[3]

What then of Joseph's "kingship"? Did it have any relationship to his bid for the Presidency of the United States? Certainly he hoped for one nation, indivisible and under God — but did he plan to be the earthly King? It is easy to unintentionally demean or to consciously debunk Joseph's prophetic message by pigeonholing him as a megalomaniac, but is it valid to do so? The key problem with all theories regarding a political *king*dom of God is precisely the word "king" in the *king*dom. To what sort of "kingship" was Joseph annointed? The answer is to be found in Mormon temples. Any "endowed" Mormon, if he reflects for a moment on what he was washed and annointed to *become,* and how he was promised in covenants that the day might come when such ordinances would cease to be conditional, will understand clearly the nature of Joseph's kingship. And it should also be obvious where Nauvoo's rumor mills got their materials. Joseph received the oft-whispered "Second Annointing" (often mis-named and misunderstood as a "second endowment"), but the fact that his "calling and election" (washing

[3]See Vittorio Lanternari, *The Religions of the Oppressed: A Study of Modern Messianic Cults* (New York: Mentor Books, 1965). While this work provides valuable insights into the relationship between anti-colonial nationalism and messianic religions, it is seriously flawed by uncritical reliance on the work of one J. Mooney (see pp. 68 ff.) regarding Mormon involvement with the Ghost Dance Cult of the North American Indians. Since Lanternari makes frequent reference to this case as a model for understanding other cases, it is crucial to his work and deserves attention. Mooney's work is similar to J. P. Dunn's recently reprinted book *Massacres of the Mountains: A History of the Indian Wars of the Far West* (New York: Harper & Bros., 1886, and New York: Capricorn Books, 1969). While Mooney has Mormons dancing with the Ghost Dancers, Dunn has them instigating virtually every Indian war from 1850 to 1880, and both of these works give the appearance of serious scholarship.

and annointing) were made "sure," while making him a "king" indeed, and insuring that he would retain his kingship and his kingdom, *in no way* implies that his kingdom was to be in any manner of this world. I am arguing that those who assert the existence of a political *king*dom of God have entirely overlooked or at least deeply misunderstood the role of the temple and its ordinances. As I have previously tried to point out,[4] scholars would do well to pay more attention to the place of the temple in Mormonism. It is ironic that of the many students of Mormonism, besides Hugh Nibley, only Robert Flanders, a Reorganite, has recognized that "The physical as well as the symbolic heart of Smith's restoration was the Temple of the New Jerusalem," and that Joseph "seemed to grasp the profound significance that the ancient temple had for Jewish culture — the unique role that it played in the Jewish concept of a divine history. In the temple, the dualism between time and space disappeared; sacred time and sacred space became one."[5] Scholars would do well to regain that perspective. Nevertheless it should be remembered that most of the Saints in Nauvoo had not received their endowments during Joseph's lifetime. They only had some hints of what they might obtain. The promised endowment, however, was a prime motivation to them to finish the temple. It generated, just as it does among the uninitiated today, speculations, misunderstandings and gossip. Certain of these speculations and rumors from Nauvoo have now been romanticized and distorted to the point that a number of scholars do not even question that Joseph aspired to world dominion. Joseph Smith was no more nor less "king on earth" than any Saint who has been endowed in the temple. The factual basis of the rumors about Joseph Smith being "king" in a "political *king*dom" should be quite obvious. Joseph Smith was annointed to be a king, but not to head an earthly political kingdom. While Joseph's kingship is central to a correct understanding of Mormonism, it was "King James' " *misunderstanding* of the kingship to which the Saints are annointed that is the key to what transpired on Beaver Island, and it is also the key to understanding the basic flaw in theories regarding the existence of a political kingdom of God.

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[4]"Thoughts on Mormon Neoorthodoxy," *Dialogue,* 5 (Winter, 1970), 123-126.

[5]"To Transform History: Early Mormon Culture and the Concept of Time and Space," *Church History,* 40 (March, 1971), 116.

PERSONAL VOICES

GROWING UP MORMON

Why Not Go to a Christian College?

Eugene England

I did much of my growing up as a Mormon while doing graduate work or engaged in teaching and administration at Stanford University. Though not a full-blown multiversity on the Berkeley or Minnesota model, Stanford moved rapidly in that direction in the 50s and early 60s. Like many colleges and other large universities that have developed far from their roots as, in some sense, religious colleges, Stanford has been thoroughly secularized. And, in what seems more and more an inevitable consequence, the liberal arts tradition of humane education there is dead and the community is fragmented.

At Stanford there was generally the freedom to *ignore* religion that I had found earlier at the University of Utah (Utah also evidenced and apparently still does a quaintly obsessive freedom to *attack* the religion of the local culture). But, except in certain undergraduate religion courses (which, significantly, were the most popular and effective general education courses), there was no encouragement at Stanford toward the exploration and expression of students' deepest held values and loyalties seen as religious or even ethical phenomena. As a part-time teacher in the L.D.S. Institute for Stanford students I found the faith of those I knew seldom challenged constructively or even in any direct way at all on the campus. The Institute and the student wards attempted to help young Mormons confront the intellectual and social environment at Stanford with mature faith and ideas and ethical feelings, but for many it served, necessarily but I think regrettably, as a mere haven from the indifferent if not hostile world of the university. Yet, it was educationally and religiously irrevelant factors like the impact on L.D.S. parents of student radicalism and co-ed living groups that seemed to cause the undergraduate population of Mormons at Stanford to decline steadily.

In 1968 I began to teach across the bay at California State College at Hayward, one of the state's numerous public liberal arts colleges. There I found a less elitist faculty and a somewhat less elite and much more diversified student body than at Stanford. But I also found much of the same professional ambition and jealousy and lack of effective concern for teachers and for teaching that could reach out to the spiritual and moral dimensions and needs of students, could encounter them as whole persons and bring them into some sense of community. I found many students, including Mormons, retreating, disassociating their academic life from their feelings, their life decisions, their search for ultimate meaning and values. I began to think about what the alternatives might be for young Latter-day Saints who might not want or might not be able to go to Brigham Young University or Ricks but who still wanted a genuinely humane education in which they could integrate faith and learning.

Then quite out of the blue I was offered a chance to go to St. Olaf College in Northfield, Minnesota as the Dean of Academic Affairs. When I left the campus at Hayward to fly to Northfield, we were just a few days into the Cambodia-Kent State crisis of May, 1970. The student strike at Cal State had taken the form not only of pres-

sure for restructuring of classes to make them more relevant to the situation (which I favored) but also of bands of students roaming the halls, smashing windows and doors, and intimidating professors so that classes could not continue. At St. Olaf I found the students also on strike and just as concerned about the issues — working as hard or harder to turn out information and argument through a strike center in the student union, but also praying together in strike meetings; cutting their hair, dressing up, and going door to door in the town to present their anti-war arguments to the silent majority; interrupting a mass meeting of the whole college community in which the issues were long and forcibly debated to present the president of the college, whose administration building they had temporarily liberated, with a birthday cake. In Northfield I was given a copy of an essay by a student explaining why when he heard the news of the Kent State killings he had returned to his room to fast and pray for a few days before acting rather than immediately joining the protest meetings and marches, with their tendency toward stereotyping in order to blame and hate. As I was interviewed for the position I was — well — surprised to find in both faculty and administrators a naturally expressed concern for the religious and moral dimensions of life and education that was both challenging to and in many ways compatibly instructive to my own views. But it was a pervasive spirit that I had felt in no other place but Brigham Young University that surprised me most and captured my heart. Even though I had travelled to St. Olaf with a good deal of scepticism about such a radical change in my vocation and living environment and friends, I began to take the possibility very seriously. And after my wife Charlotte had flown out and felt some of the same spirit, as we talked and prayed about the decision as a family we did have a feeling of direction.

We have not been disappointed. The town has typical mid-western advantages of decency and security, with access to a rural and even wilderness world. And the Church experience in a small, struggling branch — with three or four responsibilities apiece beginning at age twelve, and many opportunities to teach the gospel and see it accepted by those around us — has been mainly very good for our family. My particular work at St. Olaf has engaged me in something I am deeply concerned about and which is part of my point in writing this. St. Olaf, like many colleges, is still vitally involved in a church connection and a religious tradition. But it is going through a kind of identity crisis; it has worked, especially in the past ten years, to upgrade itself in purely professional terms as a liberal arts college. It has a fine faculty, many of whom have significant research and publication accomplishments and prominence in their fields. Most are committed to good teaching. At the same time, there is an increasing feeling that this college's particular tradition and its connection with the Lutheran Church ought to provide a healthy basis with which to achieve and offer students something unique among liberal arts colleges. Are we to be Christian in name only (merely as a way of providing certain support for the budget) or is there some radical sense in which Christian perspective and commitment should inform all the college's plans and decisions? Many younger faculty have been involved in the new academic revolutions of the 60s which are questioning many of the accomplishments and even the aims of traditional higher education. At St. Olaf we are concerned about the fact that in the 60s smaller colleges began, following the lead of the universities, to place a greater emphasis on research and publication which often lead to a deemphasis on teaching. We are also concerned about external demands for vocational preparation and "objective," secularized instruction which tend to depersonalize education and make it unresponsive to the students' need and concern for development of his whole personality, including his thirst for answers to ultimate questions relating to his whole living process.

In preparation for St. Olaf's centennial in 1974 a special study has been commissioned to inquire into the college's identity and goals and to propose a plan of development for the next ten years. At the same time that this study is being conducted, a good deal of attention is being given to improving teaching, including the process of recruiting and developing the faculty. We have been trying to define the kind of faculty we want and to determine whether we can project an image that will attract specific kinds of people. One tentative expression of the criteria proposed at a Goals Conference last spring is the following:

> We are concerned to find scholars for whom academic competence is more

than the technical mastery of a subject matter, but is more deeply rooted in some understanding of their discipline's involvement in the broader human issues that arise out of man's struggles to understand himself and his world. This might be catch-phrased a "meta-disciplinary perspective." Second, we are concerned to find scholars who take seriously, as a matter worthy of debate, Christianity's unique perspective on any attempts to deal with these human issues.

Partly in response to this formulation, the philosophy department has developed a letter to prospective applicants which advertises its criteria for appointment and retention, one of which is this:

> He should be a person concerned with the religious and moral dimensions of life and learning, who takes very seriously the relation of religious commitment and moral values to the thought and conduct of himself and his students. The Department does not wish to appoint persons who are hostile to religious commitment, who regard such matters as peripheral to their work, or who are disinterested in religious questions. . . . We do not insist on a particular answer to the religious question or to the question of the relation of religion to learning, but we are seeking persons who will take both questions seriously, who are prepared to discuss them, and who will keep them in mind when considering the work and program of the College.

It is easy enough for me to see much besides these forms of self-examination and search for religious identity without creedalism that makes St. Olaf spiritually alive. Daily (non-compulsory) chapel is not always well attended but does provide an impressive opportunity for many students and faculty to gather together regularly to confront each other, in the context of their shared academic life, with their religious faith and moral concern. There is a marked freedom in and out of the class for students to question and express the ultimate and personal implications of what is being presented or discussed. And members of the community often engage in the small, spontaneous, graceful acts of faith and openness, trust and love, that create a religious community — an invitation to a faculty committee to pray together over a problem, a proposal by a faculty member that a group of faculty express their Christian faith by living at a mutually agreed upon standard of living and donate their surplus to good causes, a personal essay by a faculty wife in the student newspaper expressing her faith in and appreciation of Christian concepts of premarital chastity and the meaning of sex in marriage, a note of encouragement left in a mailbox, a student making an appointment to ask, "What makes you the way you are?"

It seems to me that these factors and many others make St. Olaf and colleges like it exceptionally good places for Mormon students (and faculty members) to be. Enrollment at L.D.S. Church colleges is being held steady so that with a growing Church population an increasing percentage of young Latter-day Saints must go elsewhere. The Church encourages them to go to schools close to their home for the first year or two, but for some this is not always possible and for others not desirable. I think a particularly good situation for them to experience would be a place like St. Olaf. I believe that young people from the mission fields or other places with little concentration of Mormon culture or without a teen-age Mormon peer group should go to a Church college or one where there is a strong, thriving institute. But Utah Mormons or others raised in centers of strong Mormon culture in the West can contribute much to and benefit much from a different kind of setting. Such a student here at St. Olaf would find his spiritual life invigorated by the special closeness and need for active, humble service in a small branch. He would find his religious and moral concerns and perspectives challenged but not disdained, taken seriously, argued with and responded to. It has been my experience that that is by far the best situation for developing real faith. At the same time such a student would find a college atmosphere with its own spiritual dimension where he can learn and share with other people, some of whom have a different kind of faith with similar strength to his own and many others who are actively seeking to question or find faith. Faculty members would find some of the same opportunities for themselves and their families to serve the Church and in addition could prepare to serve it even better by entering into serious dialogue with other committed Christians about their fatih and the nature of Christian education.

Part of my motivation in this thinly disguised plea is selfish. It does get a bit lonely here in some ways without the constant opportunities for deep gospel brotherhood and the life-filling satisfactions of a full Church program that a Mormon community provides. But I guess I would make that fact part of my appeal — that the Church needs building in areas like this in order that the young people growing up and living here may have an even better opportunity to develop all dimensions of their faith. Small branches are extremely good for building a certain kind of humble interdependence and embattled faith, but some of the programs of the Church which diversify our talents and strength and broaden our vision of the Gospel are crippled by lack of numbers and training. At the same time, centers of Mormon population, especially in Utah, are flooded with talented, experienced people with plenty of opportunities to take the Gospel for granted. Many of you could find at places like St. Olaf College and the Faribault Branch the satisfaction of being greatly needed and the challenges to faith and action which continuing commitment and growth seem to depend on. I'm asking you to come for your sake and ours.

SOUNDING BRASS AND TINKLING SYMBOLS

Failure in the Home

Victor B. Cline

A few days ago I was chatting with a good friend, a psychotherapist of rather remarkable competence and ability. This man, a very active and deeply committed Mormon, has been especially effective in working with disturbed young people and seemed to have a knack for reaching them when everyone else had failed. He looked quite depressed. Deep circles under his eyes suggested much worry and little sleep. In a weary voice he confided that he was having considerable problems with his own teen-age son. The boy, previously a very active member of the Church, was now smoking pot, going with a wild crowd, having scrapes with the law and in general creating considerable distress for this man and his wife. As he put it, "I wonder if it's worth it all. I feel like a hypocrite — telling other people how to raise their children and deal with their family problems — when I can't even handle my own."

But the simple truth was that this man was an excellent father, his counsel was wise and prudent, he had a great capacity for love, a remarkable ability to care for others and to reach out and heal. And yet he had a private grief within the bosom of his own family which he felt inadequate about and at moments unable to cope with.

Several weeks later I was having lunch with a group of social workers whose primary responsibility was working with troubled families. During the course of the good food and pleasant conversation one man commented that he had been seeing an increasing number of very rebellious, "acting out" adolescents who came from quite solid and healthy home backgrounds, where the parents were effective, thoughtful and loving, where it would be difficult to lay most of the "blame" for the youngster's delinquencies on a disturbed family background. His remarks triggered an almost instant assent from the other counselors present, who acknowledged similar experiences. As we wrestled with this problem we half-heartedly concluded that it was the deviant peer culture that must shoulder most of the blame. But nobody fully believed this, either, because we all knew just too many young people who were exceptions to this rule and who lived in or on the edge of a deviant peer group without succumbing to its pathology.

One fall day a few weeks later a vice president of an eastern university, a friend of many years who was a non-denominational Christian, confided to me acute distress about the fall and loss of his only daughter, a rebellious teenager who had run away from home and was living a rather tragic life.

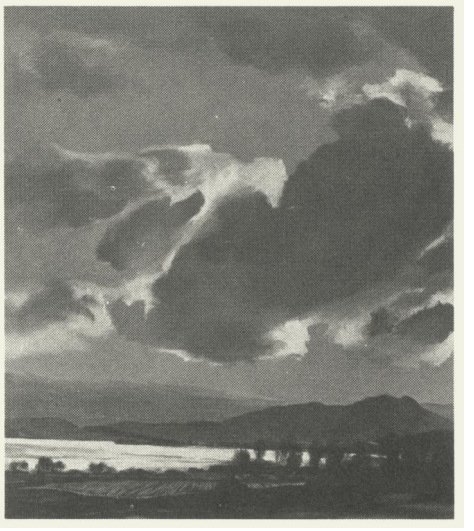
Thinking of my experience with the psychotherapist and social workers I suggested to him that it might just be that Mormon theology had a partial answer to his grief and the universal question which has echoes and parallels going back long before King David's cries of anguish for his rebellious son Absolom or Adam's undoubted concern about Cain.

If we were intelligences in the pre-existence, with the power to decide, to choose, to be valiant in the eternities-old struggle between good and evil, that would certainly suggest the possession in our pre-existent life of temperament, personality traits, dispositions, character, fidelity or fickleness, etc. This would add a third dimension to the nature-nurture or heredity-environmental arguments concerning the determinants of personality in this earth life. It would suggest that we bring something in the way of a rudimentary personality organization with us at birth as part of our spirit nature, in addition to and above our genetic endowment. Of course the succeeding experiences of childhood and adult life in our earth environment would certainly introduce the potential for growth and change. And this could be in the direction of maturity and health — or toward pathology or a corrupt nature.

I remember with a certain sharp clarity a day over eleven years ago when the obstetrician announced, with some embarrassment, that contrary to his expectations, my wife would shortly give birth to twins. Fifteen minutes later as we looked at these exact genetic duplicates on the delivery room table, it was strikingly obvious, even then, that in temperament and disposition these were two very different people. The identical genetic bodies with extremely similar intra-uterine environment were obviously inhabited by quite different and unique spiritual and intellectual organizations. And as the years have slipped by I have found myself secretly watching them at play, under stress, in pain, interacting and challenging others as they coped with life's vicissitudes. The significant differences in their personalities from the very begining kept suggesting an even earlier beginning someplace, somewhere.

It's so easy to find flaws in any family situation to explain why children go astray. But it's not so easy sometimes to explain health and character in the presence of obvious pathology in a particular family situation. I remember distinctly one mother's grief as she contemplated the dissolute life of one of her children. She kept tearfully saying over and over again, "What did I do wrong?" until she was asked, "Aren't you the same mother to six other children who have all turned out quite well? Who do you blame for that — were you really that different a mother to the one child who chose a more rebellious route?" She had no answer. Her tears ceased as she reflected in thoughtful silence.

Some children it seems almost effortlessly raise themselves. They are attractive and have an aura of goodness and love which draws everyone to them. Others seem constantly to stumble, to be frightened and overwhelmed by every obstacle. Others take



a more rebellious course. Of course all need our love and counsel but in unequal amounts. When one father I know was asked which of his eleven children was his favorite, he replied with a smile, "The one nearest to me." It is unreasonable to attribute all successes or failures to the parents, even though the parents as teachers and models of adult life certainly do play a great role in the child's later adjustment and development.

It may be true as our late President David O. McKay often said, that "No success can compensate for failure in the home," but this statement, *incorrectly interpreted,* has caused more parental grief than almost any I can remember. It is probably as true, however, that "No parent has really failed until he has stopped trying," as one general conference speaker recently noted.

LEAVING UTAH

Mr. Mustard Plaster

Mary L. Bradford

I never intended to leave Utah. In fact, I didn't leave until I was sixteen, and that was only a trip to my father's hometown in Wyoming. I didn't make it to California until I was twenty, and had only one requirement in a mate: that he never want to leave Utah either. Three months after my marriage found me going to Washington, D.C. on the arm of a rising young legislative assistant. Since then I have left Utah many times, always thinking I am finally weaned away.

The first time, however, my mother thought I was going to the hinterlands. She didn't say much when we drove off, but a couple of weeks later the desk attendant at our apartment delivered an urgent special-delivery package: a bottle of high potency vitamins which Mother was sure we would need to cope with the wickedness of the nation's capital. She was expressing a distrust of Washington Utahns have shared ever since Johnston's War. Whenever we return to Utah, we find ourselves assuring people that no, the black residents of Resurrection City did not ruin the reflecting pool so that it had to be drained and paved over; and that no, the Lincoln Monument has not sunk into the Potomac (yet). We tell them that we survived the peace marches and the burning of 14th Street the same way they did, by crouching in front of the television set. They are surprised to hear that we have never met the President nor been mugged in front of our house (though other Mormons have, of course).

We counter questions by asking why Salt Lakers are so eager to ape the problems of the Big Cities by building skyscrapers to block out the Temple and freeways to create slums. (Salt Lakers do not take kindly to the thought that they are not a big city, that they do not have overwhelming traffic problems, and that they are not among the Top Ten in the crime polls). I always soft-pedal the fear I sometimes feel in Washington, especially the chill of driving down Constitution Avenue the day it was lined with rows and rows of bayoneted soldiers. When asked about peace marches, we tell how my husband, when blocked at the bridge, simply rolled down his window so that the marchers could dance to the strains of the Tab Choir on his stereo tape.

Even though I feign sophistication when talking with the hometown folks, I am convinced that they who leave Utah, no matter how mature they think themselves, do so with a mixture of innocence, fear and self-confidence that brings to mind the old saying, "You can take the girl out of Utah, but you can't take Utah out of the girl."

We settled first in a high-rise on the Virginia side of the Potomac. We could not quite see the spires of Georgetown on the left; on the right we could not quite see the Iwo Jima Monument. We did have a clear view of our neighbor's living room. The things that disturbed me most about apartment living were the necessity of having to chat through the chains on the neighbors' doors, and having to learn that people did not leap to join the Church because I refused their coffee.

But Washington is a lovely city, and I decided to apply for work at the loveliest building, the Mellon Art Gallery. When they asked me how many hours of Art History I had taken, I moved up the Mall to the Library of Congress where I got on as a Clerk-Typist GS4. They were a bit apologetic about my MA in English, but I assured them I was happy with my appointment in that old ship, green then, covered with barnacles and protected by Neptune and his lusty nymphs. Its secret warrens, unknown to the casual visitor, seemed peaceful, but who knows what explosives lined its shelves? I loved to look up at the great dome, to study the paintings in the panels, to walk slowly down the arching marble staircase. I even loved the restrooms with their giant fixtures that made even the private business of the body seem dignified.

I was in the American Law Division of the Congressional Reference Section, where my typewriter, crammed between rows of law books, was set before a window miraculously framing the Supreme Court. I had morning sickness, then, and was constantly burrowing into my soda crackers, chewing as I typed. On my relief I would go out and lie down on a bench behind one of the display cases, or repair to the restroom

to retch silently. The library hid me, and guarded me. My superiors were always understanding, but one day when I returned from sick leave (again), the second-in-command called me to his private office. "Oh, Oh," I thought, "this is the sack at last." But he smiled sympathetically. "Got the morning sickness, eh? Well, keep the tummy full!" Whereupon he gave me an assignment which he said was more in keeping with my training: some research in the main reading room.

A cohort of mine from Utah worked next door as secretary to foreign lawyers who were dealing in exciting stuff behind the Iron Curtain. These men, lined up in the hall west of ours, were all exotic and older, with degrees in several languages. Whenever I passed through, they made what I was sure were ribald remarks in Romanian. My friend and I were on the elevator with some of these men one day, when one, a man who looked pitifully elderly and broken to my eye, coughed consumptively and complained that he couldn't seem to clear up his chest condition. Said I jocularly, "What you need is an old-fashioned mustard plaster."

"What's that?"

I explained that it was an old Utah remedy. "Why not show me?" he said, and since he lived in the same apartment complex, I agreed to come over that night with a mustard plaster.

It was a mark of our innocence that my husband did not even ask where I was going as I departed the apartment at ten P.M. carrying my supplies and took the elevator to the tenth floor in the adjoining building. The lawyer opened the door, bowed elegantly in his pajamas, and locked the door behind me. I saw an apartment like ours except that he could see the Washington Monument. He clicked off the lights that I might have a better view, and before I could mix up my mustard, had encircled me in his skinny arms, and grazed my cheek with a kiss.

I dropped my supplies and leaped backward. He was in no condition to engage me if unwilling, and I spoke sharply: "Get over on that bed and lie down. I came here to put a mustard plaster on you, and I'm going to do it." He lay back wordlessly, baring his concave chest, while I quickly spread the dull yellow stuff over a cloth I had cut in the shape of a vest. I slapped the cloth on his chest, covered it with another, insulated the whole mess with a large piece of brown paper, and buttoned his pajama top. Without further instructions, I made for the door.

He stopped me as I was leaving. Holding his plaster close, he jerked a yellow rose from a vase on a table and thrust it at me. "Please accept this," he said, coughing. "I have never met a woman like you in my whole life."

He fell back on his bed, and I let myself out, rose in hand. (What burning passions did he feel for me afterward?)

Hadn't anyone ever told me that young women, even married ones, do not visit bachelors, even elderly ones, in their apartments at night, and that elderly bachelors do not usually have mustard plasters on their minds?

Years later in a brief reunion with the friend who had worked with the lawyers, she told me of her encounter with Mr. Mustard Plaster. A single girl at the time, she had taken a drive with him one Sunday afternoon. Afterward he had invited her to his apartment to share the view. She had leapt out of his embrace with the words, "Please, I'm a Mormon!" And had added: "Besides, this is Sunday!" His laughter haunts her yet, along with the nickname he gave her: "The Never On Sunday Girl."

A PECULIAR PEOPLE

The Little Man Who Isn't There

Samuel W. Taylor

As I was going up the stair,
I met a man who wasn't there;
He wasn't there again today,
I wish, I wish he'd go away.

Mormons might find particular interest in the recent defeat by the California legislature of a bill that would have repealed all laws against sexual relationships by con-

senting adults. Only an impassioned stand by a coterie of legislators from that stronghold of rectitude commonly known as Rafferty Country prevented its passage, as members of this group with Bibles opened thundered denunciation of the abominations of Sodom and Gomorrah. Proponents of the defeated bill remained confident, however, of its eventual passage in future sessions, and predicted that similar legislation will within a few years prevail throughout most of the nation.

There are several straws in the wind. More and more people are coming to believe that the primary function of police work is to maintain law and order, not enforce morality. Debate on the bill brought out the fact that in the city of Long Beach twenty-five percent of the police force was detailed to peekhole duty at public latrines, instead of out coping with crimes of violence. In the current onrush of permissive morality, guys and dolls are emerging from the closet, not only frankly admitting to being gays and lesbians but banding together to fight for their rights. Throughout the nation restrictions against birth control information have been swept away. Who would have dreamed, ten years ago, that the impregnably entrenched opposition to abortion could ever crumble?

"The times they are a-changing." Do you remember, not too long ago, when a film called "The Moon is Blue" was denied the production code seal because its heroine uttered the awful line, "I am a virgin"? What shocking language! Today the explicit bedroom scene is virtually obligatory, and in pear-shaped tones the lovely young thing, dressed in absolutely nothing at all, utters language typical of an army barracks. Best-selling authors are now writing sex books that formerly would have circulated under the counter. Instead of saying, "I love you," the swain of today with a four-letter word invites his beloved to hop into bed. That, alas, is the new romance. The only unutterable words today are "good taste."

As we all know, the L.D.S. Church is most firmly opposed to the new permissiveness. In areas which it can control, such as productions on its stages and conduct at the B.Y.U. campus, it prohibits styles in hair and dress typical of those who espouse the breakdown of taboos. This is as it should be. Certainly morality is the proper concern of a church, just as law and order is of the police.

Yet among all the brouhaha I wonder if the Saints in general realize what the potential repeal of sex laws might mean to them personally, and the predicament in which it might place the Church? Certainly members in good standing would be totally disinterested in the new freedom as it pertains to homosexuality, to group love in communes, to wife-swapping and promiscuous "swinging."

However, have you thought what it could mean when the new permissiveness repeals laws against plural marriage?

Section 132 is still in our *Doctrine and Covenants.* Polygamy is still part of our doctrine. The practice was discontinued for one reason, and one reason only: it had been declared illegal. In issuing the Manifesto, President Wilford Woodruff said,

> Inasmuch as laws have been enacted in Congress forbidding plural marriages, which laws have been pronounced constitutional by the court of last resort, . . . I now publicly declare that my advice to the Latter-day Saints is to refrain from contracting any marriage forbidden by the law of the land.

We should remember that the Manifesto came only after the Church had fought with its every resource for a period of twenty-eight years against federal legislation prohibiting polygamy. The church appeal to higher courts was based on the first amendment to the constitution, which forbade Congress to infringe upon religious freedom. Legally, plural marriage wasn't a crime *malum en se* — bad of itself because of injury to others, such as arson, murder, or robbery — but was *malum prohibitium,* a crime only because of law against it. Polygamy injured nobody; the Gentiles simply imposed their own moral code upon the Mormon marriage relationship.

The Church capitulated after a heroic struggle. When the Supreme Court upheld anti-polygamy legislation in 1879, the Church chose to obey the law of God in defiance of the law of man for a period of eleven years, before issuing the Manifesto in 1890. Inasmuch as my grandfather, John Taylor, led this rebellion to the day of his death — he died on the underground with a price on his head, refusing to compromise — I feel close to the gallant stand against hopeless odds.

And I wonder what today's Mormons would do if the repeal of sex laws swept away the only reason for not obeying Sec-

tion 132? Would we, or would we not, embrace the awful responsibilities undertaken by the pioneers?

While my crystal ball license has expired, I suspect that regardless of Section 132 the Saints would put up a ferocious fight against legislation that would result in the right to practice polygamy. My guess is that if the repeal of sex laws should sweep the country, Utah and a few states of what H. L. Mencken called the Bible Belt would stand firm in clinging to stringent anti-polygamy legislation. And that strange sound you would hear would be John Taylor and other pioneer prophets whirling in their graves.

FAITH AND REASON

The Logic of the Gospel

Lowell L. Bennion

There are those who delight in pitting faith against reason and who thereby disparage thinking in order to exalt religion. They even find scriptural justification for taking this stance in the writings of Paul, particularly in the early chapters of First Corinthians. The apostle knew from experience that the learned Greeks in Athens were not disposed to believe his account of the resurrected Christ. It was hence easy for him to declare that "the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God."

When one depreciates the thinking of men, he may also unwittingly demean thinking within religion itself and run the risk of practicing a form of religion that is a mixture of feeling, tradition, recollection, hearsay, and opinion — a kind of conglomerate with limited substance and structure.

Let me hasten to say that I do not disparage faith. Religion deals with the unknown, with super-empirical reality, with ultimate questions which, in good part, transcend experience and logic. It must, therefore, go beyond knowledge in its quest for meaning and the ideal. Nor do I deny Paul's statement "that the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God." Revelation is more than man's thinking; it is the Spirit of God working on and through the mind of man.

Granted all of that, this does not mean that a religious person must set aside reason, close his eyes to thought, and cease being rational when he practices his religion. Thinking is fruitful not only in science, philosophy, art, and everyday life; it is equally so within religion itself. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is more than feeling, more than hope, more than faith. It is also built upon ideas. It has an inner logic that infers a use of the mind in order for one to understand and appreciate it. My purpose in this essay is to illustrate this assertion.

JESUS' INTELLECTUAL EMPHASIS

The teachings of Jesus reveal a person of faith, a mystic in the finest sense of the word, who spoke of the ultimate, His God, in the most trustful words, a person also of deep feeling and sensitivity. But they also bear witness to a lucid, brilliant mind. His parables are profound and artistic; his proverbs meaty, pithy, and insightful; his questions and answers incisive. His ideas hang together, support each other, show consistency, and form configurations of meaning not unlike the coherence one finds in philosophy and science, howbeit of a different kind.

His major appeal to men is that they should love one another. His life and teachings are wholly consistent with this emphasis: "It is more blessed to give than to receive"; "Judge not that ye be not judged"; "Blessed are the merciful" and "the peacemakers"; "He that would save his life, shall lose it"; "If a man ask thee to go one mile, go with him twain"; "Forgive seventy times seven." In fact everything in the Law and the Prophets hangs on this principle of love.

The second moral virtue Jesus stressed and exemplified is integrity. This ideal embraces all of the moral virtues of the Gospel which are not preempted by love,

the mother of the social virtues. Sincerity, humility, meekness, hunger and thirst after righteousness, absence of pretense and guile, repentance, freedom, moral courage are all ingredients and expressions of integrity which Jesus spoke of abundantly.

Integrity and love, coupled together, build the moral life of the Christian. The Gospel of Jesus Christ, in its moral dimension, provides a thoughtful framework built on these two principles and made real in the life of its author. These virtues challenge the mind as well as the heart.

H. C. King in his *Ethics of Jesus* points out the inner logic of the Beatitudes. He calls them a map of life and shows how each builds on and presupposes those which have gone before. The first four are more personal and, in my view, are expressions of integrity. Living these prepares one to express love as illustrated in the second group of four. A summary of King's view of the meaning of the Beatitudes is as follows:

1. The poor in spirit = the *humble,* those who feel their spiritual need.

2. They that mourn = the *penitent* who recognize their sins and mistakes and correct them.

3. The meek = the *self-controlled,* who are free from the necessity of guarding the self.

4. They that hunger and thirst after righteousness = those who practice *integrity,* who seek the highest good.

5. The merciful = the sympathetic, compassionate.

6. The pure in heart = the guileless, selfless.

7. The peacemakers = those who *promote love* among men.

8. The persecuted for righteousness sake = those who sacrifice for others.

The Beatitudes are not simply a miscellaneous statement of beautiful sayings, they are an integrated work of thoughtful reflection. Like steps on a ladder they lead from one to another upward.

THEOLOGICAL CONSISTENCIES

Just as there is consistency among the ethical teachings of the Gospel, so there is also a relatedness and coherence within its theological and worshipful aspects. For example, the first principles and ordinances of the gospel are not separate ideas and practices, but like the Beatitudes, they build on each other and form a meaningful whole. Faith in Christ leads naturally to repentance, which means acquiring a new mind. Baptism is a meaningful symbolic witness of one's repentance and search for a new life as a disciple of Christ. And when one is stirred by faith, made more whole and contrite by repentance, and has entered the fellowship of co-believers, he is ready to receive the Holy Ghost, who will fill his life "with perfect love." Partaking of the Lord's Supper is a meaningful way of renewing this process of becoming a disciple of Jesus.

Modern scriptures, even as the Bible, were not written as theological texts. And Mormonism has not yet been developed into a completely consistent, comprehensive theology. Maybe it never should be because theology tends to become abstract and sterile compared to the spontaneous preaching and writing of the prophets. Yet there are many groupings of ideas within the Restored Gospel which have appeal because they cohere logically and suggest rational solutions to vital issues. Space will permit only one or two illustrations.

Latter-day Saint teaching concerning the eternal, uncreated nature of man's intelligence, the elements, laws, and time and space suggest important implications for the problems of human freedom and the presence of so much natural and moral evil — two of the most difficult problems of theology. If, as in traditional, historical Christianity, God is conceived as being omnipotent and omniscient and the ultimate source of all creation, it is most difficult to see how man as His total creature is free in relation to the Creator. It is also most difficult to square the gross amount of human suffering, injustice, and in-equality with the goodness of God. By contrast, in Mormon thought, free agency is an eternal aspect of man's uncreated intelligence and is God-protected and respected rather than God-given in an ultimate sense. In Mormon doctrine much of natural evil may logically follow from the eternal elements and laws with which the Creator must work and moral evil is the result of man's inhumanity to man.

This Mormon philosophy of eternalism and spiritual pluralism raises other questions, as any theological system does, but it has great meaning for the religious life. It makes faith, repentance, personal respon-

sibility for self and others, and the whole moral and religious life real, without in anyway depreciating God as the ideal or His abundant grace as essential elements in the Gospel plan.

There are other configurations of ideas within Mormon thought which have consistency and which appeal to the mind. For example, the Mormon concept of a very personal concept of Deity goes well with the belief in continuous revelation, the production of new scripture, the fatherhood of God, and the eternal progression of man towards the eternal character and creativity of God and Christ.

APPLICATION

If I have been able thus far to suggest the considerable degree of rationality in the Gospel, then it must follow that anyone who believes in and practices the Gospel would profit by thinking as well as by feeling. As Jesus said, one should love God with all his mind as well as with all his heart. May I suggest two ways in which one can and ought to use his mind in his religious life.

I.

One ought not — in the words of Levi Edgar Young — to pulverize the Gospel, live it piecemeal, one rule or principle at a time bolstered by a single text. It is more prudent to keep in mind the Gospel as a whole, a framework of fundamental principles, to which lesser and single ideas can be related and from which they receive their meaning. For example, Latter-day Saints believe in the fatherhood, justice, love, and intelligence of God. Believing this, I do not accept interpretations of His character or ways which contradict His impartiality, love or intelligence. Everything that men have said and done in the name of God cannot be accepted at face value unless it is consistent with His character and purpose. And for me, Jesus Christ best reveals the character, spirit, and will of God. What I cannot square with Christ's teachings, I will question no matter what the source. The nature of God becomes then a basic, rational guide with which to interpret the religious and moral life. This, in my judgment, is the most significant purpose of theologizing.

Another example of using a grouping of ideas as a guide in the religious life is found in the Mormon doctrine of man. We believe than man is eternal, in the image of God, with capacity for freedom, with responsibility for himself and others, that all men are brothers, and that they have the capacity to grow in the likeness of God, sharing increasingly in His creative work and glory, finding joy by fulfilling their human and divine natures. Believing this, I refuse to accept any interpretation of Scripture or of the Gospel which contradicts or impedes the free agency of man, his brotherhood with all men, or which bars his opportunity for self realization.

II.

Another way to exercise reason in the religious life is in its application to the practical aspects of living. Man has learned a good deal about the universe through astronomy and physics, about nature through chemistry and biology, and about the mind and society through the behavioral-social sciences, although admittedly there is less agreement in the sciences which study human behavior. If religion is to find its full and rightful place in human experience, it must relate to the knowledge and wisdom of human experience. The Word of Wisdom and the sciences of health and nutrition need each other. The Christian principles of integrity and love are consistent with and are supplemental to the knowledge of human nature born of scientific study.

In summary, religion is more than feeling, more than hope, more than mystery. It also includes moral precepts and theological postulates which provide thoughtful perspectives on significant areas of life. The religious life should be motivated by faith but also be guided by the logic of the Gospel as well as by the spirit. I believe that impressions of the Spirit should be checked by the logic of Gospel fundamentals even as I believe we should pray concerning our rational conclusions. I find it distasteful and inappropriate to hear people disparage reason in order to glorify God. If the glory of God is intelligence, then intelligence is no less the glory of man who was created in His image. Jacob said it well to those who believe:

> But to be learned is good
> if they hearken unto the
> counsels of God. (II Nephi 9:29)

Notes on Contributors

LOWELL BENNION is Associate Dean of Students and a professor of sociology at the University of Utah.

MARYRUTH BRACY is a specialist in teaching English as a Foreign Language. A textbook on this subject which she co-authored, *Letters from Roger: Exercises in Communication,* has just been published by Prentice-Hall.

MARY LYTHGOE BRADFORD is a travelling consultant in English for the U.S. General Accounting Office in Washington, D.C.

THOMAS E. CHENEY, a Professor of English at B.Y.U., is the author of *Mormon Songs of the Rocky Mountains* and *Lore of Faith and Folly.*

DENNIS CLARK is, in his own words, "Unemployed in Seattle, Washington, where it rains a lot and snows when colder, dragging his erratic 98.6 degrees from Fahrenheit University from employment agency to agency, occasionally writing verses about the weather, in search of a bureau to crat in, exercising his form-filling specialty in inter-natural espionage in hopes of working out his salvation with irrelevant fear and trembling."

VICTOR B. CLINE is a professor of clinical psychology at the University of Utah. Currently he is doing research on critical factors in marital success and the effect of TV violence on children.

MARSHALL R. CRAIG is a Professor of English at B.Y.U. where his courses in English Drama are noted for their lively discussions.

PETER CRAWLEY, a Professor of Mathematics at Cal Tech and presently a visiting Professor at B.Y.U., is a serious collector of rare Mormon Americana.

DENNIS DRAKE began writing poetry as a missionary in Eastern Canada. A collection of his verse, *What You Feel, I Share,* was published recently by Bookcraft (1971).

EUGENE ENGLAND, former editor of *Dialogue,* is Dean of Academic Affairs at St. Olaf College in Northfield, Minnesota.

LELAND FETZER has recently translated *The Russian Air Force in World War II* (Doubleday, 1971). He was the author of "Tolstoy and Mormonism" in the Spring 1971 issue of *Dialogue.*

WILLIAM E. FORT is currently doing bibliographical work on political conservatism. Previously he has taught philosophy, psychology, economics and business administration at several colleges.

JOHN HALE GARDNER is chairman of the physics department at Brigham Young University, where he continues to play an important role in university curriculum and policy formation.

BRUCE W. JORGENSEN, a new member of *Dialogue's* Board of Editors, is a Ph.D. candidate in English at Cornell where he is preparing to write his dissertation on James Agee.

KARL KELLER teaches American Literature and American Studies at San Diego State College and will be teaching at the University of Claremont-Ferrand in France next year.

ARTHUR H. KING, recently retired as Director-General in charge of education for the British Council, is a professor of English at B.Y.U. He regards his poetry as being principally of value in giving him insight into real poets: "the composition of verse is a *sine qua non* to its criticism."

LINDA LAMBERT is a free-lance writer living in Phoenix, Arizona. She has published a number of articles and movie reviews and is currently preparing an essay on images of Mormons in the movies.

LOUIS G. MIDGLEY is a Professor of Political Philosophy at Brigham Young University. The author of *Beyond Human Nature,* he is presently writing a book on the contemporary Jewish political philosopher Leo Strauss.

Readers of *Dialogue* may remember JAMES MILLER from his introduction to David L. Wright in the Summer 1970 issue. Not long after writing that introduction, Mr. Miller passed away. Some of his unpublished poems were submitted to *Dialogue* by his widow, Mrs. Jean Miller of Logan, Utah.

CHARLES S. PETERSON, former Director of the Utah Historical Society, is an associate professor of History at Utah State University. His book on Mormon colonization of Arizona will soon be published by the University of Arizona Press.

CARROLL QUIGLEY is a professor of History at Georgetown University in Washington, D.C. An expert on recent economic history, he is currently completing a book on the relationship between weapons systems and political stability.

ROBERT REES is the editor of *Dialogue.*

KARL SANDBERG, a member of *Dialogue's* Board of Editors, is currently chairman of the French Department at Macalester College in St. Paul, Minnesota.

LINDA BUHLER SILLITO is a graduate of the University of Utah with a degree in English. She has received awards in various local literary contests, including the League of Utah Writers and the Utah Poetry Society.

W. CLEON SKOUSEN teaches religion at B.Y.U. Formerly Chief of Police in Salt Lake City, he was for sixteen years associated with the F.B.I. He is the author of numerous books on religious and political subjects.

WALLACE STEGNER is well-known for his writings on the western experience. He is currently writing a biography of Bernard DeVoto.

SAMUEL W. TAYLOR, a professional writer, has recently published an historical novel on the Mormons in Nauvoo, *Nightfall at Nauvoo* (1971).

GORDON C. THOMASSON, an asociate editor of *Dialogue,* is a graduate student in the Department of Religious Studies at the University of California at Santa Barbara. He is the editor of *War, Conscription, Conscience and Mormonism* (1971).

RONALD WILCOX, a writer for both stage and film, has played many lead roles at the Dallas Theater Center where he is a resident artist in the Center's Company.

FREDERICK G. WILLIAMS is an Assistant Professor of Spanish and Portuguese at U.C.L.A. and an Associate Editor of *Dialogue* and *The Carpenter.*

HENRY J. WOLFINGER, an archivist-trainee at the National Archives in Washington, D.C., has done extensive research on relations between the Federal Government and Utah Territory.

VOLUME VI — 1971

SCIENCE AND RELIGION

A projected special issue of *Dialogue* exploring contemporary thought on current problems from a Latter-day Saint perspective. It is not the editors' intent to refight the battles of the 19th and early 20th centuries. Rather it is hoped that today's and tomorrow's issues might be explored and defined by Mormon scientists and Mormons interested in science writing for the layman.

The following types of manuscripts are being solicited for this issue:

Articles — on topics of particular interest to Mormons.

Short Notes — on related topics, especially concerning problems faced by individuals as a result of their interest in science and concern for the gospel.

Book Reviews

We are seeking suggestions regarding topics which might be treated in this issue and the names of authors who might be able to contribute specific pieces. Individuals interested in writing articles or reviews should contact the guest editor immediately in order to prevent duplication of efforts. Rough drafts or detailed outlines should be submitted by July 31, 1972. Final deadline for finished manuscripts is October 31, 1972. Please send all manuscripts and correspondence regarding this special issue to:

Professor James Farmer
150 East 4200 North
Provo, Utah 84601